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JULY 1969

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Atlantic



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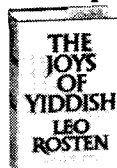
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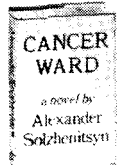
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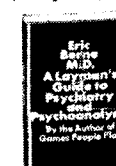
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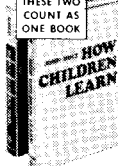
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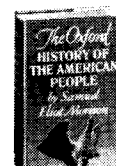
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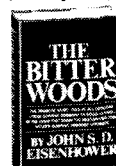
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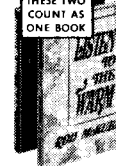
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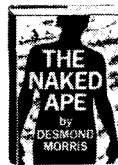
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The Theater of Ignorance	35	Richard Gilman
The Campus Crucible:		
1. Student Politics and the University	43	Nathan Glazer
2. Moralists Against Managers	53	Francis G. Hutchins
The Two of You. <i>A Poem</i>	55	Peter Davison
Final Dwarf. <i>A Story</i>	57	Henry Roth
The Village: The Seasons. <i>A Poem</i>	62	L. E. Sissman
Viewpoint: The President and the Power to Make War	65	Merlo J. Pusey
Risky Business: A Primer on Stock Market Speculation	68	Thomas W. May
The Bad Popes	75	Louis Kronenberger
Pit Letter. <i>A Poem</i>	80	Tyner White
The American Media Baronies: A Modest <i>Atlantic</i> Atlas	82	The Editors
The Television Overlords	87	Hyman H. Goldin
Travels in Medialand	90	The Editors
Reports: Washington	6	Elizabeth B. Drew
Basel	14	Don Cook
Bangkok-Manila	22	Ross Terrill
The Mail	28	
Arts and Letters	95	Carter Wilson
	98	Elizabeth B. Drew
	101	David Daly
	104	Edward Weeks
	107	Robert Evett
	108	Dan Wakefield
	110	Phoebe Adams

Coming in the Atlantic:

The trial of Dr. Benjamin Spock and the others of the Boston Five made front-page news through most of the month it required a court to try and convict four of them of conspiracy to encourage resistance to and hamper the Selective Service machinery. But the news accounts were limited and fragmentary

next to the narrative that Jessica Mitford, the English-born writer, has assembled in her forthcoming book on the Spock trial. In the August *Atlantic* will appear a large segment of the story of the trial that dramatizes our troubled time.

Also in store:

"What's Good About Children's TV"

by Norman Morris

"Stories I Guess I Won't Write"

by Herbert Gold

"The President's Making of History"

by Herbert Feis



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Journalism in America is, quite properly, fiercely protective of its freedoms. The editors, publishers, and broadcasters resist any attempt to impose inhibitions or restrictions on their process of inquiry and disclosure. The newspapers and magazines studiously resist suggestions that some code of behavior would be fitting for communicators. Except for the gossip and occasional reports and critiques in the Press sections of *Time* and *Newsweek*, the *New Yorker* writings of the late A. J. Liebling and of Michael Arlen, and the contents of a few narrowly circulated journalism periodicals, the press never talks about itself or the competitors across the way. There are TV reviews, of course, and the works of book writers and playwrights are fair game for the critics. What goes on in the councils of government, in the workings of politics, and in the halls of academe—and, in the case of the gossip columnists, even the men's room at Sardi's—are legitimate objects of disclosure and criticism, but the press is considerably more languid about determining what is happening in the boardroom at U. S. Steel or the Boeing Corporation, say; and, save for the annual rites of self-congratulation at the meetings of the American Newspaper Publishers Association and the American Magazine Publishers Association, the press would not think of turning the bright light of judgment on its own craft.

Broadcasting and TV, at least, are subject to the guidelines of the Federal Communications Commission and theoretically in danger of losing their franchises

if they misperform. I say "theoretically" because I have before me a paragraph from Elizabeth B. Drew's article in the *Atlantic* of July, 1967: "The Commission grants and renews licenses to use the airwaves for some five million transmitters—radio, television, marine, police, fire, industrial, transportation, amateur, citizens, and common carrier. Each year it processes some 800,000 license and renewal applications. The 7000-odd commercial radio and television licenses must be renewed every three years. . . . While it says that it cannot spare the manpower to check on whether broadcasters actually perform as promised in their license applications, the Commission vigorously tracks down shrimp fishermen who use dirty words over their radios. . . ."

The elementary, but, we believe, important, information conveyed on pages 82 to 94 of this issue tends to corroborate FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson, who said in these pages in June, 1968, that "most American communities have far less 'dissemination of information from diverse and antagonistic sources' (to quote a famous description by the Supreme Court of the basic aim of the First Amendment) than is available nationally."



"OUR SCRAP HEAPS CAN BE ALUMINUM MINES"

—David P. Reynolds

Aluminum's scrap value makes it worth collecting and "re-cycling"...

There are two national problems which we believe no materials producer should ignore: litter and conservation. Fortunately, because of the nature of our metal, aluminum, Reynolds has been able to develop some answers in both areas.

Indestructible aluminum is re-usable

First, aluminum has scrap value; it is virtually indestructible. It resists corrosion, will not rust. It can be remelted, re-alloyed, and re-used—economically. And the need for and uses of this strong, lightweight metal multiply yearly.

So a used all-aluminum beverage can is worth something; it is worth picking up and "re-cycling." If this suggests a way to fight litter to you, it did to the men at Reynolds, too. We are now testing dif-



ferent approaches in two cities, Los Angeles and Miami, and plan to try others in the future.

Using aluminum's scrap value

Our idea is to encourage community groups to sponsor aluminum can collecting drives, and earn money for worthwhile causes and their own needs. As they raise funds, they help keep their streets, parks, and beaches free of litter.

Aluminum scrap does offer a worthwhile incentive to such organizations: a ton of aluminum, for example,

brings \$200 from dealers, compared with \$20 for steel and \$16 for waste paper. This scrap value is something many industrial users keep in mind when they specify aluminum equipment. They know there's a bonus waiting at the end of the service life of this equipment.

Mines—not scrap heaps

Although there is an abundant supply of aluminum for the foreseeable future, the fact remains

that the supply is not unlimited—and aluminum usage has been doubling roughly every ten years. This need not be a problem if we capitalize on aluminum's re-usability. Already, an estimated 30% of the world's aluminum is reclaimed or secondary metal. This could be even higher.

Countless products provide "mines" of aluminum, ready to be tapped. Not only aluminum cans and packages, but the aluminum in appliances, automobile parts, building products, even railroad cars can and should be reclaimed when they've finished their useful service.

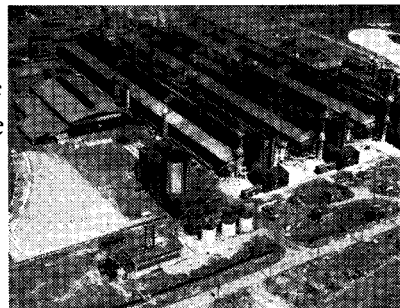


Scouts and many other organizations fight litter and raise money by collecting all-aluminum cans.

New Reynolds reclamation plant

We at the Reynolds Metals Company have launched our effort toward this goal—not only with

our anti-litter can collecting programs, but with a major investment in reclamation facilities, as well. (An additional Reynolds reclamation plant will be producing usable aluminum from scrap this year.)



Reclamation plants which produce aluminum from scrap help conserve our natural resources.

Efforts such as these, we believe, will do much to reduce the solid waste disposal problem, and help stretch our natural resources. *Reynolds Metals Company, P. O. Box 2346-LP, Richmond, Virginia 23218.*



REYNOLDS
where new ideas take shape in
ALUMINUM



REPORTS:

WASHINGTON

One of the few concrete actions that the Nixon Administration has taken thus far, the President's message to Congress on hunger and malnutrition in this country, provides important clues as to what sort of Administration it is, and how, at least in the beginning, it works and thinks. Nixon officials are quite justified in their claims that the proposals—\$270 million more for food stamps in the fiscal year ending next June 30, growing to a full \$1 billion more in the following year—represent the most comprehensive program for providing food assistance that has ever been put forward by a President. It is also true that absent those proposals, efforts by others to secure congressional approval of an extensive food program would have been near hopeless. Moreover, the action was taken against considerable opposition within the Administration to any expansion of domestic programs until inflation was diminished, and in the face of a glowering Wilbur Mills, who was letting it be known that federal spending had to be cut still further. Both of these were factors in President Johnson's inaction on hunger.

There was another perspective, however, that was fairly forgotten in the relief and congratulations that surrounded the rescue of the food program from the near-dead for the time being—the perspective, easily lost in Washington, of the millions of people who every day are not getting enough to eat because they are too poor, with consequences that are only beginning to be understood. In those terms, it is legitimate to question both the urgency and amplitude with which the problem was

finally addressed. Nixon Administration officials, with great validity, have been openly and privately critical of the Johnson Administration's practice of "overpromising." This is not, for the new group, simply a matter of the philosophy of governing. In program after program they have seen that the Great Society was founded upon an authorize now, pay later basis, and now the bills are coming in. Programs were to start small—after all, there were problems to be worked out—but later on there would be large amounts of money committed. More serious still is the disillusionment with government that such practices have produced.

Taking the Nixon Administration's own working estimates, if all of the people who needed (by its own definition) to participate in the broadened food-stamp program it is suggesting actually did so, it would cost about four times as much as the Administration is promising to spend two years from now. If, as the Administration's working documents suggested, "because of pride" or other reasons, only half of the poor, or about 11 million, availed themselves of the food stamps, it would still cost about twice as much as the Nixon Administration is proposing.

"The moment is at hand," said the President, "to put an end to hunger in America itself for all time."

Like most domestic issues, the issue of hunger and malnutrition had been referred to a subcommittee of the Urban Affairs Council, this one consisting of Agriculture Secretary Clifford Hardin; Health, Education, and Welfare Secretary Robert Finch; and Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans. In due course, on March 17, or nearly two months after it had taken office, the Urban

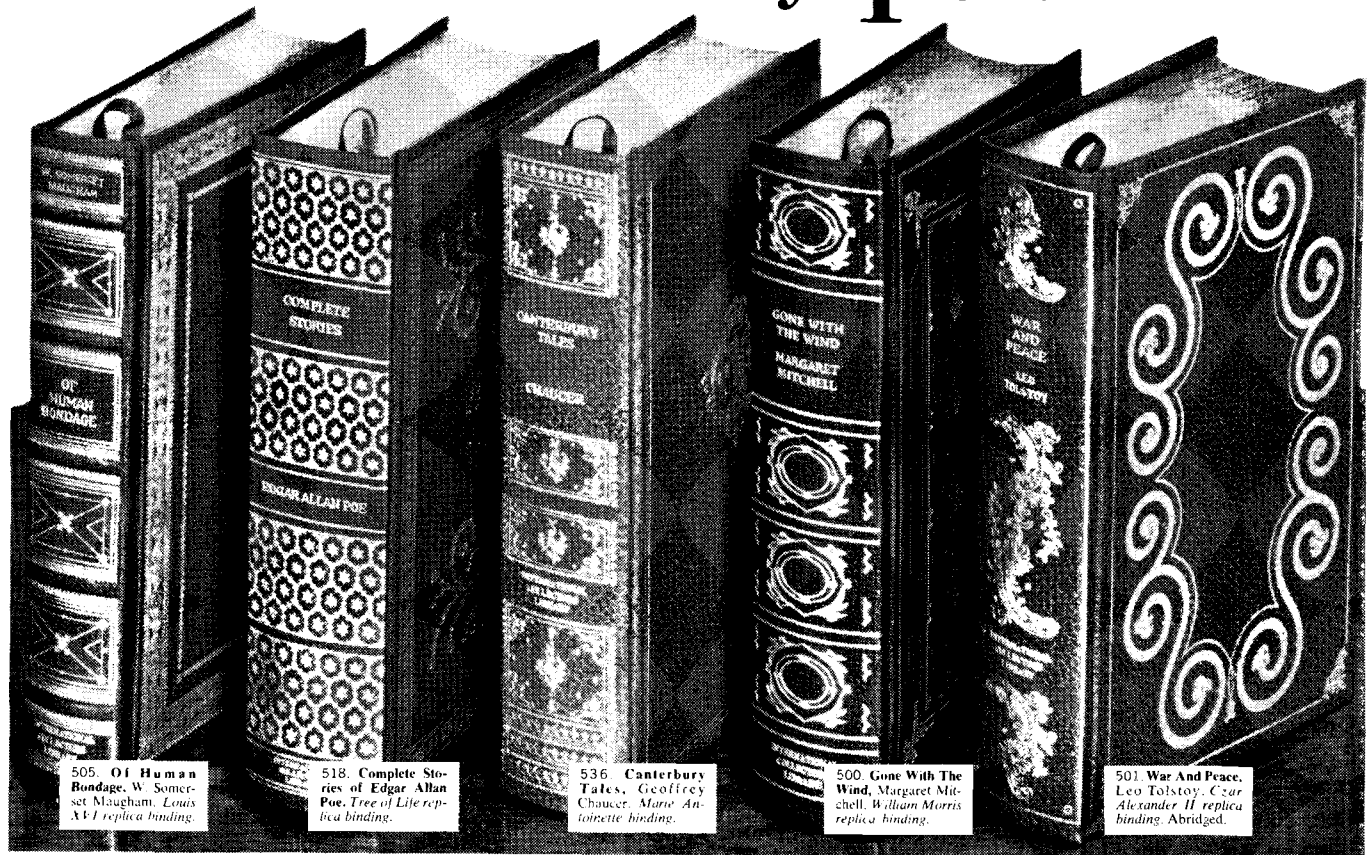
Affairs Council considered the subcommittee's proposals—the key one being for a liberalized food-stamp program costing up to \$2.5 billion by four years from now. Presidential Counselor Arthur Burns, fairly consistent in his conviction that centralized federal spending and programs do not solve problems, and all along opposed to an expanded food program, raised objections. Burns and his staff were dubious about the statistics that were being tossed around about hunger and malnutrition; they were suspicious of reports such as "Hunger, U.S.A.," published by the Citizens' Crusade Against Poverty, as having been produced by people with a special interest. How, Burns ventured in one meeting, could there be such hunger and malnutrition in the South, where people had yards in which to grow things? Time and again, some Nixon men challenged reporters on the use of the shorthand term "hunger"; did I really know, one asked one day, *just who* had written "Hunger, U.S.A."?

Finding his advisers divided, the President postponed a decision. The President has deliberately surrounded himself with an unusually large White House staff, and with liberal and conservative advisers. Such an arrangement is yeasty if a President is inclined to act (Roosevelt); it can be incapacitating if he is prone to indecision (Nixon). Moreover, the thinking at that point was that since the food problem was really part of a larger one, of insufficient income and the failures of the welfare program, it ought to be given further study in its broader context. While this was sound and orderly, to be sure, and a fundamental change in the welfare program could be of great significance,

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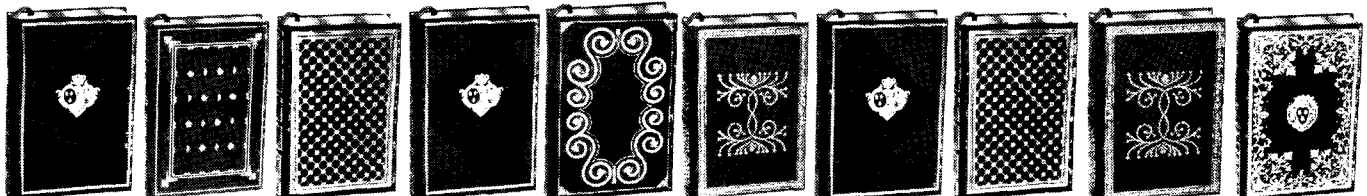
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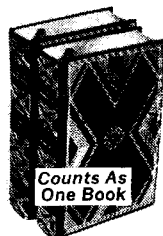
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Washington

it was also done in the explicit knowledge that Congress was not at all likely to approve a substantial welfare reform for at least a year; more seasoned observers warned the Nixon staff that it would probably take much longer. (This is why a significant welfare reform could even be considered; there would be no charges against the budget for some time.) Those who needed more food would wait, then, while the new group tinkered with the "delivery system," as they like to call it.

On April 1, Secretary Hardin was informed at a meeting that there would be no increase in next year's budget, as proposed by Mr. Johnson in January and revised by Mr. Nixon in his first months in office, for the food programs (other than another \$15 million for "nutrition aides"). The decision had been made at the White House that the fight against inflation had first priority, and that inflation could not be fought and the hungry fed at the same time. ("You have to understand," said one of the President's associates, explain-

ing, a week before he did, why the President could not propose a food program, "that if he gives in to that, he will be under pressure to give in to all sorts of things for other Cabinet officers.") Hardin was said to be stunned and angry; the President had made several public statements committing the Administration to a new attack on hunger and malnutrition, and the Secretary thought he had been given a commitment for a substantially increased program. Mr. Hardin was anxious for a new food program, but not so anxious that he found a way of reducing spending for other Agriculture Department programs so as to make room for one within the spending limit imposed by the White House, as he was still free to do; he was new in town, and like other Nixon Cabinet officers, anxious not to rile the appropriate congressional committees, headed by the opposition. The agriculture committees are interested in farmers, not poor people, and moreover, it was the farmers, not the poor, who voted for Nixon. (There is always a reason for not wanting to irritate the congressional committees, whether or not they are headed by the opposi-

tion party; it is simply easier than not for government officials to get along with them.)

On rereading Neustadt

Thus the food program was not so much dead as in limbo, with even those officials who were thereby disturbed having other matters which they considered to be of higher priority. "It just sort of got lost along the way," shrugged one White House man at that point. Inquiries around the government into precisely what had happened were met with explanations that someone else—Hardin, the Urban Affairs Council staff, the relevant Budget officers—had failed to follow through, and that the new men needed to have better understanding of the hard internal politics of getting a new item into the airtight budget. "We should have reread our Neustadt" (*Presidential Power*), said one of the more contrite officials. "We should have understood that things don't just happen. I think a lot of people learned a lot from this." Burns and his staff, as a sort of wish fulfillment, put it about that the food program was dead; Secretaries Hardin and Finch continued to argue from within that there should be a program.

In the meantime, of course, Senator George McGovern and his special Senate committee on hunger and malnutrition had been holding well-publicized hearings. Despite the characterization of them by Herb Klein, the President's director of communications, as a "disgrace" which made "hunger a political cause," and despite the fact that even sympathetic reporters were tired of tramping with the subcommittee in and out of poor peoples' homes, the hearings had served to make dealing with the hunger and malnutrition problem all the more inescapable. Even Southerners, such as Herman Talmadge of Georgia and Ernest Hollings of South Carolina, had come aboard. What levered the food program out of the Administration was that Finch and Hardin accepted an invitation to testify before the McGovern committee. (They did not have to, for it was an invitation, not a subpoena; it can therefore be speculated that they did so in the knowledge that this would force a decision within the Administration.) Correctly reading the mood on

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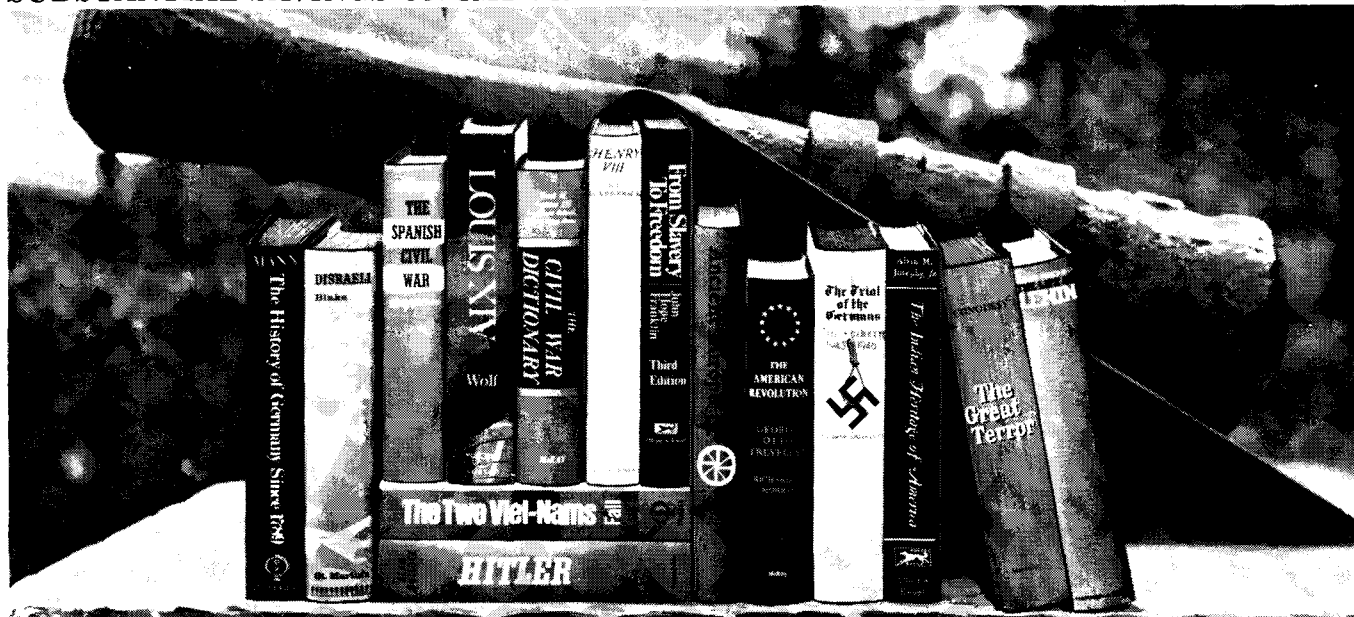
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Washington

Capitol Hill, the two Secretaries argued that the Nixon Administration could not appear before the committee without its own food program and escape unbloodied. The decision was made at that point to go ahead with an Administration program. On the Monday in May preceding the Wednesday that they were to testify, a White House meeting ratified a decision to divert \$270 million from something else in this year's budget; then the President's message to Congress was designed. Agriculture officials later explained that \$270 million was all they could use because it would not be before next February—or even later—that they would be able to manage the mechanics of spending that much more money. Late the next afternoon, the message was announced at the White House.

True to the tradition of treating the budget as if it were an orderly or predictable thing, there was a good bit of discussion between the press and the Administration as to where the \$270 million had come from. On the one hand, Administration officials sort of put it about that, well, most of it would come from the Pentagon budget; on the other hand, they did not want it to get around that the money for defense was open to raids. To the annoyance of the President's staff, the food message was greeted at the press briefing largely with questions about its presumed death, and in an action redolent of the Johnson Administration, thick booklets of papers and documents were later produced to show that it had all been a straight-line, orderly decision. The Nixon Administration sets great store by its reputation for orderliness, and the suggestion that this had been a last-minute, hastily devised message to Congress stung them. Moreover, whenever any President's assistants and associates successfully urge upon him a given course of action, they are anxious that he look good. This is not just a question of loyalty to the boss; if he does not, their ideas might not be so welcome the next time around.

The food program is by no means home free. There will be particular trouble in the House of Representatives. Moreover, first the program it-

self must be approved, then the money for it appropriated, year by year. As Senator Walter Mondale put it to the Administration's witnesses: "I think one of our profound problems of the poor today is that we keep authorizing dreams and appropriating peanuts. . . . I am terribly concerned that after arousing all of this interest, after exposing hunger, after the President of the United States eloquently points out that hunger is a serious and profound problem in this country, that we will adopt a program which is under-appropriated and also in which there is not to be found, some way, a responsibility to find the hungry and to see that they are fed." The President has ample opportunity to gain credit for himself by keeping the issue in the forefront and pushing it through the difficult congressional passages. As he put it himself in his message to Congress: "Something very like the honor of American democracy is at issue."

Where Are They Now?

It might be of some interest to account for some of the former officials of the Johnson Administration, now that they have returned to private life from what is commonly referred to around here as the sacrifice of public service. Following are the officials, their former jobs, and current careers:

Lyndon Johnson: President; rancher, communications businessman, and writer of his memoirs, with a book advance of \$1.5 million. W. Marvin Watson: assistant to the President and later Postmaster General; president of Occidental International Corporation, a subsidiary of Occidental Petroleum Company. Donald Hornig: science adviser to the President; vice president of Eastman Kodak. Charles Zwick: director of the Bureau of the Budget; president of Southeast Bancorporation in Miami, a bank holding company. George Christian: press secretary for the President; public relations in Austin, Texas. Dean Rusk: Secretary of State; fellow of the Rockefeller Foundation, planning to write on foreign affairs. Nicholas Katzenbach: Undersecretary of State; general counsel of IBM. Henry Fowler: Secretary of the Treasury; Goldman, Sachs. Joseph Barr: Undersecretary of the Treasury and then briefly Sec-

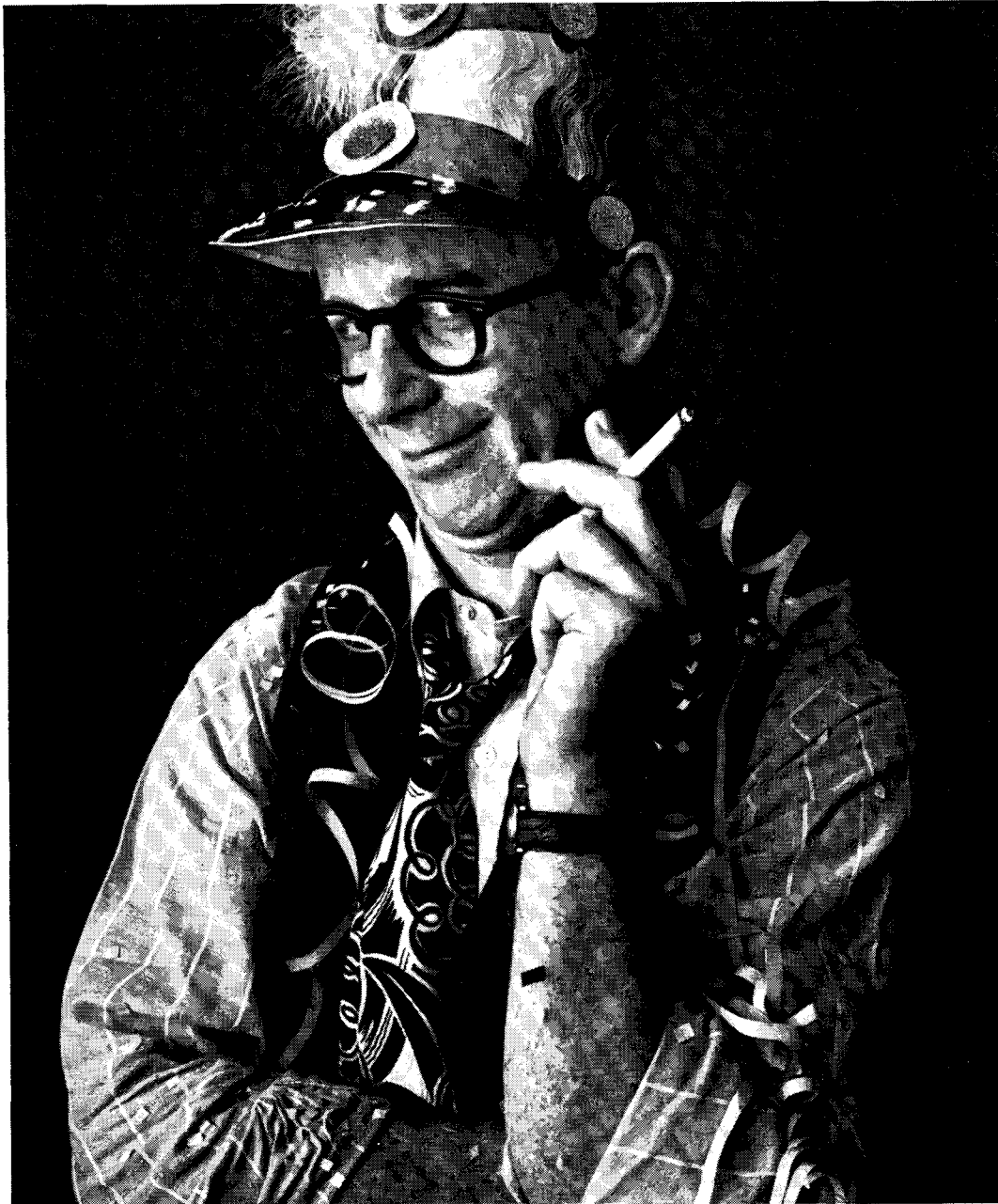
retary at the end of the Administration; vice president of American Security and Trust Company in Washington. Paul Ignatius: Secretary of the Navy; president of the Washington Post. Thomas Morris: Assistant Secretary of Defense for Installations and Logistics; Litton Industries. Alain Enthoven: Assistant Secretary of Defense for Systems Analysis; Litton Industries. Alan Boyd: Secretary of Transportation; president of the Illinois Central Railroad. C. R. Smith: Secretary of Commerce; Lazard Freres, investment bankers. Harold Brown: Secretary of the Air Force; president of Cal Tech, replacing Lee DuBridge, who became science adviser to President Nixon. Robert Wood: Undersecretary of Housing and Urban Development and Secretary at the end of the Administration; chairman of the Harvard-MIT Joint Center for Urban Studies, replacing Daniel P. Moynihan, who became President Nixon's White House adviser on urban problems. Mike Manatos: White House congressional liaison officer; Washington representative of Procter & Gamble, replacing Bryce Harlow, who became Nixon's White House congressional liaison officer.

"Silent Spring"

The extraordinary loveliness of Washington in the late spring and early summer was not sufficient to lift the spirits of this disheartened capital. It must be added that since the politically minded populace here is largely liberal and Democratic, the "mood of the Capital" and the mood of the Nixon Administration are not necessarily the same. The Fortas affair was a depressing succession of uglinesses, and intensified the feeling that there might be on the way a series of unpleasant revelations, innuendos, or prosecutions. The revelations about Justice Fortas forced liberals here to face realities they would have preferred to avoid; the Justice Department's handling of the matter raised serious concern over its willingness to float personally damaging information.

Whether the President actually moved the government closer to a Vietnam settlement, or rather, was being overly cautious and digging himself into Johnson's traps, was a matter of debate. One source of the confusion was that the private brief-

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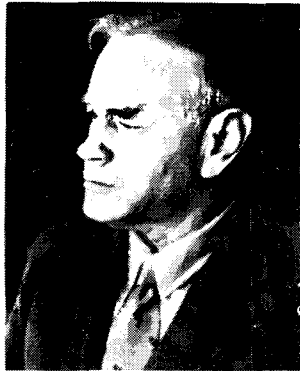
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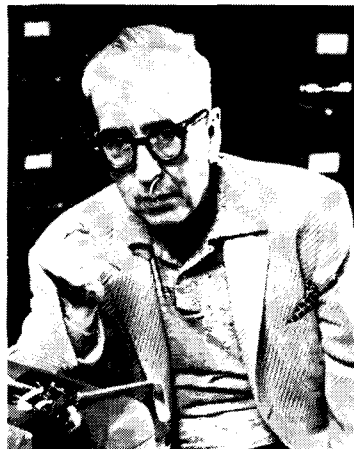
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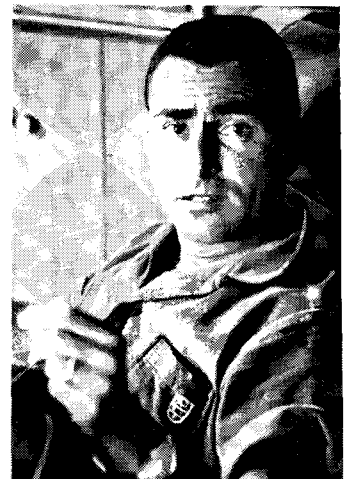
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ing of the press by White House aides on the occasion of the President's first major speech on Vietnam was considerably more flexible and optimistic than the tone of the speech itself. Some of the White House press wondered uncomfortably whether they had been leveled with or used.

Amidst the spreading tumult over the universities and the fear of repression or a new McCarthyism, the liberals seem to have lost their way and, more surprisingly, their tongues. The Nixon Administration's review of the budget cut three times as much from domestic programs as it did from the Pentagon, and there were almost no changes reflecting a rethinking of priorities or an assault on pointless subsidies. Budget officials already warn against expecting any major changes next year either. After all, they say, everything that is in there is there because someone wants it and wants it badly—they have constituencies, you know. Except of course for the Job Corps; the closing of camps, for a saving of \$100 million (if one does not count the other training programs, or welfare payments, which will substitute for the camps), was described by a Nixon aide as "a sound economic decision."

As late as June, several agencies or important subdivisions were still without leader or without program. Numbers of able people who had chosen government service because they believed in it were considering leaving or actually doing so. "Everything was at a standstill," said one who did. Too many of the new men were too discouraged too soon. The social life went on mechanically, but even Betty Beale, the Washington *Star's* society columnist, felt constrained to call it "the silent spring." The considerable number of bachelors on Mr. Nixon's extensive staff were wondering where all the swinging was that they had read about. Except for the inspired bash for Duke Ellington, the White House entertaining has been a fairly stodgy business. But there is one forthcoming affair which ought to be interesting. Miss Beale reported not long ago that Mrs. Nixon had revealed at a luncheon that in July the First Family will give a party to celebrate the tenth anniversary of Nixon's "kitchen debate" with Nikita Khrushchev.

ELIZABETH B. DREW

BASEL

On the Saturday before the second Monday of every month in the gloomy, dingy cavern of the Basel railway station a scene is regularly re-enacted which could be the opening of a Hitchcock film—casual and unobtrusive, with melodramatic lights and shadows hinting at mysterious important events about to unfold.

A sleek, comfortable, brightly lit Trans-European Express glides into the station from Rome, Paris, Frankfurt, Amsterdam, or Brussels. If the master of film suspense were directing, his camera would watch the passengers swarm out of the coaches and then pan to several conservatively tailored gentlemen who descend with deliberate and distinguished self-confidence and calm. The camera would focus briefly on their faces as they move slowly down the platform, and a few in the audience would be left wondering "Where have I seen that man before?" Next it would pick up gloved hands in close-up, handsewn attaché cases with combination locks, well-pressed striped trousers, and shiny black shoes. From a distance it would watch dark tailored overcoats and black homburg hats mingle with ski parkas and fur caps and trench coats and finally disappear through the ticket barrier and out into the station square.

No flags are flying, no honor guard salutes, no bands play, no protocol chiefs are on hand, and not even a chauffeur-driven car is in sight. Indeed, these gentlemen unexpectedly ignore the taxi rank and instead pick their way purposefully between clanging trolley cars and honking automobiles, which fill the seedy little Basel Bahnhofplatz, and walk across the square to one of two old-fashioned hotels a few hundred yards from the station: the Euler to the left or the Schweizerhof to the right. But the impression is clear that they are Very Important Persons on a confidential mission—which indeed they are.

They are the governors of the principal central banks of Europe, arriving in Basel (gentlemen bankers still prefer to travel by train whenever possible) for the most powerful and secretive conclave in

the world of international finance and monetary affairs—the regular monthly meeting of the board of directors of the Bank for International Settlements.

On the second weekend in May, the bankers arrived in Basel to face their sixth monetary crisis in eighteen months. It is a baleful record, which began with British devaluation of pound sterling in November, 1967. This was followed by the gold crisis of March, 1968, when the gold pool was wound up and the two-tier gold price system established; the French crisis of May-June, 1968, with the abrupt drop in French reserves and emergency measures to hold the value of the franc; the November, 1968, crisis, when francs were transferred on a massive scale into German marks; the wave of gold speculation which sent the price of gold to \$49 per ounce in March, 1969; and now another \$5 billion rush of speculative money into German marks all over again until the Bonn government slammed the windows with an announcement that the mark would not be revalued upward.

The central bankers wish that speculators would go away and stop speculating, but that's like saying that if people stop dying we could do away with undertakers. In the meantime, in crisis number six, the best they could do in Basel was to go over the books once more, rerig their private emergency credit arrangements, and try to keep things stable until governments were at last ready to face up collectively to the hard political decisions which the fraying monetary system demands. It was a little like administering a sedative to a patient who needs an operation. It was a grim weekend—the more so because everybody in Basel knew that the only certainty was that when it was over, it would by no means be the last such weekend.

Loaded throwaways

Central bankers have been coming to Basel ever since the Bank for International Settlements was founded in 1930, apart from the war years, when directors' meetings were politely suspended. They used to meet in privacy and seclusion, but the monthly sessions have become much too important to the workings of the world monetary system to be

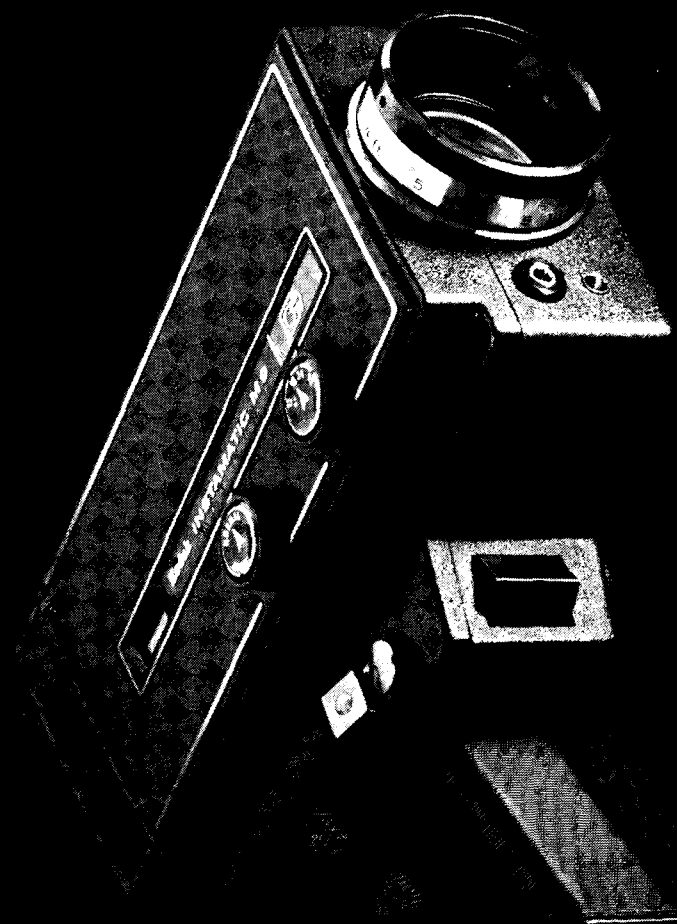
ignored. For the last two years the world has lurched with alarming regularity from one monetary crisis to the next, at intervals of about three to four months, and the end is not in sight. In each case the regular get-together on the "Basel weekend" of the "bankers' club" inevitably came into the headlines, horrifying and alarming some of its participants, boring others, and secretly pleasing a few.

In fact, the actual news value of the meetings is usually either very slight, or is couched in such highly esoteric financial jargon as to be meaningless to all but the most sophisticated readers. Even so, a simple throwaway line such as "no comment" or "we have reached agreement" after a B.I.S. meeting can and does have its effect on money markets or gold markets the next day, and the bankers know it. The importance of the gathering is hard to underestimate. The ten central bank directors who regularly attend are in charge of the management of three quarters of the currency reserves of the non-Communist world. The simple fact that they sit down around the same table together once every month is important in itself.

They are the governors of the banks of England, France, West Germany, Holland, Belgium, Italy, Sweden, Canada, Japan, and the Federal Reserve of the United States. The Basel weekend begins with an informal meeting in the boardroom of the Bank for International Settlements which lasts all day Sunday. There are only fifteen or seventeen men in the room: the central bank heads, several outside directors of the B.I.S., the senior managers of the B.I.S., and one interpreter. No minutes are kept, and by tradition not even any notes are taken. The bankers simply talk and listen. The lingua franca is English, although occasionally the president of the Banque de France, Jacques Brunet, calls upon the interpreter when he wishes to put a particularly intricate technical point of discussion in French.

The meeting is conducted by the governor of the Royal Bank of The Netherlands, Dr. Jan Zijlstra, who is also the chairman of the board of the B.I.S. The bankers are gathered around the table with one simple aim and a fundamental trust

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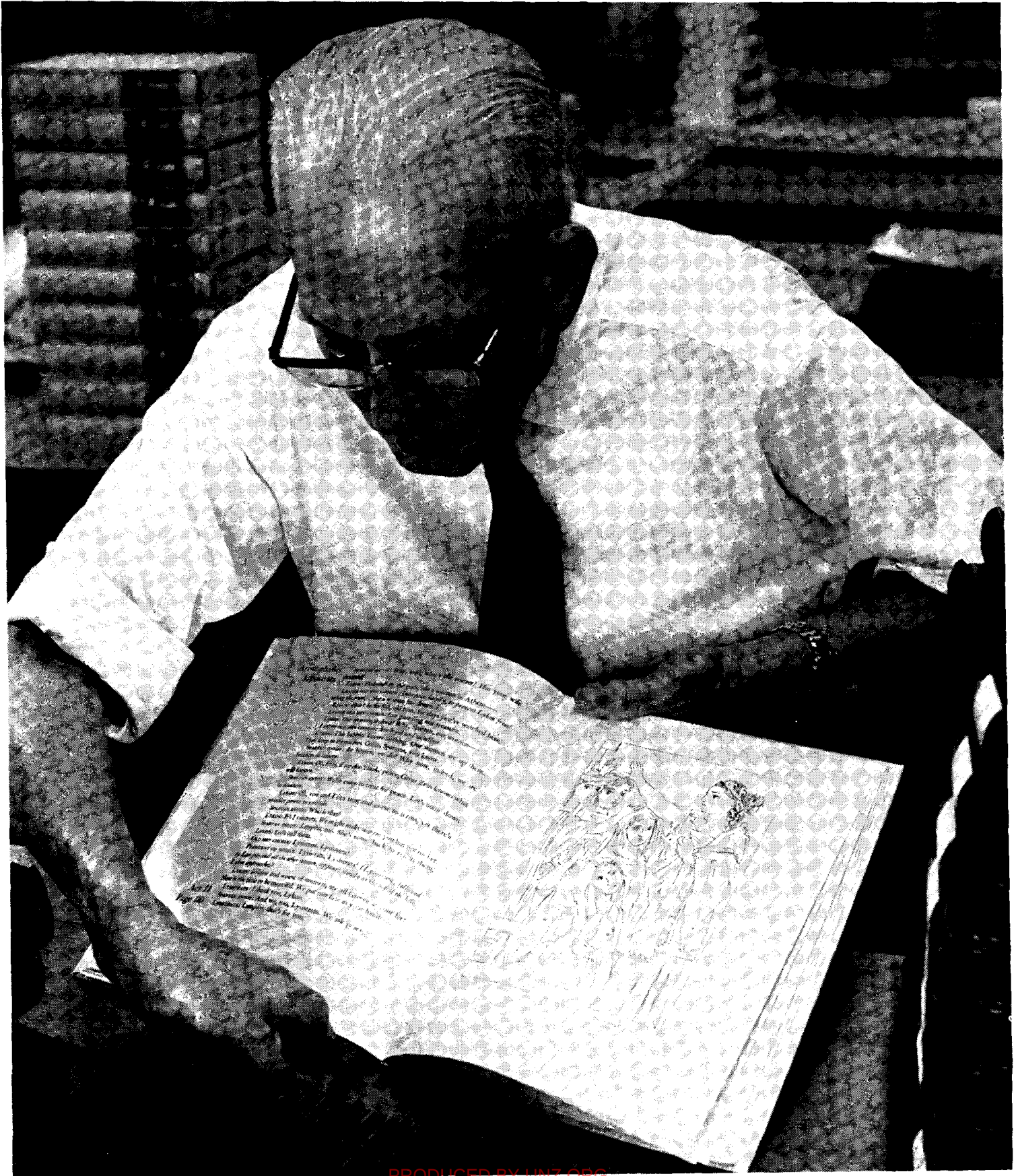
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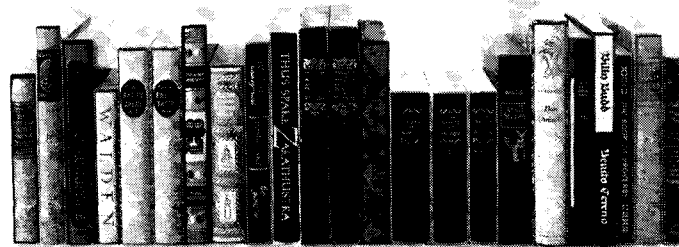
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The Heritage Club

Basel

in the same objective: to work together without political interference to maintain currency stability in the mutual interest of all. This is not always an aim which is reinforced by their governments. But at least the members of the "bankers' club" have managed to continue to share the most secret information in the most difficult times on each others' currency reserves and economic and political problems and outlook, and they have agreed in secrecy among themselves on the most colossal temporary credit and borrowing arrangements to help each other out—all in an atmosphere of confidence and trust which is really unmatched in any other sphere of international cooperation or public life.

After the informal Sunday meeting, which is the real working session of the weekend, there is a formal B.I.S. board of directors meeting on the second Monday of each month, which six of the ten principal central bank directors currently attend. Meanwhile, deputy governors and specialists in foreign

exchange and other matters are burrowing away on the sidelines. By Monday afternoon the Basel weekend is over, and the bankers are making their way to the airport or back across the station square to the Hauptbahnhof.

Banker's bank

The Bank for International Settlements, which brings these men together every month, was founded as a first effort by governments to institutionalize central bank cooperation in Europe and to try to make some order out of the financial chaos of the late 1920s. To call the B.I.S. a "unique institution" is like referring to Toscanini as an "unusual conductor." There is only one like it. It is the banker's bank par excellence, with the essential task of doing the banking for the bankers.

"We have a balance sheet of well over \$4 billion," one of the B.I.S. staff mused, "but you know if somebody broke into the building, about all they would find here would be the small change in a secretary's desk."

The first immediate task given to

the B.I.S. when it was founded in 1930 was the funding of the German reparations account—the Dawes and Young Plan loans. But the overall aims of the institution and its statute were fortunately broader and higher than mere reparations, and it is because of the technical foresight of the conservative but intelligent bankers who drafted the articles of establishment, and who were looking for a mechanism of cooperation, that the B.I.S. is able to play such a vital and important role in the new economic environment four decades later.

The B.I.S. is owned by the central banks, or private stockholders, of twenty-five nations—including Albania, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland, Rumania, and Yugoslavia, all of which were deeply involved in German reparations when the bank was established. It owns or holds a very sizable quantity of gold which it uses to support currencies. It organizes "swap credits" among central banks. It acts as a trustee for international government loans. It is a depository of funds for the European Coal and Steel Community. It operates the European Monetary Agreement's offset credit arrangements, and acts as a banking agent for the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD). At times it operates directly on the money markets.

The best way to picture its operations is to think in terms of a small cog set in the midst of a lot of big cogs—all of which revolve against the little cog, but cannot turn unless it is spinning. Take gold. The B.I.S. owns about \$1 billion in gold, and then in addition it has on deposit another \$3 billion or more in short-term gold owned by the other central banks. None of this gold is in Basel. It is in the Federal Reserve vaults in New York, the Bank of England in London, in holding banks in Zurich, and elsewhere. It shows as an "asset" on the books of the central banks and partly as a "debit" on the books of the B.I.S.; but in the meantime the B.I.S. has a total of about \$4 billion in gold with which it can operate.

Thus it will get a teletype order from the Bank of England to transfer from its gold holding at the Federal Reserve in New York x million dollars to the account of the

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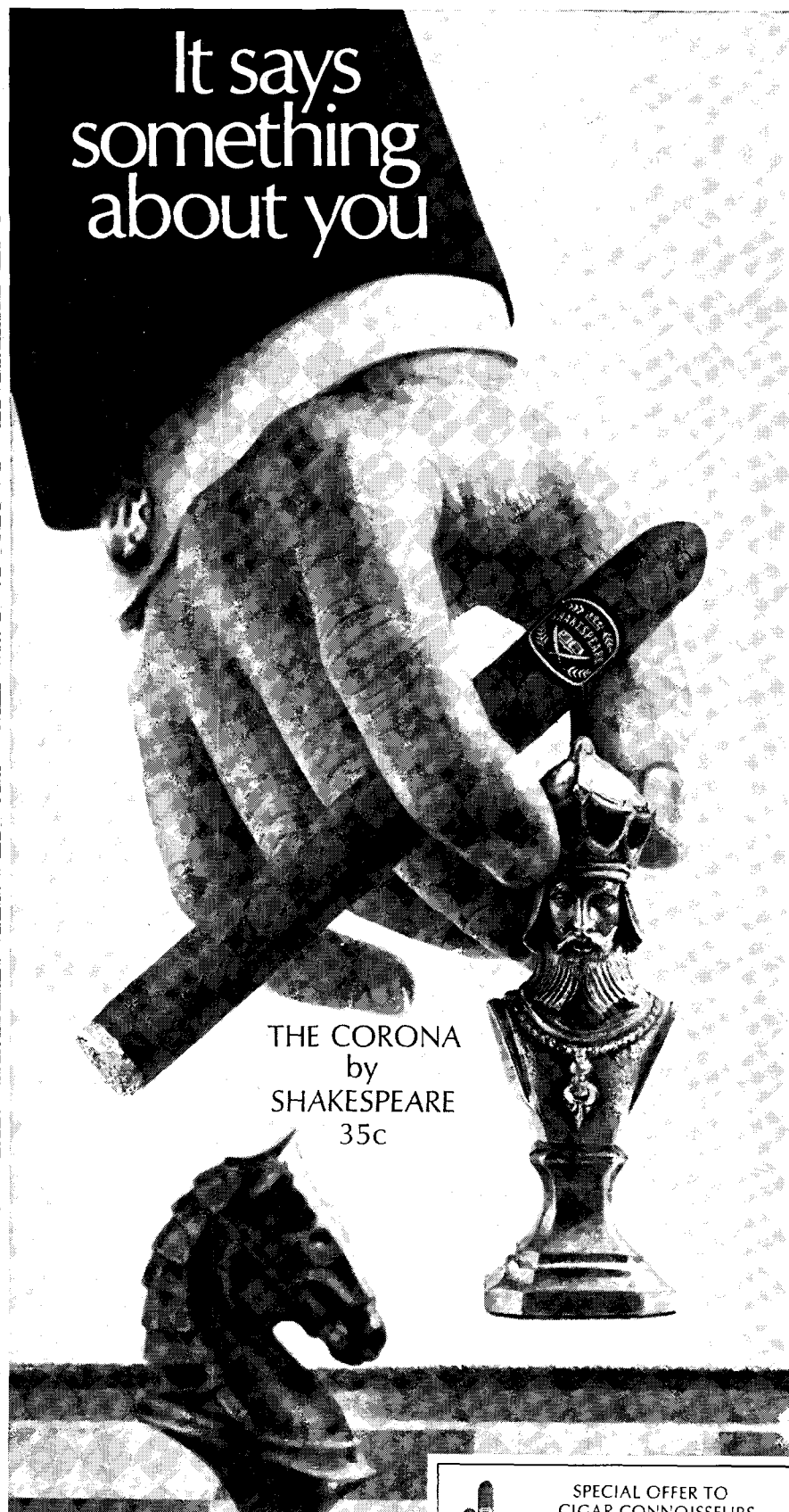
Stabilizer

"Swap credits" and "hot money" transfers are somewhat similar. Suppose the Bundesbank in Frankfurt finds at the end of a week when it receives the regular statements from the German commercial banks that there has been a sudden excessive transfer of French francs into German marks, say \$100 million. (It ran into the billions in the currency crisis of November, 1968.) This would not look like normal investment money—it would be speculative. Therefore instead of allowing this sum to go into German bonds or other investment, the German central bank would turn over a credit of \$100 million to the B.I.S., which in turn would immediately lend the money to the Banque de France at a very low handling charge.

Thus, at the same time, via the B.I.S., the Germans would have a credit and the French would avoid showing a loss in reserves. Then when the speculative money flows back to France, or the French payments position improves, the Banque de France repays the B.I.S., which in turn repays the Germans, and in the meantime stability is preserved.

The building in Basel where all this takes place was once a nondescript station hotel around the corner from the Euler and the Schweizerhof, where the B.I.S. settled down when it was founded. The bank is run by a staff of 215 people (an increase of only about a dozen in the last twenty years) of fourteen nationalities. While there is no international "stacking" or organization of the staff, the general manager has always been a Frenchman and the secretary-general, or administrative head, an Italian. Currently, an American, Dr. Martin Gilbert, is the head of the bank's monetary and economic department.

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The bank's prestige was not always high with the United States. It was, after all, founded with the German reparations problem in the forefront, and its relations with the German financial world were therefore strong. During the Nazi years and the Depression years, the B.I.S. lapsed into fairly routine minor operations, and during World War II it did all of its business by mail—but it kept up its contacts with both sides. For this reason, it was "black-listed" by the United States Treasury as an organization trading with the enemy, and at the Bretton Woods Monetary Conference in 1944 the United States pushed through an agreement that the B.I.S. should be suppressed when the International Monetary Fund came into operation.

But the bank fought back, with support from the European central banks which had taken part in its founding. They saw a need for something more flexible and operational than the Washington-based I.M.F. It's the difference between a checking account and a savings account, on a multimillion-dollar scale.

The I.M.F. operates on a global governmental scale, with over a hundred member governments and much procedural formality. The B.I.S. operations remain tight, flexible, and cozy, above all conducted by bankers and not governments. Secrecy, privacy, and mutual trust and confidence are the keys to its success—even though half a dozen or a dozen news correspondents now regularly show up for the Basel weekend.

Once a year the B.I.S. unbends in its public relations, and produces a very thick annual report, which is one of the best written, most astute and independent analyses of the world monetary picture which emerges anywhere. It stages an annual general meeting at the same time, in June, with a luncheon for some 200 of the top monetary experts of the world and a sprinkling of journalists, who rarely get a chance to meet such distinguished financiers as the governor of the Central Bank of Albania, Mr. Zeqir Lika. Albania's dividend from the B.I.S. (which makes a profit and pays its shareholders like any other private institution) amounted in 1968 to something like \$100,000, which may well have been

its biggest single hard-currency earning.

For the rest of the time, correspondents and others curious about the big bank in Basel have to mold their bricks without much straw. A favorite opener when a banker is waylaid in the lobby of the Euler or the Schweizerhof is: "You gentlemen certainly waste a lot of time in Basel." The classic riposte came some months ago from M. Brunet of the Banque de France when he was asked if there had been a renewal of a "gentleman's agreement" credit for the British.

"I know of no gentleman's agreement," he replied exquisitely, "but there were only gentlemen present in Basel."

Don Cook

BANGKOK, MANILA

Between Manila and Bangkok, the Air France pilot announced that two B-52's were passing "on their way back from bombing South Vietnam." He spoke with hauteur and a certain distaste; how comfortably detached France is from the Vietnam tragedy. Yet how painfully the Philippines and Thailand are involved in it. The B-52's were roaring back to Guam, but it could have been to Clark Field, fifty miles north of Manila, or to Ubon in northeast Thailand.

Prince Sihanouk is upbraided by the United States for allowing Vietnamese Communists to use Cambodia as a sanctuary, but Thailand and the Philippines are much more lavish sanctuaries for the U.S. war effort. Between them they host some 90,000 U.S. troops, and their skies are silver with thousands of U.S. planes. Now both countries are becoming nervous.

Outwardly, Manila and Bangkok pulsate as usual. Chiseled white office blocks sprout amidst poverty and potholes in the Philippine capital. Just out of Manila, ragged peasants with an income of \$50 per year gaze up at a gasoline advertisement that begins: "After your exhausting car rally. . . ." Between one gorgeous sunset over Manila Bay and the next, three inhabitants of the city are murdered. While 33,000 police struggle, with varying

degrees of vigor, to stem the tide of crime and corruption, 64,000 private guards protect the lives and property of an elite that is the world's most remarkable case of private affluence amidst public squalor.

President Marcos has done little to reduce corruption, which stems basically from the dual system of values of a society in transition from traditional kinship ways to modern technological ways, and which the demoralization of the Japanese occupation made worse. Successful prosecution for graft is unknown.

The rate of population growth (3.3 percent) is almost double the world average, while the rate of economic growth sags at about 5 percent. Imports rose more than twice as much as exports in 1968; more than 8 percent of the work force is unemployed. It is election year, and Filipinos are already gripped by a fever which recalls the Tunku Abdul Rahman's unkind remark about "offshore Latin Americans."

In Bangkok, there is no trace of ebullient Filipino emotiveness, but a dry, bland stoicism. One has passed from the realm of the Virgin Mary to that of Buddha, from an ambience of calculation and restlessness to one of resigned, unblinking calm. Though Thailand had a bad year economically in 1968—imports rose 12 percent and exports slumped 20 percent—its rate of growth has generally averaged 7 percent; enough, despite a 3 percent rate of population growth, to put it among Asia's more prosperous countries.

Along the tangled streets, bicycles and put-puts, like minnows among carp, ply their wares and passengers through traffic jams which would do justice to Manhattan. Thai girls, pretty and cheerful despite the dust and gasoline fumes, glide along the gaudy streets in late afternoon, making ready to "massage" U.S. airmen on R & R (Rest and Recreation; though now there is a new term, "L & L," which stands for Love and Liquor).

Trappings of monarchy and Buddhism abound. Drums, gongs, and laughter resound at religious festivals held to stress Buddhist truths; the Thais excel in combining devotion to otherworldly values with this-worldly satisfactions. The SEATO building rises handsomely

in the center of Bangkok, an untrue reflection of the decay which has overcome the Treaty Organization itself.

Over and out

But within the foreign ministries of both Thailand and the Philippines there prevails a sense of an era coming to an end. Seen from the U.S. side, it is the postwar era. In defeating Japan, the United States became the dominant power in East Asia; now Japan and China have risen from the powerlessness of 1945 to a powerfulness which underlines the artificiality of a massive U.S. military presence. Seen from Manila and Bangkok, the era that is ending has consisted of "SEATO years" and "Vietnam years."

Both capitals have been strikingly faithful allies of the United States in this era. Except for Pakistan, they are the lone Asian members of SEATO. Except for South Korea, they are the lone Asian participants in the U.S. military effort in Vietnam. But now they sense a fundamental readjustment of the Asian policies of the United States. Furthermore, they can and need no longer pretend that "world Communism" (SEATO years) or "Asian Communism with its headquarters in Peking" (Vietnam years) is a united force which threatens them.

Recently they have between them earned \$300 million a year in procurement orders for the war, and they must soon find a way to cushion its loss. They confront the complication of a quiet but substantial Soviet penetration of East Asia, nakedly challenging Chinese influence in the area. In a word, the policies of all three Giant Powers, and the relations between them, are in flux, and the destinies of Thailand and the Philippines will inevitably bounce and rattle with the twitch of each Giant limb.

Reappraisal is the order of the day, but in neither capital is it easy to gauge the depth of the reappraisal. In Manila, politicians, scholars, and journalists can talk so freely and expansively that rhetoric swamps the truth. In Bangkok the repressions of the military dictatorship can so inhibit them that they do not allude to the truth at all.

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Bangkok, Manila

tween a large, democratic Anglo-Saxon power and a small, traditional, Buddhist monarchy than in the attitudes of Thai Foreign Minister Thanat Khoman. He has held the post since serving as Thai ambassador in Washington in 1957-1958, and in recent years has frequently criticized the United States from the flank of the hawks. In conversation, he is dour, sarcastic, oblique, and occasionally illogical. When upbraiding the West, he approaches his target sideways, like a crab, then drifts off in midsentence after he has conveyed his meaning but before he has made an explicit denunciation. His pro-Americanism is not to be identified with the hawk position within the United States, but with a simple concern for Thailand's survival. He does not want to be a hawk or a dove, he says, because he does not want to be a "sitting duck or a dead duck." Educated in Paris, he is nevertheless able, like many Thais, to weave Western ideas into the tapestry of traditional authoritarianism, and he has little sympathy with American democracy and liberalism. With Thanat as Foreign Minister, Thailand may sleep in the same bed as the United States, but it dreams different dreams.

In the past Thanat has criticized U.S. liberals like Fulbright and the Kennedys on Vietnam. But when I interviewed him, he struck at the basis of U.S. official policy itself.

We said to Washington: "Why do you Americans want to carry out the bombing of the North? Why didn't you train the South Vietnamese to do it? Nobody in the U.S. or Europe could have blamed the *South Vietnamese* for doing it." We never got a satisfactory answer. "It is too complicated, it requires great technical skill." So I answered: "How about the North Vietnamese? They have been using MIG's which are as complicated as U.S. planes. Do you admit that your capacity to train people is so low that you cannot teach the South Vietnamese?" They were afraid that the South Vietnamese would not carry out the bombing in accord with U.S. policies. They would not admit that in public, they would not even admit that in private. But that was, I think, the underlying motive.

There is no record of Thanat opposing U.S. bombing of the North. Nevertheless his method of reconciling his "hawkish" past with a "dovish" readiness to swallow, without undue contortion, the outcome of the Paris Talks, is to blame Washington for Americanizing the war, and to blame the American people for losing their nerve before the operation was completed. So today he favors troop withdrawal from South Vietnam. With great vigor he explained: "When they asked me whether American troops could be withdrawn from South Vietnam, I said by all means and as soon as possible. From Vietnam and also from Thailand."

Thanat knows that U.S. troop withdrawal from Thailand would produce a crisis for the regime, and perhaps for the country. But if it is coming, the Thai instinct is to find some way to welcome it. If the United States reveals doubts that it needs Thailand after Vietnam, Thanat airs his doubts that Thailand needs the United States anymore. But there is a gap between the public and the real position of both Washington and Bangkok on future U.S. disengagement from Thailand. Both sides stress that U.S. troops are in Thailand purely because of Vietnam. The State Department said in late February that most of the forces would be withdrawn after Vietnam, unless the Thai government asked them to stay. Thanat said they would leave "unless there is some compelling reason for them to stay." Both sides have left plenty of room for maneuver here.

In reality, U.S. troops were in Thailand before the Vietnam build-up and before the explanation was offered that the troops in Thailand were there purely to support the activity in Vietnam. President Kennedy sent 4800 troops to Thailand in 1962, both to reassure Bangkok and to underline U.S. concern for the outcome of the talks and fighting over Laos. Moreover, some well-informed people think the U.S. military is a little more involved in counterinsurgency within Thailand than is suggested by the official "advisory role" that does not extend "below regimental level." Buried in the February, 1969, "Semi-Annual Assessment of Thailand"—it is put out by the U.S. embassy in Bangkok, mainly for U.S. businessmen—we

find the revealing statement: "The Thai authorities are beginning to plan for the eventual phasedown of U.S. military activity in the Northeast." U.S. Ambassador Leonard Unger, an able career man who knows the area and the Thai language, does not anticipate precipitous or complete U.S. military withdrawal. And U.S. military men bluntly assert that it would be impossible for the Thais even to keep the bases (especially the fantastic port facility at Sattahip) in working order by themselves.

Thanat is striving to keep all his options open. His pet gambit is to flaunt before anxious American eyes the specter of a "dialogue" between Bangkok and Peking. He likes to recall how Chen Yi "drank many toasts to me" at the tenth anniversary celebrations of the Bandung Conference in 1965. Foreign Office aides allude acidly to the Warsaw talks between China and the United States: "When Thailand talks with China, it will be public, not furtive."

Thanat now insists that Thailand is not hostile to China. He spoke of China sharing in "formulating policy for the future of Asia." He now casts doubt on the precise meaning of Chen Yi's statement of 1965 concerning Thailand, which Bangkok has hitherto regarded as a "declaration of guerrilla war by China against Thailand." You ask him whether Peking has changed its attitude toward Thailand, and no evidence is forthcoming that it has. Why, then, has Thanat changed?

His gesture toward China is less one of hope about Chinese intentions than of fear about American intentions. Should the United States disengage from the Asian mainland, Thailand could not avoid adopting a conciliatory policy toward China. Thanat is taking out an insurance policy against that eventuality. He is also sidling up to Cambodia, with whom relations have long been bad. (Thanat got mad at the Kennedy Administration when, in a dispute before the World Court between Thailand and Cambodia about the temple Khao Phra Vihan, Dean Acheson argued the Cambodian case and won it for the delighted Cambodians.) In quiet ways a remarkable thaw is under way between Bangkok and Pnompenh.

Except for Laos, Thailand is, from the point of view of external dangers, the most vulnerable coun-

try in the region. Its borders are a nightmare: discontent and terrorism on its Malaysian border; territorial disputes with Cambodia; 900 miles of shared border with a Laos that is at least half under the control of the Pathet Lao rebels; and the enormous 1200-mile stretch with its historic enemy Burma, on which there are disputes about fishermen and sanctuary for anti-Rangoon Burmese rebels.

Laos is the number-one problem, after Vietnam, for Thailand. Few people in Bangkok doubt that the Pathet Lao, aided by Hanoi, could take Vientiane if they made a concerted effort to do so. Currently there are signs that Vientiane, alert to prevailing winds, is growing cooler to Bangkok and warmer to Hanoi. A Vietnam settlement which does not include some fresh arrangements for Laos will bring little comfort to the Thais.

American embrace

If the tendency of Americans in Bangkok is to consider Thais impossible to understand, in Manila it is to treat Filipinos as if they were Americans, and thus take them for granted. In dealing with the United States, the Thai problem is one of communication: the two cultures scarcely make contact with each other. By contrast, the Filipinos have been so close to America that they are at once affectionate and resentful toward it. The Philippines is the country in Asia closest to the U.S. culture; Thailand is one of the most distant (there are many peasants in Thailand who do not know the United States exists). In dealing with the United States, the Filipino problem is not so much one of communication as of the Filipino quest for spiritual liberty from the American embrace.

The Thais, never having been colonized, are neither resentful nor obsequious toward foreigners. They do little to resist the U.S. impact. "We have nothing to resist it with," remarked a Thai writer. Yet the impact is minimal. Thais welcome foreign influence, yet are unswayed by it. Filipinos resist the U.S. impact with cries of indignation. Forty-eight years of U.S. colonialism, followed by twenty-three years of what a Foreign Ministry spokesman referred to as "semi-colonialism," have given



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Bangkok, Manila

them an abundance of emotions with which to resist the American impact. Yet the impact is enormous. As one ambassador in Manila observed, "You are not sure that the Filipinos would not prefer to remain a kind of colony."

In Manila there is remarkable civil freedom, notably of the press, whereas Bangkok has taken few steps toward Western liberalism. "Stand in the middle of a street in Bangkok," observed a Filipino writer, "and say Thai Prime Minister Thanom Kitikachorn ought to be murdered, and you will be arrested for a political crime. Stand in a Manila street and say Marcos ought to be murdered, and you will be arrested for obstructing the traffic." Surely a mark of political civilization. In Manila there is also a strong commitment to the U.S. tradition of civilian control of the military, whereas in Bangkok the government has long been a military dictatorship. At U.S. bases in the Philippines, the U.S. flag flies, not the Filipino flag. In Thailand this would be unthinkable.

Paradoxically, there is more anti-Americanism in Manila than in Bangkok. The cold, objective realities of Thailand's international position in the post-Vietnam period compel a foreign-policy reappraisal. It is a matter of calculation. The Philippines is less vulnerable, being surrounded by sea rather than by jungles full of Communist soldiers and cadres. The Philippines foreign-policy reappraisal is as much a matter of the heart as a matter of calculation. It is the most notable case in the history of the republic of the flexing of nationalist muscles, which every Filipino President since Roxas has desired (initially) to practice.

President Marcos, although he entitled his 1969 State of the Nation message "New Filipinism: The Turning Point," chose as his foreign secretary Carlos P. Romulo, who has been widely considered an "American boy." Voluble and suave, Romulo also has a reputation as a weathercock. The morning I went to see him, his previous visitor had been General Creighton Abrams, U.S. Commander in Vietnam. Had there been some consultations on the war, perhaps on the prospects for peace? No. The Philippine Min-

ister was not treated to any discussion of substance. The two men reminisced about West Point and other nostalgic aspects of the American scene. It is this combination of affection and total powerlessness that frustrates Filipinos in their relations with the United States. Whether they can do anything about it is a large question. Whether they can do anything about it with their present methods is an even larger question.

In his January message, Marcos referred to the "perhaps inevitable withdrawal of American power" from East Asia, and the need for the smaller nations to "establish the foundations of a viable relationship with Red China." Here is the core of his new foreign policy.

Almost every Filipino President has petitioned Washington with a laundry list of grievances. One concerns the "parity" rights written into the Philippines Constitution which give U.S. citizens equal rights with Filipinos in the exploitation of Filipino natural resources. Understandably the demand is to abolish these rights, which Romulo called "symptoms of our lingering enslavement." Another is a demand for greater control over the three great U.S. bases, Clark, Subic, and Sangley, at which there are sometimes incidents involving the shooting of Filipino trespassers, followed by a light punishment for the U.S. offender. There is nothing new in these demands.

What is new is the Filipino realization of change in the relation of the United States to Asia. Romulo sees two factors. The polarized international situation of the past, in which the Philippines had to choose a protector and stick by it, no longer exists. Second, to quote Romulo, "Events are beginning to show the diminishing value of reliance on one's 'friends.'" Here lies both an economic and a security factor. The Philippine economy is sick, and one of its needs is new markets for the sugar and copra which are the country's chief exports. It is believed that external trade must be diversified by selling to Eastern Europe. Some also look to China as a source of cheaper imports, especially those congressmen and journalists who have visited Peking.

Romulo believes that the Philippines has been treated less well by the United States in matters of trade and aid than "neutral countries and

former enemy countries." An emotive note creeps in. "Filipinos were traders long before any Western *conquistador* came here to trade, and we traded with anyone who had the goods to trade. Why should we not trade with anyone today?" Like Thanat, he is fond of recalling his meetings with Chen Yi, his "fellow Asian."

But there is also a highly practical angle. Peking has in the past offered to sell rice to the Philippines—until last year rice was still being imported—at a far lower price than it was paying for U.S. rice. Marcos refused, partly owing to U.S. pressure, partly because he objected to having the rice labeled "from the People's Republic of China" and to the establishment of a Chinese trading agency in Manila. But that was two years ago. In the circumstances of 1969, when events are forcing the Philippines to pursue paths that seemed merely vaguely desirable previously, Marcos is unlikely to refuse such an offer again.

Romulo now says the external threat to the Philippines is negligible. Furthermore, he regards the U.S. bases as "magnets" for (Chinese) attack, creating a threat which would otherwise not exist. And the bases, vital as they are to the United States, especially with the likely reversion of Okinawa to Japan, are not considered by Manila to be important for defending the Philippines. It is recalled that the existence of U.S. bases did not save the country from attack and occupation by Japan. Therefore Romulo turns fresh eyes upon China. Two of his first acts as Foreign Secretary were to lift the previous ban on social contact between Filipino diplo-

mat and Peking diplomats, in capitals where both exist, and to order his officers henceforth to refer to China as "The People's Republic of China," not as "Communist China" or "Red China" (as Marcos had done just days before).

Severe limits are put upon any close ties with Peking by the nervousness of the government about the Chinese minority within the Philippines. No such problem arises, however, with the Russians, and there is a springtime growth of trade and cultural plans linking Manila with Moscow and other Eastern capitals. Enormous excitement has attended these innovations, as when the Bolshoi Ballet arrived in March. Hitherto forbidden fruit tastes especially sweet. One leading politician was so impressed with an opportunity to play host to a Soviet editor that he telephoned the best restaurant in Manila and said "I want *gold plates*. I want a meal such as you have never prepared before." As the evening progressed, the Russian remarked: "Well, you capitalists, you live well, I must say. Yes, it's good." It will not be long before the Russians add an embassy in Manila to their growing collection in Southeast Asia.

Brave talk

Uncertain of the future, Thailand and the Philippines belatedly begin to urge regional solidarity and co-operation among the Asian states. But Manila and Bangkok do not sound very convincing when they bravely talk of a "new cohesiveness among the free nations of Asia" (Thanat) as a replacement for U.S. dominance in East Asia.

More vitally, the future security of the two countries may hinge upon whether or not the United States and China achieve mutual understanding and mutual respect. The essential problem of East Asian security is not merely one of organization, but also one of power. The present crisis results from an evident shift in the power realities. The United States prepares to disengage, in some degree. China, over the next decade or two, is likely to extend its influence in varying ways into any vacuums that occur on its doorstep.

At this stage, although the Chinese have held their Ninth Party

Congress and Nixon has been in office nearly five months, the Asian policy of neither superpower is clear. But in Sino-U.S. relations, change can only really mean improvement. If Nixon deploys military power more sparingly in Asia, as seems likely, Peking will probably respond. For it is "U.S. encirclement," not verbal assaults or bagatelles of cultural exchange, that concern China most. Anxiety about the U.S.S.R. is also a factor which may predispose Peking to improve its relationship with the United States. Said Foreign Minister Chen Yi to a European ambassador this past spring: "The Americans are bastards, but honest bastards. The Russians are liars and traitors." From the U.S. side, domestic pressures to reduce the U.S. military role in Asia make it inevitable that Washington will have to deal diplomatically with Peking. Moreover it gets increasingly harder to ignore Peking as it speeds ahead with its nuclear weapons program. Nixon's "era of negotiation" has come—perhaps more quickly than he wanted—in Asia as well as Europe.

Assuming the emergence of a workable Vietnam settlement, to which both China and the U.S. are parties, the pressures upon Thailand and the Philippines may decrease. Rather than having to choose full-scale U.S. protection and thus incur Chinese hostility (or the converse), they could hope to find security within the wider framework of a U.S.-China understanding; or, if no such understanding develops, by trying, in the manner of Sihanouk, to play one Giant off against the other. The nasty uncertainty (for Thailand especially) is that one cannot know, until the United States starts to withdraw troops, how much Chinese hostility is due to U.S. presence and to use of the country as a sanctuary in the Vietnam War.

ROSS TERRILL

So near to so many
attractions, and yet so
beautifully removed;
a hotel in the quiet
European tradition.



REPORT CONTRIBUTORS

Elizabeth B. Drew is the *Atlantic's* Washington editor. Don Cook is the Los Angeles *Times's* Paris-based correspondent. Ross Terrill, author of reports on the Paris negotiations in the December, 1968 and May, 1969 *Atlantic*, is an Australian scholar at Harvard.

THE MAIL:

Lillian Hellman

SIR: Lillian Hellman's sensitive description of her relationship with Sophronia and Helen in "An Unfinished Woman," April *Atlantic*, is a moving example of empathy—a quality few whites appear to have acquired while growing up in households with black domestics.

At a time when authentic relationships between blacks and whites are rare, difficult, and always sorely tested, it is inspiring to sense that Miss Hellman understood so well the inner world of black domestics. She could love them, and still see the frailty of their argument about civil rights, or the defenses they used to protect themselves from an overload of hurt.

We blacks usually "turn off" the very second whites speak of "loving their domestics," especially since this occupational group is much underpaid. Miss Hellman comes off as warm, but knows well the pitfalls of deluding oneself about honest affection between blacks and whites.

The "domestic" is the bulwark of black womanhood. She has a claim on our loyalty, since many of us are one generation removed from "milady's kitchen." Still, one third of us in the labor force are marketing the domestic skills of our ancestors in that category labeled "Service Occupations."

Few writers really capture the inner world of these beautiful women. Either they are overidealized beyond the bounds of human strength, as in the case of Faulkner's *Dulcie*, or caricatured as a trickster, such as Dubose Heywood's *Mamba*. Sophronia and Helen are strong and vulnerable, and through Miss Hellman's eyes and heart they are also human.

As a black professor currently en-

gaged in research on domestics and active in efforts leading to their occupational upgrading, I hope every white woman employer reads this book and begins to sort out real and unreal expectations of this traditional real "pretend" relationship between white women and black domestics.

It is tragic to say that a white person's insight or empathy concerning the most important soul sisters in the black experience surprises me. But it delights and gives one hope that someday we might walk "hand in hand together."

Bravo, Miss Hellman! Write on!

JEANNE NOBLE
Vice President
National Council of Negro Women
New York University
New York City

SIR: Lillian Hellman mixes crystal-clear rationality with a great deal of warmth and feeling, and the two don't usually go together.

ROBERT COLES, M.D.
Cambridge, Mass.

SIR: Lillian Hellman's piece is evocative and womanly and strong all at the same time, and written with honesty and without frills or deception. In fact, it's just like her, which is, I suppose, the best thing one dare say about an autobiographical work.

IRWIN SHAW
Klosters, Switzerland

More on Shoup

SIR: I think that General Shoup's article in the April *Atlantic*, "The New American Militarism," like Robert Kennedy's *Thirteen Days*, should be framed and hung over the President's desk, the Supreme Court's bench, and on Congress' walls.

If only we would take the Gen-

eral's advice and get away from our fruitless military ventures, we could perhaps start that journey toward peace instead of talking about that journey. It takes a special sort of person to see these things, and it's about time we listened to some of them now and not after the sun sets.

JOHN B. KING
Crayville, N. Y.

SIR: General Shoup is wrong about just one thing. As long as trained military men have the courage to speak out, there is hope of halting future mistakes such as those now being carried out in Vietnam.

The General and the *Atlantic* deserve the highest commendation. I propose creation of a Congressional Medal of Honor for honesty, with General Shoup the first recipient.

BERTRAM G. WATERS III
Washington, D.C.

Evetts on Ives

SIR: Robert Evett's *pro musica* judgment of Ives (May *Atlantic*) is a downright bullnecked declaration of independence. It challenges the colloquial constabulary and cocks a snook at the elite establishment. Such goings-on might be dangerous; especially when they flout the pragmatic postulate that Truth and Consequences are the same thing, in fact, inseparable: the humanistic gist of our economic grist. This we must not "up-with-put."

Old Charlie Ives must be belching forth great guffaws of Neo-ha-ha as he pilots his random cloud over "The Beautiful Isle of Somewhere."

ROY HARRIS
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

SIR: I suspect that most readers who perused Robert Evett's "Shadow and Substance in Ives" did not get too

upset, for they either knew very little about Ives and have heard, in consequence, little of his music, or they knew enough to dismiss Evett's article as simple nonsense.

From what exalted pinnacle does Evett issue his pronunciamientos about the apparent worthlessness of Ives's music *as sound*? "Ives is to Mozart what Grandma Moses is to Fragonard," he says, and that, moreover, this insight is "perfectly obvious," needing no proof, evidence, or further argument.

Ives's music is certainly far more innovative, exceedingly more complex, than anything of Mozart's, and I would be the last to deny that Ives's freedom from "professional" obligations sustained a degree of originality and imagination quite extraordinary. Yet this freedom was consciously sought by Ives—that is why he went into the insurance business. To assert, as Evett does, that this fact condemns Ives to an amateur status roughly comparable with that enjoyed by Grandma Moses is clearly irresponsible, and surprising, written as the words are in a magazine noted for its breadth and informed point of view.

THOMAS V. ANDERSON
Detroit, Mich.

Mr. Evett replies:

Details aside (and it seems to me that Mr. Anderson has got some of them wrong), the object of my Ives piece was to state what too many people have been too timid to say in print: that the man was overrated. Most major figures in the arts have, at one time or another, been centers of controversy. Not Ives: for twenty years at least, it has been veneration at 100 percent or shoot the piano player. Such eminence should be challenged. High time, too.

Advice and Consent

SIR: Professor Pentony (*The Case for Black Studies*, April *Atlantic*) shares a blind spot with ROTC advocates: neither dares examine the possibility that black leadership and military training, respectively, might be more efficiently conducted during the summer months, or that, if room is made for them during the academic year, time limitations require that more traditional studies be displaced. I submit that the intelligent, properly prepared, and motivated black freshman of 1969 will be a far

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If this were an ordinary gin, we would have put it in an ordinary gin bottle.
Charles Tanqueray

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better future leader if his four college years are devoted to polishing his deductive and expository skills rather than to the relatively narrow study of African culture, tribal and political intrigues.

The professor's specialty is behavioral and social sciences. His implicit suggestion that *some* black studies courses be offered is well taken. His explicit plea goes well beyond this, and it is both self-serving (clearly black studies will fall under his division) and self-defeating: the adult world desperately needs literate, logical, broadly read black people whose pride is based on successful achievement of intellectual skills within the grasp of average men of *any* race. If colleges open their doors to blacks, only to divert them into a behavioristically oriented, "relevant," and inevitably watered-down curriculum, I wouldn't blame the students for taking the easy way out and staying away from English and math courses in droves. On the other hand, Professor Pen-tony and his colleagues will have to answer when the black B.A.'s boomerang angrily back from industrial personnel officers who refuse them decently paying jobs because they can't spell.

In sum: rather than set up black studies departments nationwide, offer \$15,000 salaries for black English and math college *teachers* (not researchers) and spend the remaining funds on junior and senior tutors for black underclassmen.

PETER T. FAULKNER
Stanford, Calif.

SIR: Alfred Kazin's "Thoreau and American Power" (May *Atlantic*) is an interesting, informative essay that brings to the attention of the public much salient material that normally remains somewhat inaccessible on dusty bookshelves in universities. However, in attempting to support the thesis that the writings of Henry Thoreau are relevant (or was it irrelevant?) in the contemporary world of supergovernments, Mr. Kazin chooses to view Thoreau's life as material to support a major premise rather than as the capricious sort of life all men lead. Thoreau's concerns in life were not alone those of "a pure idealist living on principle." His social conscience ebbed and flowed, as did his faith in man, so that the 1859 *A Plea for Captain*

John Brown exhibits a social concern that is notably attenuated in such later works as the 1862 "Walking" and "Wild Apples." Thoreau even prided himself at times on his ability to restrain his social conscience. Thus Thoreau's courage in the face of a powerful government was indeed remarkable, but it grew as much out of sheer cussedness as it did out of social awareness.

PATRICK MAX
Detroit, Mich.

SIR: The collection of eleven letters under "Further Thoughts on the Biological Revolution" in the March issue is even more illustrative of the dangers inherent in the twelve discoveries described in the original article by Professor Donald Fleming than his own prose. These letters serve as a guide to the men to whose care the biological revolution is entrusted and who are unable to see its implications beyond their narrow self-interest. Thus anthropologist Shimkin can only see Fleming's failure to give due recognition to the forces of natural evolution; gerontologist Sinex can only see a lack of appreciation of gerontology; interdisciplinarian Scott can only see the need for an interdisciplinary attack on man's sociological problems; and geneticist Lederberg can only see a need to correct a "misinterpretation" of his views, which are that genetic manipulations should continue to be used for the benefit, not the detriment, of mankind.

One is reminded of the atomic and nuclear scientific, and later technological, discoveries that have ranged from isolating radioactive elements useful in therapy to constructing nuclear bombs limited to genocide. Unfortunately, the awareness of the danger of misapplying the "nuclear revolution" came to responsible scientists after, not before, Nagasaki. Must we wait equally long to bestir the conscience of the progenitors of the biological revolution?

LEONID V. ASAROFF
Storrs, Conn.

SIR: Herbert Gold's indictment of the fraternity system ("Letter From a Far Frat," May *Atlantic*) is one in which I, as a member of that system, ruefully concur. Statistics show fraternities declining in membership and esteem. Far from desiring the end of all social organizations, I

would like to see grow in their place organizations, unfettered by over a century of useless ritual and social stagnation, whose policies and ideals will be constructive and direct. Whether in Chapel Hill or Marietta, the fraternity system is dying; we see its self-strangulation with relief.

PAUL D. ADAMS
Marietta College
Marietta, Ohio

SIR: In the May issue of the *Atlantic*, David Kahn ("Secrets of the Nazi Archives") attributes to me the honor of leadership in forming an American Committee for the Study of War Documents. May I mention, for the sake of the historical record, that the initiative came from Mr. Sidney Wallach, who for several years worked most faithfully as executive secretary of the committee.

HANS KOHN
Free University
Berlin, Germany

SIR: In the Washington Report for May, Elizabeth Drew has painted quite a frightening picture of this Administration's Justice Department. Many people will be lulled into a warm sense of security that we will be protected from criminals, Commies, anarchists, and rioters; but how can someone to whom black people are as unreal as Martians do anything about social justice? Apparently, students are as unfathomable to the Attorney General as "the colored people."

I shouldn't worry about how actively the Justice Department pursues subversives, draft-card burners (I'm overage), activist demonstrators, or rioters. Most of us will never come in contact with the law. But the specter of those detention camps brings a vague sense of uneasiness. Will I one day be incarcerated for signing a petition in support of Eugene McCarthy? Can we bring law and order by curtailing liberty?

EUGENE DESROCHES
Middletown, Conn.

The *Atlantic* welcomes communications from its readers, but can rarely accommodate letters in excess of 500 words. Light editing, for style and economy, is the rule rather than the exception, and we assume that any letter, unless otherwise stipulated, is free for publication in our monthly letters column.

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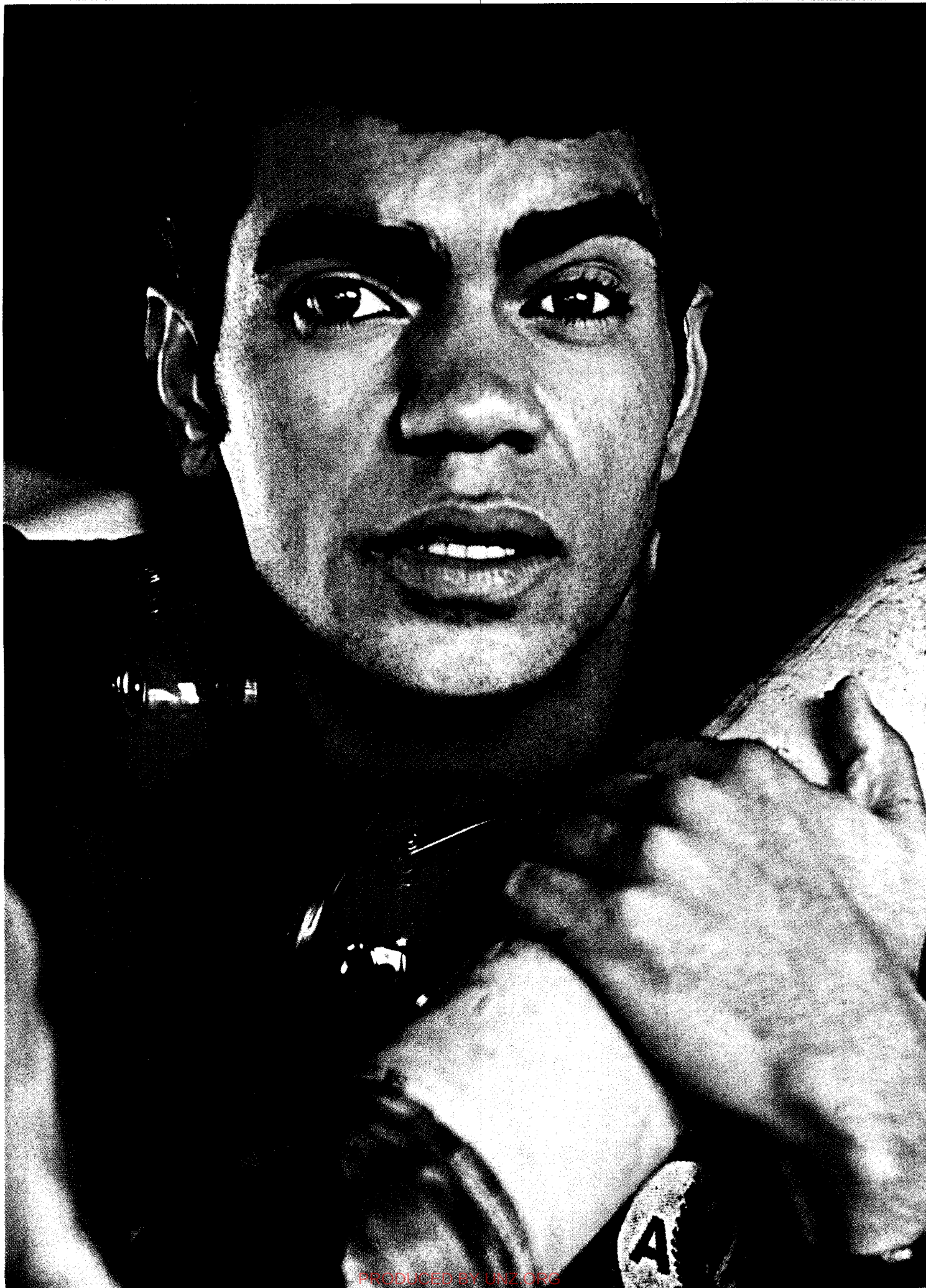
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“I realized it the first time I saw a mother and child get on the plane. Nobody has more responsibility than I have.”

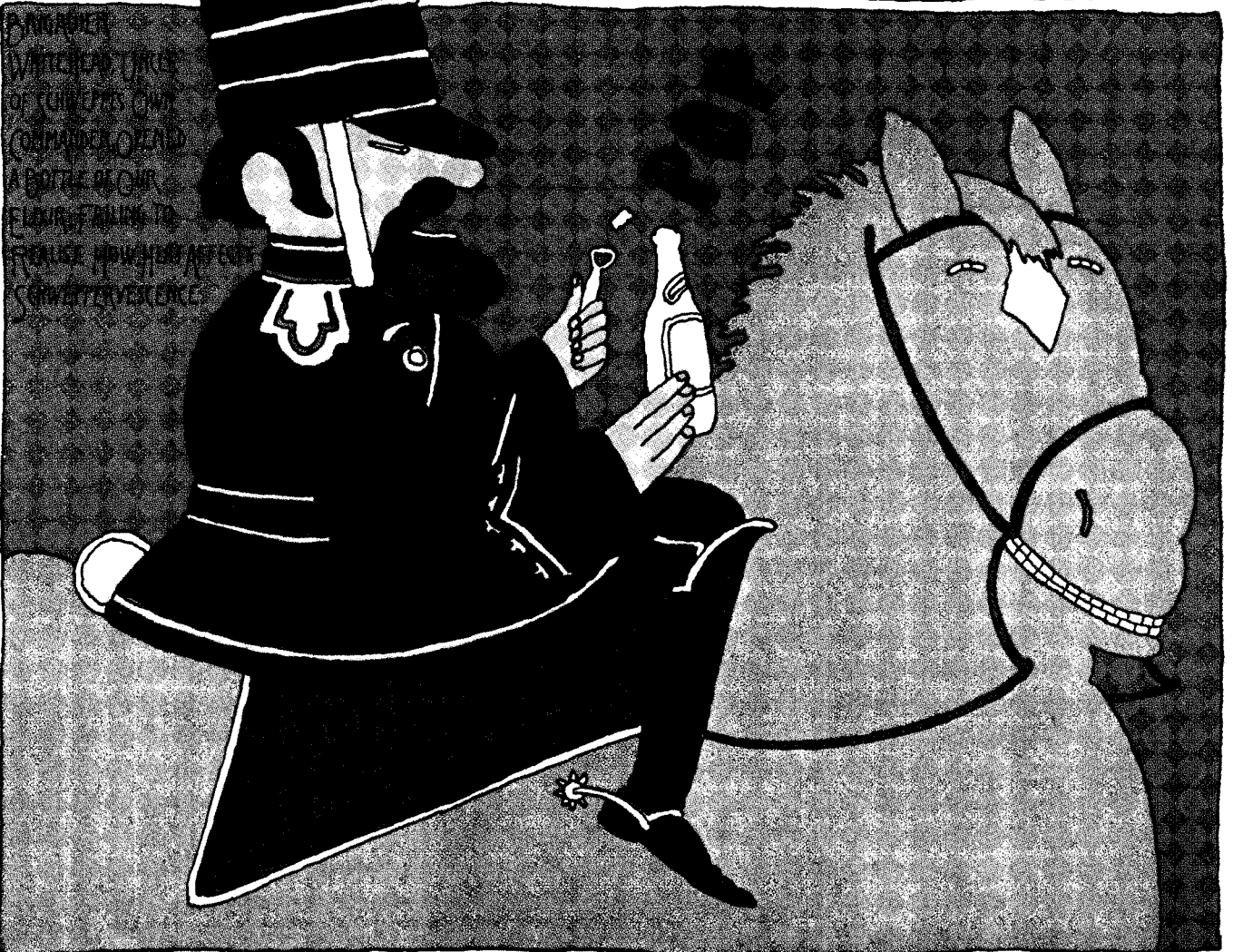
35,000 people work for American Airlines. And most never get to hear a passenger thank them for a great flight. They're the ones that really have to have special pride in themselves. Chico Martinez works at New York's Kennedy Airport. He's a line mechanic. He looks at his job this way:

“I've always wanted to be a mechanic. Now after working 10 years for American, I kind of feel like I've arrived. I had 6 years of experience before I even got this job. Naturally, there's a lot of pressure in this business. Everything has to be so perfect. But there's a lot of satisfaction, too. Like watching one of those big planes take off after you've worked on it. Not many people get to know that feeling.”

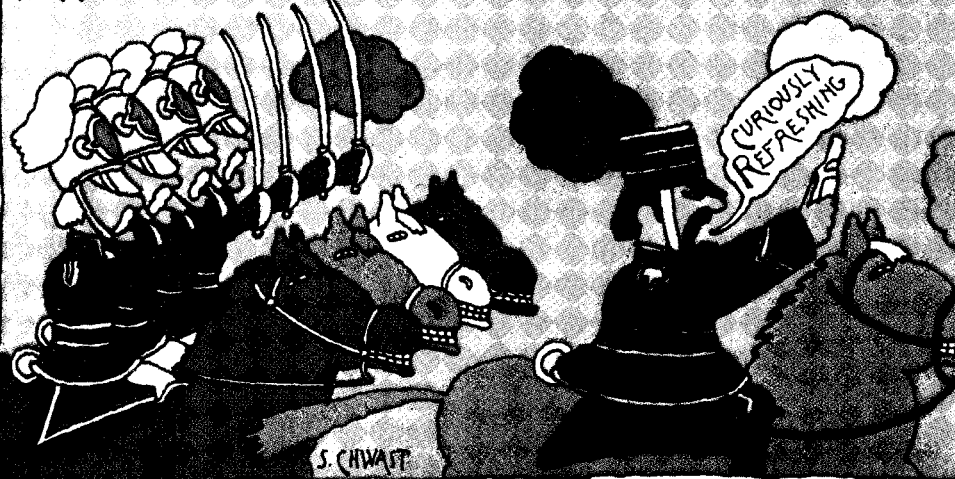
It takes more than just being good mechanically to be a good mechanic. It takes a man who believes in himself. That's the American Way.

Fly the American Way. American Airlines

THE FACTS BEHIND THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE: WHILE GENERAL CARDIGAN WAS DECIDING IF HE SHOULD ATTACK...



THE RESULTING CHARGE FRIGHTENED THE HORSES SO THEY ADVANCED SPONTANEOUSLY, PROVING



THE THEATER OF IGNORANCE

by Richard Gilman

The Living Theater began life nearly twenty years ago in a loft near Columbia, the creation of a young couple named Julian and Judith (Malina) Beck, who were, and are, very passionately involved with questions of social justice, pacifism, anarchism, the fate of human love, and the destructions of technological civilization. They also were, and are, vegetarians, believers in astrology, and, one is entitled to suspect, addicts of various other ready forms of mystic news.

Julian Beck, now in his middle forties, is tall, thin, pale, high-domed, with a shelf of frizzy gray-brown hair canting down from the back of his head to his shoulders. He has a thin mouth, a large bony nose, and eyes that are strangely light, intent, and what is usually called "piercing." His chief theatrical skill has always been as a stage designer, although he has done considerable acting and directing too. His wife is a tiny woman, intensely black-haired, with a small round nose and mouth and large brilliant eyes, an elf with enormous energy, a gamin made of steel. Primarily and most successfully a director, she has done some literary work as an adapter of classic dramas and tinkerer with new texts, and has also acted a good deal. Like her husband, she has never been more than a gross amateur as a performer.

Being amateurish at some particular thing was

not of much concern to the Living Theater, which combined this quality with professionalism, skill with ineptitude, originality with cliché, and coolness with frenzy, in an indivisible act of *making theater*, one that was at the same time a way of making a life. As part of that the Becks were intent from the beginning on fashioning a public attitude toward what they had found mattered to them, and to their constituency, as social beings. What mattered, at least as much as dramatic art, was political reality, especially the reality of atomic weapons, and later, of the war in Vietnam. The Becks were ferocious activists who while managing to keep their productions mostly free of blatant *Tendenz* or explicit ideology were forever throwing out hints of their extra-aesthetic sympathies, most unmistakably by the aggressive *épater le bourgeois* spirit in which they put on their plays.

It was often a painful and embarrassing experience to go to a Living Theater production as a spectator full of goodwill and a readiness to shelve technical and even aesthetic objections in the interests of giving support to experiment and imaginative valor. In your seat, among an audience whose average age was less than thirty and whose dress was as casual and even scruffy as any proletarian impresario could want, you were subjected to continual abuse for your bourgeois origins and

presumed sympathies. It came directly at times in the form of harangues before the curtain went up or at intermissions, but most generally and subtly through the atmosphere of bare tolerance, the rugged hauteur, with which the whole enterprise took you in. The Living Theater was forever trying to shame and convert the people who already believed in them and were manfully trying to go along.

But for us it was a case of *faute de mieux*. What sustained and propelled the Becks as people of the theater was the conviction, not especially widespread at the time, that drama should be arresting, difficult, fiercely contemporary, full of revelation and unrest, a personal encounter. This conviction, translating itself into a flawed, erratic, but fervid spirit and methodology, came to recommend itself to a small but steadily growing number of intelligent persons for whom theater had become the emptiest of arts and a social occasion of stupefying inanity. The Living Theater's productions were jagged, nervous, almost always technically deficient, and sometimes wholly inept, but they were full of idiosyncratic zeal and intensity. And in the last years before it closed its doors (on Fourteenth Street, where it had moved in the early fifties), it gave the American theater two of its most remarkable and vivifying recent works: *The Connection* and *The Brig*.

That the Theater, apart from its predictable financial difficulties, should have been in crisis almost from the beginning was not a question of any inevitable conflict between aesthetic disinterestedness or professionalism on the one hand and political commitment on the other, not a question of the group's subject or theme, but, in the first place, of the allocation of energies and loyalties. The Becks were forever dropping their theatrical activities to go off on a peace march or participate in a demonstration, occasionally winding up in jail, and at these times leaving playwrights, stagehands, actors ready to go on, and audiences with tickets in hand to get the news at the last minute that the show was off. More than that, a painful toll was taken in the company's morale by their leaders' absolute indifference to any consistency and rigor in training or artistic preparedness, so that their invigorating ideas about the stage flourished always under siege by forgetfulness, disjunction, and a sense of *other things to do*.

In time the procedural chaos and lack of quotidian principles (large, overarching ideals and eschatologies were always available for consolation) came down to a confrontation with pressures of ordinary citizenship. The Becks were charged in 1964 with owing the U.S. government some \$25,000 in admission taxes collected over the years and never turned in, and upon their refusal to pay, had their theater closed down and were themselves sent to jail for a few weeks. At the trial a certain quality

of the Becks, something we might call pushy martyrdom, was more than ever on display. A sympathetic judge, prepared to tender the defendants the benefit of every doubt and the fullest imaginative grasp of their predicament, was obliged to give them minimal sentences in the face of their refusal to admit even technical guilt and of Miss Malina's strident, tearful, expertly staged denunciations of him and of the social order that had had them haled in.

Plot-sniffing critics were quick to assert that they had been the victims of government suppression of art and ideas, but it was clear that nothing so sinister was at work. The Becks, in their beautiful primitivism or dangerous innocence, had blundered across a line dividing realms and were paying the penalty for not being able to distinguish them.

If it was a penalty; in fact it turned out to be a blessing. Artistically and psychologically the Living Theater had been building toward the necessity for radical change, for a departure that might somehow lead to the resolution of a number of contradictions and contrarities: their growing dislike and suspicion of formal, fixed dramatic texts, and their technical inadequacy for creating works directly on the stage; their activist desire to change the world, and their recognition that theater, as they had been practicing it, promised no such alteration; their hunger for community, and their inability up to then to maintain intact the community they had organized; their quest for personal salvation, and their wish to be exemplary, effective instigations to the salvation of others. America having come to an end for them, the Becks and a small band of the faithful set off for Europe in the summer of 1964 to find out what they might become.

A Scene Before the Sailing

The Village Gate on Bleecker Street. An afternoon in late spring. The annual Obie awards for off-Broadway theater are being presented before an audience of more than five hundred—theater people, fans, Village swingers—who sit with pitchers of beer in front of them and make loud chatter. Judith Malina is to be given an award for her direction of *The Brig* and her husband one for having designed it. But they are involved with their trial and have not appeared. As the afternoon draws on and the other winners have been given their scrolls by a smiling famous actress, word comes that the Becks are on their way. Everyone waits, watching the clock, for the nightclub has been rented only until four.

A few minutes before the hour the Becks sweep in, as though from a motorcade with sirens screaming, rush to the podium to embrace the judges and other notables. Miss Malina, her hair flying and her eyes on fire, blows kiss after kiss to the spectators,

many of whom shout back loving things. Beck stands with arms spread wide to enfold the room. Then Judith takes the microphone, and in a voice breaking with passion, thanks all those present for their love, their faith, their support of the theater against tyranny. This is our vindication, she sobs, this is our triumph. Everybody rushes up then, and in a swirl of embraces and back-pounding, the Becks are ushered toward their new life.

Judith Malina: "We're a group of people gathered together to go through certain actions, experiences, words, sounds, movements, whatever, maybe far more than that, I don't know, in which one person, or all of the people, or several of the people, are in some way changed, helped, raised, or some event occurs in the life of the participants, or one or all, which then makes some actual change in the life situation. . . . We are saying essentially the same things that the early Christians did . . . the very simple, so simplistic that it becomes terribly complex because of its simplicity, the statement that we can live with each other in peace without violence, that we can supply each other's needs, that there is enough and we have some way of making it go round. . . . We can do it better, simpler, just love one another."

Wanderjahre

Reports came back to America about what was happening to them. Snaking through Europe, a practicing, striving, peripatetic utopia, they picked up new members along the way, some of them temporary; young American actors, or would-be ones, would hear the news, go to Europe to live and work with the company for a while, and then come home. They spread further word: the group had changed drastically, having become wholly, furiously evangelical, political beyond politics, and for the first time, a true collectivity which lived together and built its repertory around its own visions and imaginative creations instead of relying, as it had in the past, on the works of others. The four years of wandering, during which they shaped their new nature before European audiences, whose own theaters apparently possessed nothing so far-out or so *self-willed*, brought the Living Theater back to America in the fall of 1968 as something unified, millennial, and giving off a hard continuous pressure to take sides.

Judith Malina: "There is no need to sit and admire someone speaking a line of poetry in a beautiful voice."

An Evening in Brooklyn

The Living Theater has opened its run in New York, after having inaugurated its return to Amer-

ica with a series of performances at the Yale School of Drama. The Brooklyn Academy of Music, a courtly, undistinguished building, redolent of the atmosphere of modern-dance concerts, recitals by visiting Russians, and fall seasons of lectures by outstanding speakers, is aware of having something rather more questionable on its hands. Seven or eight policemen stand around the entrances, and a squad car with its lights on is parked across the street. There had been a wild evening in New Haven, during which the Becks had been arrested (and later fined), and it had come very close to cutting off their would-be triumphal tour at the start.

But inside, the atmosphere is calm, if not exactly decorous. The ambience strikes you as not radically different from that of a good many other occasions of the not strictly commercial off-Broadway theater. The audience is an amalgam of well-dressed "higher-type" theatergoers in their late twenties and thirties, a scattering of older, in some cases grizzled, followers of culture, and a fair number of hippies or, doubtless more accurate, hippie-style youths.

The main reason for their moderate political and class composition and the restrained quality of their expectations is probably the fact that tonight the Living Theater is doing the only "play" in its current repertoire. It is *Antigone*, Judith Malina's translation (and rewriting) of Brecht's adaptation of Hölderlin's German version of Sophocles, and it has been directed by Miss Malina and her husband, who also take its leading roles.

It is a play, but it does its best to keep from being any kind of straightforward one. The Becks, it soon becomes apparent, are involved here with that animus toward the classics which is only in part a matter of anti-intellectualism (and theoretically does not have to include it at all), its other basis being a justified boredom with the way plays like this are perpetually being presented: according to someone's received idea of how Greek "dignity" and "majesty" must have exhibited themselves historically in their time.

Thus there is nothing artificially dignified and certainly nothing majestic about this production. It proceeds with the feeling of an experiment, not so much one of techniques as of spirit. What seems to be wanted is a sense of liberty from the text itself, in the interests of the people doing it. There is no hesitation in skewing the plot around to point up the most contemporary (and obvious) issues and in fiddling with the texture to release an up-to-the-minute aroma, and the very pace and movement—spasmodic, febrile, continually backing up on themselves—reveal a wish to interrupt and sabotage the stately, solemn, boring measures of Greek tragedy as a cultural inheritance.

One is sympathetic to this ambition, as one is to the occasionally purely physical *éclat* which the Becks have always proposed as their chief theatrical

virtue. This takes the form here of inventive groupings, movements off the stage and into the theater-building-as-the-world, communal sounds and gestures of despair, anguish, frenzy, and so on, explosions, silences, palpable declensions of feeling, in all of which the chorus becomes the body of the emotion and the action instead of being their commentator.

But the play is nearly intolerable whenever it has to be acted, whenever lines have to be spoken and consciousness invoked. It is evident from the beginning that whatever else it has become, the Living Theater has lost almost all its never more than marginal abilities for the rudimentary processes of acting: speech, characterization, the assumption of new, invented life. Miss Malina and Beck are the worst offenders. As Antigone she is alternately wild-eyed, coy, neurotic, and impish, a hippie heroine, while he plays a preposterous Creon, monstrous and swollen, a portrait modeled largely on Lyndon Johnson as MacBird. Heavy-handed, amateurish in the full pejorative sense, making its grotesquely predictable political points about freedom and tyranny with the utmost sneering self-righteousness, this *Antigone* reveals, wherever it "speaks," that the group's strength must surely lie somewhere else.

Stephen Ben Israel, a member of the Living Theater: "At first they're antagonistic and hostile, and then they kiss your hand. At the end they have the opportunity to come on stage and do anything they want."

Paradise Now

The group's strength lies theoretically in its rituals and games, its processes of antitheater, and its attempt to break down what has always separated theater from life. It lies in its raids on the expectations of certain audiences and on the preparations other audiences make for being changed, or for being made to feel *alive*; and it derives, this possible strength, from the proposition that reality is in need of new morale and that society, sick and loathsome now, demands regeneration through "honesty," "openness," and "sincerity."

Thus to place itself before audiences as colleagues and fellow sufferers, to gather spectators in community with them or, alternatively, to do battle with them, to provoke, needle, exhort, preach, shame, cajole, and caress, to lay itself bare, to be sacrificial and incorruptible and redemptive *in the middle of society*, is what the Theater organizes itself so strenuously to do. A serious undertaking, an ambition having nothing to do with entertainment or feats of skill or coldly formal art served up from a distance.

Paradise Now is the group's latest and most ambitious production, the work that best exhibits

what the Becks are about, what they dream of and hunger after, and how they see themselves. The audience on this night is considerably younger and farther out, although the contingent of more rooted and more nearly patrician spectators is still visible, in a way, indeed, that makes you think of opening your tie and mussing up your hair as you walk into the theater, where what greets you is the rumor and aspiration of "life" itself.

You are a few minutes late, or, more likely, the show has started before its announced time. On the stage sit, stand, or mill about some seventy-five or a hundred persons, almost all of them young; interspersed with members of the audience are some twenty or thirty Living Theater people, distinguishable by their near-nudity. People keep coming up to join in, and you, remaining in your place, try to overcome the desire to ask what exactly is happening, since you know this is the kind of question, out of an old, discredited habit of mind and culture, that the event is designed to eliminate.

What is taking place, in the purely ontological sense, is that the separation between audience and stage, spectator and performer, is being broken down, or at least that is the intention. The scene breaks up, to be resumed later in the evening. People drift back to their seats, and the production, or phenomenon, resumes its course, structured and laid out, though appearing not to be. Rituals, games, group embraces, "spontaneous" exercises, among them something the company calls a "trans-flip," in which energy is passed from one to another, and—most centrally, violently, and dangerously—colloquies, shouting matches, and other intimacies with the audience.

Every so often a truly affecting, even lovely image is shaped; the company, which unflinchingly responds as a trained organism in the group exercises and is clear and disciplined in its submission of the parts to the whole, arranges itself silently as an anguished exemplary body of victims or moves around the theater with the rediscovered gravity of a religious procession. And at these times, moments of silence in every case, you feel it possible to move out in love toward the sheer beleaguered, impracticable hope that some kind of community is really forming, and toward the group and the Becks themselves, remembering all the hard times, wanting the thing to be redemptive, purgative, and new.

But it is all brought down, the whole enterprise, the myth and the possibilities are brought down by an unforgivable naïveté (if it is merely that) and a self-love that undercuts any pretense of love for us. As they did in the past, but much more violently and apocalyptically now, the Becks are castigating the bourgeoisie, the American social order, the world all around. The hatred and the fury may be tactical at some points, but it overwhelms that to become its own fulfillment; aspiring to prophetic thunder, it reaches you as dementia. Once the ritual

gestures stop, once the pure physicality gives way to a resumption of social being, the Living Theater openly reveals its spiritual and psychological bases. They are in tyranny—the special despotism of the weak—in loss and despair, in resentment and impotence, and a profound neurosis masquerading as redemptive zeal.

The theater is filled with talk at every other moment, and it is pure cant, pompous, self-righteous jargon, a feast of cliché and shibboleth. It is speech that says what we already know and have found useless *as words*. “This theater is owned by pigs,” an actor shouts. “To reinvent love,” they all chant, “to do useful work,” “to get rid of central control,” “to spell out paradise.” “The day we stop using money” will be the day of paradise, we are told. “Be the black, be the poor,” we are enjoined, and someone unfriendly in the audience yells back, “Why are you charging admission?”

“Fuck the Arabs, fuck the Jews,” the actors below in a painful attempt to indicate political impartiality in the interests of human solidarity, an effort made even more embarrassing by their next piece of information: “Fuck means peace.” “This theater is yours,” we are informed; “this theater is for creating a better world.” But except for a very rare moment when something unconscious takes over in you, when the self is forgotten or provisionally overcome (and this accomplished *in spite of* the company and in the face of the rampant egotism), the better world is all rhetorical, all easy, easy statement, the easiest of statements.

“Talk to your neighbor on the right, fascist!” one of the company shouts at a man. And then Julian Beck says that there are 29,000 policemen in this city—“Who will form cells to change their consciences?”—and a printing press is brought on the stage, and the company shows members of the audience how to use it for the rhetorical elaboration of the better world. Then in an absolutely flawless cameo of irresponsibility, Beck, long, lank hair falling from his great bald dome, biblical and furious, announces that “there are fifteen hundred prisoners in the Atlantic Avenue jail a few blocks from here, who will free them? . . . We’re going to march on the jail and free them later tonight; who will march with us?” Of course no one marches later, of course the prisoners remain. It is all easy, irresponsible, outrageous.

Later, members of the audience drift up to the stage again at the urging of the company. On one occasion they link arms in a big circle and sway back and forth; on another they clap in unison to an actor’s low chant. What they want, it’s clear, is something physical, to get in out of the cold, to lose themselves; they want community without ideas or articulation, sanctions to do something different, to *get out of the rut*. When the call comes to take off their clothes, many obey, neither with alacrity nor self-consciousness for the most part,

but, it seems to the fully-clothed onlooker, with a sad, temporary freedom, a liberty leading nowhere.

There are exceptions, aggressive egos seizing the day. Among the first to shed his outer clothing (there is never any full nudity; as Eric Bentley has remarked, this is an underwear show) is Richard Schechner, impresario of the rival Performance Group, who swaggers about in jockey shorts, his huge paunch wobbling, and beckons everybody up to the *breakthrough*.

The audience has its nay-sayers to everything that is going on, even though the majority seem in at least partial sympathy. Young wits take the opportunity to try to score, in some cases for the benefit of wives or girlfriends, but more for the excitement of being someone for a brief public moment; their heckling is inevitably sexual, and they clearly do not understand *love*—the love that fills the theater air. Some spectators attempt to argue, debate, ask for practicalities in this sea of revolutionary assertion. But this is an occasion of the *spirit*, and they are violently abused by the actors for not being with it. A member of the company rushes through the aisles and screams, “Stop thinking about yourself and think of the dying!” to which a young man, spokesman for a pained and silent minority, returns, “What have you ever done for the dying?”

Julian Beck: “We are looking for ways to love you. Make it easier for us.”

Mysteries and Smaller Pieces

The Living Theater is still involving the audience in fiercely adolescent and rhetorical insurrection—“Stop the war,” “Don’t vote,” “Abolish the state,” “Abolish money”—offering news that is no news. But this production is on the whole less verbal and declamatory. The group turns to what it does best: theatrical games and exercises, having fun with precisely the kinds of actions “serious” theater anathematizes. They blow their noses over and over, an action as important as any other; they march around the stage in marvelous, useless precision; they “pass” one another emotions and gestures as if in a warm-up for an athletic event (it is something they have learned from the exercises of the Open Theater). Through much of the proceedings a little girl of perhaps two wanders, daughter of a company member no doubt, and she is allowed to do her thing, to be there with the same rights as everybody else.

The last piece of action, a long mimesis of social despair and the horrors of impersonality, in which members of the company “die” in agony at various points in the theater and are carried stiff and strangely remote by other actors to the stage, where they are piled in a pyramid, is solemn and affecting. What is more, it’s a true theatrical action, a new

one. Yet you leave the theater pondering the mystery of what this skilled, professional job of image-making has to do with the Living Theater's platform and posture, its claim of being *real*.

"This theater is for creating a better world . . . not to tell you lies. This theater is yours."

"Reality," "truth" are what the Living Theater is supposed to be about. Apocalyptic, tendentious to the point of violence, a self-generated and self-validated juggernaut of renewed humanism and revised sensibility, the company comes at its audiences charged with mission. This is what it hopes you will experience: not performance, presentation, an active shaping for passive onlookers, but action itself, in which everyone participates, boundaries break down, and company and audience enter into a new and mystic collectivity, germ center of a coming better world.

At the center of its sensibility and operations, as these concern theater, is the recognition that the stage up until now has rested on the principle of illusion, from which follows the fact that it can be and mostly has been used for confirmation of existing experience, or for dream and solace. If you wish to use it for something else, for change, upheaval, Artaud's "plague," which brings about actions of recovered health through homeopathic treatment and leads to action outside the theater, then the illusory nature of the stage has to be overthrown.

The stage, in all its modern travail, has grappled with the necessity to be an additional reality, an increment, when every pressure from society asks it to be a complement, a procedure which reproduces life or somehow "enhances" it or gives it "meaning." The popular stage has continued to be illusory, which is to say a matter of life misleading us; we can only say about a work of drama that "life is not like that" when the play is not a work of art, a true fiction. From the late Ibsen to our own moment, serious theater has attempted to become fictional while throwing off illusion; the erosion of traditional plot and character since Ibsen and Strindberg is one process of drama's throwing off its resemblance to life, in order precisely to become more alive.

But there is another recent tradition, which is that of breaking down illusion and imitation in the theater by trying to be "real" through presenting the selves of the performers instead of imaginary ones. The tradition is really one in the line of anti-art: no fictions, nothing "made up," only what is decided on here and now in the space of performance—a theater, a garage, or the outdoors, as in the case of happenings and the like. This is what the Living Theater ostensibly is trying to do, in an action designed to change life and not merely to add to it, above all not to confirm it in illusions.

If this is so, and if the theater has to renew itself by dealing with the question of illusion, with the at least partly discredited tradition of impersonation, of pretending to be *someone else* (which the film, for one thing, gets around through its very abstraction, its mythic reality), then what is the point of miming dead men or any other kinds of actual being? If you are to rouse and change audiences, for political purposes or for more general humanistic ones, by putting yourselves in front of them as your own selves, exemplary but also familiar, doing the things the spectator would presumably do if he were not a spectator and soliciting him to do them, to come up on stage, to sing along, to take off his clothes, then why impersonate anything, why pretend? If the point is to break down the artificial distinctions, then why "act" at all? Is it theater or is it life?

Judith Malina: "I think that every situation in which people can break through social restrictions is very good."

A Night in the Quaker Meetinghouse

The Theater for Ideas is an organization that began by presenting experimental and offbeat drama, music, and dance in a small West Side studio and has turned more and more to sponsoring symposia and panel discussions on subjects like Vietnam, American democracy, the irrational, and the future of the various arts. Its audiences generally include nearly everybody who is anybody in the New York intellectual world, many of whom come to give support or quarrel with their colleagues on the platform, and others in order to avoid not putting in an appearance. Lately the discussions have attracted overflow crowds, necessitating larger auditoriums. Even so, on a Friday evening in March people are being turned away from a former Quaker meetinghouse in Gramercy Park, while inside some five hundred others prepare to listen to a discussion of the Living Theater.

The official subject is "Theater or Therapy?" and the panel is composed of Robert Brustein, dean of the Yale School of Drama, who is to be against the Living Theater, the writer Paul Goodman, who is to speak in favor of it, and Judith and Julian Beck. The moderator is the social commentator and author Nat Hentoff.

Brustein begins by wondering what the discussion topic might mean, and then tells the audience that since theater is never therapy, never heals anyone, he will talk about whether the Living Theater has been offering anything useful or re-vivifying for the stage. It hasn't, he says, in a matter-of-fact voice, since it has repudiated everything central to the practice of drama as an art, having renounced structure, ideas, language, and the histrionic imagination in favor of a deadly illiterate

amateurism based on acting-out. Then he goes on to describe the group as fascist in temperament and methods, a manifestation of the new anti-intellectualism and impatience with culture, a sign of the new anarchy.

Before he is halfway through, the heckling begins, a voice shouting something unintelligible from the balcony. Though he manages to finish, the interruptions increase; their gist—and in some cases their explicit content—is that he is “full of crap.” The audience, so heavily loaded with literary notables, full of minds used to responding to phenomena and drawing social implications, begins to stir, look about, question one another. But there is not yet any shape to the disturbance. Paul Goodman, who has been sitting on the floor of the podium with his back to the audience in a gesture of either relaxed intimacy or supreme arrogance, is asked to speak, and after announcing that he has not seen the Theater since before they went to Europe but believes he’s for it, delivers a rambling, patronizing disquisition on the parallels between the Protestant Reformation and what is going on now among the young disaffiliated like the Living Theater.

There is some further exchange on the stage, when the heckling suddenly breaks out much more violently. All over the auditorium people leap to their feet hollering or run shouting and gesticulating through the aisles. They are immediately identifiable as members of the Living Theater, some twenty or twenty-five of them dressed in hippie outfits or various kinds of outlandish costumes. They keep up their screaming, the import of what they are saying being that the proceedings are foolish. “Go home, go home!” one of them keeps screaming. “Don’t listen to this crap.”

But the debate on the stage manages spasmodically to go on. Miss Malina tells Brustein that “we’re banking on the fact that if the people are given freedom they’ll choose freedom, not fascism . . . we give the stage to the audience in the belief that every single one of them is capable of being a sublime creative artist . . . it’s the premise of the work we’re doing.” Brustein, still calm, remarks that what’s taking place is evidence of something else, to which Miss Malina, her eyes dancing, retorts, “It’s beautiful!” and Beck, standing there like a noble old savage in sleeveless silver vest and a band pulling back his hair, says “Better get used to it, it’s coming attractions.”

Now the meetinghouse is a scene of near-chaos. The Living Theater members, scrambling down from the balcony, racing through the aisles, scream imprecations at the audience. “You goddamn liberals!” over and over, while another grabs a woman’s purse, runs in front of the podium, and empties the contents of the purse over the auditorium floor. The learned and talented audience is registering shock, dismay, or anger; shouting

matches take place everywhere; the stage is in milling confusion, its only still points being the figures of the Becks standing there in icy serenity, like field marshals looking down on a battle going as they had planned.

The moderator, Hentoff, huddles with Shirley Broughton, the head of the Theater for Ideas, who in turn huddles with a large, bewildered security guard. Now, her face white, fighting to be heard, she declares the meeting adjourned, apologizing to the audience and promising them their money back.

At this point Richard Schechner seizes a microphone, and in a confidential, this-is-my-scene voice, tells the audience to be calm, to enjoy themselves, to *go with it*. But nobody pays attention to him, and he is suddenly thrust from the limelight by a far more grandiose ego. Norman Mailer, who arrived forty minutes late in a dramatic entrance and has been sitting down front with arms folded on his chest, abruptly barrels his way to the podium, takes another microphone, and barks in a peculiar Southern accent, a new persona, “Now listen, everybody, I’m Norman Mailer, this is a tough town, there’s always someone tougher than you. I’m Norman Mailer.”

“Who?” someone calls from the balcony. Mailer, grim, tight, a threatened institution (this is a big occasion for egos, a *test of leadership*) snaps back “Norman Mailer,” and goes on to harangue the crowd, trying in some gross and unfathomable way to take command, to bring his own order to the chaos. But he is an absolute failure (later he will remark to Hentoff, “How does it feel to be as ineffectual as me?”), and the wild, extravagant, half-ludicrous, and half-terrifying scene continues to unfold.

Now Miss Malina addresses the crowd again. “Do you see what you’ve done,” she yells; “you can’t go along, you can’t let yourself go! Be free,” she tells them, “experience it! Everything that I’ve just seen happen is beautiful and good, it’s so beautiful, and you won’t go along with it! You’ve ruined it, and it’s so good!” There is amazement and disbelief in the audience. A few who recover first shout accusations that the Becks have planned the whole thing. Jumping up and down, her arms flung wide, Miss Malina screams, “This is a holy place, and I’m a religious woman, and I swear to you I’m as surprised as you are. But it’s so wonderful!” A few minutes later Rufus Collins, one of the evening’s chief nihilists, admits to an onlooker that he had told the Becks that afternoon what the company was going to do.

And now the evening settles down to fitful flurries of violent talk and near-physical encounters between members of the Living Theater (others of whom pose on the stage, as Indians, fag queens, lady vampires), and the audience, others of whom stand around talking about the events, a common

sense being that of some acute and unappeasable sickness having been uncovered. Rufus Collins keeps screaming, "Stop analyzing and start living, that's what this is all about." A heavy-set middle-aged woman goes up to him and says in a flat, even voice, "The things you have been saying are stupid, narrow, ugly, bullying; you are a stupid bully," while Collins goes on chanting obscenities in her face. It is not until two thirty in the morning that the last noises die away and the gestures stop being made in the old Quaker meetinghouse in Gramercy Square.

Jonathan Copleman, a student at the Yale Drama School: "It seems to me that the trouble with the Living Theater is that they've gotten totally implicated in the society they hate. They stare the legal structure in the face, and the legal structure stares [back], and they're frozen in that position and can't move and can't conceive of anything outside those terms. And I think the LT is quintessentially American in the assumption of their own innocence in looking at society and responding to it and [being] paralyzed by the horror which they say is in society but which is really in themselves. And that's why they continually get involved in their opposite; whenever they talk freedom it's totalitarian. It's an incredible circle, something like the reflection of a Medusa's head. Their eyes are locked into it."

Julian Beck: "I'm raging. We're going to make it together somehow . . . but you're not getting across to me."

The Living Theater returned to Europe in April, leaving behind an extraordinary legacy of clashing opinion and violent response. In places on their tour they seemed to bring news to naïve and experientially starved audiences, to come on as Pied Pipers of an alternative to present existence; in others, campuses like Berkeley, they were left far behind by spectators much tougher and more sophisticated than they. For the critics of the *Village Voice* their visit proved to be an incentive to an orgy of the self-indulgent, pseudo-philosophical, and lugubriously personal journalism, full of dreams and confessions, that is usually kept somewhat in check. For the critics of the *New York Times*, the occasion was one inspiring the desire not to be left out.

As they moved in sparse and equivocal triumph through America, the group clearly became more and more resentful and *dangerous*, a wounded animal trying to break out. Many of the members went increasingly on drugs. At the Quaker meetinghouse one knew that everything inherently irrational and demented in the Theater's postures and ideology was at its peak, shamelessly and nakedly on display.

And one saw because of this how at the basis of the company and its appropriated mission and of the Becks' mythical and wizardlike status as their leaders exists an amazing lie, perhaps the most representative lie of our time.

For the Living Theater, apart from some circumscribed theatrical gestures and practices, has no status as an achiever of true, uncoerced, felt community or of the regeneration of political possibilities through accurate and hitherto unknown movements and utterances of indictment, repudiation, alternate morale. The claim of love, the claim to be a sacrificial agency for its audiences' resurrection, is the basis of the lie. "Do you think Julian Beck loves you?" a student asked adherents of the group at a discussion, and when she heard cries of "Yes, yes!" she replied, "Well, I don't love Julian Beck. And I don't love you. And love is something that has to be earned."

The Becks are fundamentally ignorant of what is happening in the world, nor do they wish to be informed. Self-pity and self-love always crowd out knowledge. If the Living Theater were truly interested in others or even in peace and human beauty, they would *see what they are doing* instead of plunging forth unappeasably in the fixed conviction of their own righteousness and of guilt or inadequacy of the people they appear before. (One is continually surprised at how uncomfortable they are in the face of the many members of the audience who are clearly in sympathy, as though something precious in their self-consideration as noble outcasts, unique critics, were being threatened.)

Having made certain moves in the direction of a theater freer of artificiality and closer to the realities, they continually move off into their own astonishing artifices and unrealities. Their arrogation to themselves of peace, love, freedom, unsupported by anything earned, anything achieved or newly discovered about those conditions of humanity ("What have you ever done for the dying?"—a nurse does more), their wanting it both ways (to be a theater of public and political use and at the same time to be an apocalyptic community in search of its own salvation), their clear, hard, unwavering *ressentiment*—all this is painful to see and experience as it announces itself as rebirth. We are all waiting for the future to take hold in the theater, for politics to be cleansed and revived by art or any other means; nothing like that is going to come from people who cannot see beyond the mirror.

"It's not a show, it's the real thing!" a member of the Living Theater shrieked during *Paradise Now*. No, it's not the real thing, it's a show.

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THE CAMPUS CRUCIBLE

1. Student Politics and the University

It is scarcely possible to write anything about students and the university crisis now without looking back at what one has written over the past five years—and I began to write on this subject in December, 1964, reviewing the first climax of the Berkeley student crisis.

This has the usual sobering effect on human presumption. It turns out one was about half wrong and half right. Both the areas where one was wrong and the areas where one was right are of some interest.

Where I was right: at the beginning I, and others, argued that the issue at Berkeley (and elsewhere) was not one of free speech. Free speech existed at Berkeley, and we argued that very early in the first crisis two other issues had in effect replaced it. One was, would the university become the protected recruiting and launching ground for radical political activity directed to various ends, among them the overthrow of the basic system of operation of a democratic society? And second, would the student tactics of disruption, mild as they appear now in the perspective of four and a half years of increasing escalation, be applied to the basic concerns of the university itself (teaching and research), as well as to such peripheral matters as the political activities permitted on campus?

Those of us who by December, 1964, had decided the free-speech issue was solved, and was then spurious, considered these two issues the dominant ones; those who opposed us thought we were ridiculously exaggerating the most distant possible dangers to free speech, free research, and free teaching. They emphasized on the contrary the facts (with which we all agreed) that the student rebels themselves strongly resisted any tendency toward totalitarianism or even central control in

their own movement; that the student leaders had found their political orientation in fighting for the rights of Negroes in the South, and for job opportunities for them in the Bay Area; and that young radical civil libertarians, not Communists, were the center of the radical movement. And they pointed out—and this was a very powerful argument indeed—that the young rebels had brought a refreshing sense of community, one that joined students and faculty as well as student with student, into an institution that had been marked by a far too strong concern simply with professional and academic standards, and which had done almost nothing to feed essential needs for close sharing with others, participation, joint action, and common facing of dangers.

These were certainly serious arguments in those distant days, and I doubt that those who in the end voted *against* a faculty resolution which sanctioned the student revolution felt at all easy with their position. Could one really believe that these attractive young people, many of whom had risked their lives in the South, who had taken up so many causes without concern for their own personal future, themselves carried any possible danger to free speech, free teaching, free research? In the end, both sides consulted their feelings—those who had felt the chill of a conformity flowing from an ostensible commitment to freedom voted one way; those who felt the warmth of a community united in common action voted the other. (This is extravagant, of course; there were many other reasons for going one way or another.)

After these chaotic four and a half years, I have no doubt that on this point my friends and I were right. The Free Speech Movement, which stands at the beginning of the student rebellion in this

by Nathan Glazer

country, seems now almost to mock its subsequent course. In recent years, the issue has been how to *defend* the speech, and the necessary associated actions, of others. The right of unpopular political figures to speak without disruption on campus; the right of professors to give courses and lectures without disruption that makes it impossible for others to listen or to engage in open discussion; the right of professors to engage in research they have freely chosen; the right of government and the corporations to come onto the campus to give information and to recruit personnel; the right of students to prepare themselves as officers on the campus: all these have been attacked by the young apostles of freedom and their heirs.

The organizations that defend academic freedom, the AAUP and the ACLU, and the others, which have so long pointed their heavy guns toward the outside—for defense against conservative trustees, newspapers, legislators, and vigilante communities—are now with some reluctance swinging them around so they face inward. Anyone who has experienced the concrete situation in American universities knows that the threat to free speech, free teaching, free research, comes from radical white students, from militant black students, and from their faculty defenders. The trustees of the University of California may deny credit to a course in which Eldridge Cleaver is the chief lecturer, but radical students in many places (including campuses of the University of California) have effectively intimidated professors so they cannot give courses they were prepared to give. It is a peculiar sign of the times that the denial of credit seems to many a more monstrous act than the denial of freedom to teach.

Thus, we were right in pointing to the dangers. Where were we wrong? Our gravest mistake was that we did not see what strength and plausibility would soon be attached to the argument that this country was ruled by a cruel and selfish oligarchy devoted to the extension of the power and privileges of the few and denying liberty and even life to the many; and to the further assertion that the university was an integral part of this evil system. It was not possible to predict, in December, 1964, that the spring of 1965 would see an enormous expansion of the American role in Vietnam, and would involve us in a large-scale war that was to be fought by this country with unparalleled, one-sided devastation of an innocent civilian population and its land. We had never been in this position before. Where we were overwhelmingly powerful—as against Spain in 1898—there was no occasion or opportunity or capacity to engage in such horrible destruction; where we were horribly destructive—as in Europe and Japan in 1944 and 1945—it was against powerful opponents who had, in the eyes of most Americans, well merited destruction. There were some excuses even for the

atom bombs of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. There were some mitigating circumstances. There were hardly any in Vietnam, unfortunately, except for the arguments, which became less and less impressive over time, that we were after all a democratic society, and had gotten involved in such a war through democratic processes; and the further arguments that our strategy was designed to save a small nation from subversion, and our tactics were intended to save American lives.

The split between liberals and radicals

We have to examine this moment in American history with the greatest care if we are ever to understand what happened afterward, why Berkeley 1964 did not remain an isolated incident, and why the nascent split that appeared there between liberals and radicals became a chasm which has divided American intellectuals more severely even than the issue of Stalinism and Communism in the thirties and forties. What happened to professors at Berkeley happened to liberals and radicals everywhere. And since intellectuals, including professors, played a far larger role in American society in the sixties than in the thirties and forties, this split became far more important than any possible argument among the intellectuals and their associated professors twenty-five years earlier. (One of the differences between the two periods was that so many intellectuals of the sixties, as against the earlier period, were *in* the universities. Compare the writers, circulation, and influence of *Partisan Review* with that of the *New York Review of Books*.)

It may be argued that no split *really* developed in 1964; that the intellectuals who approved of the United States were ambushed by new events that did not fit into their approach, and by an uprising of suppressed intellectuals who had been silenced by McCarthy, who had harbored for a long time some version of the Marxist view of the United States, and who now—by a series of disasters, mistakes, or demonstrations of the country's basic character and tendencies, take your pick—had been given their chance. This is in large measure true. But we forget how closely those who were to become so divided were linked before 1964.

Some political events of those days now seem so unlikely as to be hallucinatory; thus Paul Jacobs (who was to run in 1968 as a candidate for the Peace and Freedom Party), S. M. Lipset (the liberal sociologist of pluralism, now at Harvard), and Philip Selznick (the Berkeley sociologist who was to become one of the strong defenders of student protest at Berkeley) were linked in defending dissident members of Harry Bridges' union in San Francisco and in attacking what they considered the Communist proclivities of various groups in the Bay Area. Lewis Feuer, who became one

of the most forceful critics of student radicalism (in his article in the *Atlantic* and in his book *The Conflict of Generations*), was in 1960 the chairman of a committee to defend the students who had put on a vocal (and, it was charged, a disruptive) demonstration against the House Un-American Activities Committee in San Francisco—this event is considered one of the important precursors of the Berkeley student rebellion. Or, if we want to mount a larger stage, consider who wrote for the *New York Review of Books* in its trial issues of 1963, and consider how many of them now see each other as political enemies.

Thus, to my mind, if we are to understand the student rebellion, we must go back to 1965 and reconstruct the enormous impact of Vietnam, and we will see that the same lines that began to divide friends on student rebellion reappeared to divide them on Vietnam.

Among all those who were horrified by the beginning of the bombing of the North, and by the increasingly destructive tactics in the South—the heavy bombing, the burning of villages, the defoliation of the countryside—a fissure rapidly developed. It could be seen when, for example, Berkeley radicals sat down in front of trains bringing recruits to the Oakland induction station. Those of us who opposed such tactics argued they would alienate the moderate potential opponents of the war, whose support was needed to bring a change in policy. We argued that to equate Johnson with Hitler and America with Nazi Germany would make it impossible to develop a wide alliance against the war. But actually, the principled basis of our opposition was more important. We did believe there were profound differences between this country and Nazi Germany, Johnson and Hitler, that we lived in a democracy, and that the authority of a democratic government, despite what it was engaged in in Vietnam, should not be undermined, because only worse would follow: from the right, most likely, but also possibly from a general anarchy. Perhaps we were wrong. The reaction from the right was remarkably moderate. The radical tactics did reach large numbers and played finally a major role in changing American policy in Vietnam. But all the returns are not yet in: conceivably the erosion of the legitimacy of a democratic government is a greater loss than what was gained. Conceivably, too, a movement oriented to gaining wide support—along the lines of early SANE—might have been even more effective.

At Berkeley, the liberal split on Vietnam replicated the liberal split on student rebellion in the university and was paralleled by splits on the question of the summer riots and the whole problem of black violence. Again and again the issues were posed in terms of tactics—yes, we are for university reform of political rules, but we are against sit-ins and the degradation of university authorities; yes,

we are against the war in Vietnam, but we will not attack or undermine the legitimacy of a democratic government; yes, we are for expanded opportunities and increased power and wealth for Negroes, but we are against violence and destruction to get them. But of course the split was not really over tactics.

Behind that there was a more basic disagreement. What kind of society, government, and university did we have?, what was owed to them?, to what extent were they capable of reform and change without resort to civil disobedience, disruption, and violence? The history and analysis of this basic division have scarcely been begun. But there is hardly any question as to which side has won among intellectual youth. We have witnessed in the past four or five years one of the greatest and most rapid intellectual victories in history. In the press addressed to the young (whether that press is elite or mass or agitational) a single view of the society and what is needed to change it is presented. Violence is extolled in the *New York Review of Books*, which began with only literary ambitions; Tom Hayden, who urges his audiences to kill policemen, is treated as a hero by *Esquire*; Eldridge Cleaver merits an adulatory *Playboy* interview; and so it goes, all the way, I imagine, down to *Eye*.

The power of radical thinking

When I say *we* were wrong, I mean that we never dreamed that a radical critique of American society and government could develop such enormous power, to the point where it becomes simply the new convention. Even in the fraternities and sororities, conservative opinion has gone underground; the formerly hip conservatism of the *National Review* is as unfashionable on the campus as the intellectualism of *Commentary*. We were not only wrong in totally underestimating the power of radical thinking to seize large masses again; we were also in the position of William Phillips sputtering to Kenneth Tynan, “I know the answer to that, but I’ve forgotten it.” We had forgotten the answers, it was so long ago. When the questions came up again—imperialism, capitalism, exploitation, alienation—those of us who believed that the Marxist and anarchist critiques of contemporary society were fundamentally wrong could not, it seems, find the answers—at least the ones that worked.

Of course, some of the intellectuals of the forties and fifties had never forgotten the old questions (Paul Goodman, Hannah Arendt), and while they

Mr. Glazer, co-author of *Beyond the Melting Pot* and author of *The Social Basis of American Communism*, taught at the University of California at Berkeley and is now professor of education and social structure at Harvard.

looked with some distance, even from the beginning, at the new recruits to their old concerns, they managed with amazing intellectual success the precarious task of combining basic criticism of a liberal society with basic support of the liberal values of free development, human variety, and protection for the individual. Those who had *really* forgotten nothing, neither the problems nor the answers, such as Herbert Marcuse, have been, of course, even more successful in relating to radical youth.

But were we wrong only in underestimating the appeal of old and outworn political ideologies, or were we wrong in considering them outworn, inadequate explanations of the world? In other words, was the issue really some fundamental bent in American society that added up to military adventurism abroad, lack of concern with the rights or lives of those of other skin color, the overwhelming dominance of mindless bureaucracies in determining economic and political policies, the human meaninglessness of the roles these bureaucracies prescribed for people, and the inability of the society and the state to correct these bents under any pressures short of violence, destruction, and rebellion?

The university as part of society

One must begin, I am afraid, with these larger questions in speaking about the university today. One's attitude toward it, the role of students within it, and the danger of its possible destruction, as a collection of physical facilities and as an institution, can scarcely be determined without attention to these larger questions. For the university *is* implicated in the society. It is a rare university that can for any period of time stand aside from a society, following a totally independent and critical course. Universities are almost always to some extent independent (one wonders, though, about Russia, China, and Cuba), but their insatiable demands for resources inevitably impose on them the need to relate themselves to the major concerns and interests of the society.

Yet at the same time a university's work *is* in large measure quite independent of the faults or characteristics of any state or government. There is a realm of scholarship beyond political stands and divisions. The science that is taught in the United States is not very different from the science that is taught in the Soviet Union, or in Cuba, or even in China—though at that point we reach the limits of my generalization. Even the scholarship of the humanities bears a great deal in common. I have often been surprised by the degree to which the work of the universities is common across radically different political frontiers. The passion of the Russians and Chinese, under Communism, for archaeology, for the exact restoration of early buildings and structures, and for early philology is

evidence of the scholarly and scientific validity and usefulness of archaeology, linguistic reconstruction, art history.

It is only when one approaches the social sciences that the cross-political scientific validity of research and teaching can successfully be challenged, for we do find enormous variations between social science under one political outlook and another. History is perhaps worst off. Consider how Russians or Americans, and among Americans, established or revisionist historians, interpret our past. Sociology is almost as badly off. Yet some parts of it (for example, the statistical methodology of opinion research) seem to have developed wide acceptance across disparate political and cultural frontiers. Economics seems to share some of the universal acceptance of the natural sciences.

I record these truisms to emphasize that the university is not *simply* the creature of social and political systems, and that scientific and scholarly investigation and teaching have some general value divorced from politics, since totally opposed and distinct social systems accept its importance and give it support and prestige. (China is the one great society to break with this general acceptance, and we don't know whether this is only the aberration of a few years.) But certainly the university is in large measure the creature of distinct social and political systems. The degree to which higher education is considered a right of all; the degree to which its credentials are considered essential for jobs and positions of all kinds; the degree to which its research is affected by state determination and the availability of state support; the degree to which university education is seen as part of a service to the state, and to which it is integrated with other kinds of service, such as military service: all these show considerable variation between states, but most modern states tend to converge in answering these questions, and the convergence is in the form of a closer and more complex relationship between university, society, and state. And if one is impressed by fatal flaws in the society and state, one may not be overly impressed with whatever measure of university function is independent of deep involvement with a given society and a given political system. At that point, one may well see the university as only the soft underbelly of the society.

Anger against the state

What the liberal critics of student disruption in 1964 did not see was that a storm of violent antipathy to the United States—and indeed to any stable industrial society, which raises other questions—could be aroused in the youth and the intellectuals, and that it could be maintained and strengthened year after year until it became the underpinning of the dominant style, political and

cultural, among the youth. The question I find harder to answer is whether we failed to see fundamental defects and faults both in the society and state and the associated universities which had inevitably to lead anyone committed to life and freedom to such a ferocious anger.

Vietnam, of course, could justify anything. And yet the same ferocity can be seen in countries such as Germany, Italy, and Japan, which are really scarcely involved, allies though they are in other respects, in our war in Vietnam, and in a country like France, which actively disapproves of our role. Undoubtedly Vietnam has enormously strengthened the movement of antipathy and anger, and not only because our powerful nation was engaged in the destruction—whatever the reasons for it—of a small and poor one. There were other reasons. Vietnam placed youth in a morally insupportable position. The poor and the black were disproportionately subjected to the draft. The well-favored, as long as they stayed in school, and even out of it, were freed from it. The fortunate middle-class youth, with strong emotional and ideological reasons to oppose violently our war in Vietnam, could escape as long as they stayed in college, just as prisoners could escape as long as they were in jail. They undoubtedly felt guilty because those with whom they wanted to be allied, whom they hoped to help, had to go and fight in Vietnam. In this ridiculous moral position, the university became to many a repulsive prison, and prison riots were almost inevitable—whatever else contributed to them.

And yet, where there was no Vietnam, students could create their own, as in France, or the real Vietnam could serve to make them just as angry at their own, in this case hardly guilty, government.

But the question remains: how do we evaluate the role of Vietnam in directly creating frustrations that led to anger at the university? Did Vietnam serve to teach or remind students, with the assistance of critics of capitalism, that they lived in a corrupt society? Or was it itself the major irritant? How was Vietnam related to the larger society? Was it an appropriate symbol or summary of its major trends or characteristics? Or was it itself an aberration, correctable without “major social change”? The dominant tone of student radicalism was increasingly to take the first position—it reflected the society, and could be used as an issue to mobilize people against it.

Those of us who took the position we did in 1964 have stuck with it, and are stuck with it. We took a position of the defense of institutions that we thought worked well enough, which could be changed, and which in the face of radical attack could and would crumble, to be replaced with something worse. I will not defend this position here—I have done so elsewhere (in “The New Left and Its Limits,” *Commentary*, July, 1968). I will

admit to some discomfort with it. We seem to find it impossible to modify our inhuman tactics in Vietnam (even though I understand we adopt them to save American lives), we seem to find it impossible to reduce the enormous military budget or to make effective steps in reducing the atomic arms race (though I am aware another side is involved too), we seem to find it difficult or impossible to move rapidly in the reform of certain inadequate institutions—for example, the system of punishment, the welfare system, the public schools, the universities, the police—without the spur of the disruption and violence I decry. But the disruption and violence, even if they produce reforms, will in the end, I believe, produce a society that we would find less human than the unreformed society. So I have stuck to this not fully adequate position, for I find it sounder, more adapted to reality, and more congenial than the alternative: the despairing view that we have solved no problems, that selfish and overwhelmingly powerful forces prevent us from solving any, that the society and its institutions respond only to disruption and violence.

Of course, this position has never been one that was uncritical of universities and colleges. Many who defend universities and the institutions of a democratic society against the radicals—for example, Daniel Bell and David Riesman—have been among the most forceful critics of colleges and universities. (I myself wrote, a year or two before Berkeley, an article critical of college and university education, and joined the small band of educational reformers when I came to Berkeley in 1963.) But rarely was the main force of these critics linked to a basic criticism of the society. Their criticism was directed at the structure of the university or college; it spoke of the university as an educational institution and faulted it for educational failure. What this criticism did *not* do was to subordinate the educational criticism to a devastating criticism of the *society*, its distribution of power, forms of socialization, its role in the world.

University reform

Early in the American student revolt it seemed reasonable that educational issues were at the heart of the matter. People spoke of the size of Berkeley, the anonymity of the student, the dominance of education by the disciplines, and the graduate departments and their needs. But there was a key difference between the critics of higher education and the student radicals: to the critics educational reform was, if not of major or exclusive concern, a matter of some significance in itself, worth taking seriously on its own terms; to the student radicals, it was immediately subordinated to the larger social criticism—educational reform was valuable if it meant the universities could be moved toward becoming a training ground for revolutionaries, or

THE EIGHT STUDENT DEMANDS

. . . We have been having tremendous student riots. They began at Petrovski Academy, where the authorities banned the admission of young ladies into student quarters, suspecting these latter not only of prostitution but also of political activity. From the academy it spread to the university, where, surrounded by Hector and Achilles heavily armed and mounted, and equipped with lances, the students are making the following demands:

1. Complete autonomy of the universities.
2. Complete freedom of teaching.
3. Free access to the university without distinction of creed, nationality, sex, or social background.
4. Admission of Jews to the university without restriction and equal rights for them with the other students.
5. Freedom of assemblage and recognition of student associations.
6. Establishment of a university and student tribunal.
7. Abolition of the police function of the inspectors.
8. Lowering of fees for courses.

This I have copied from a manifesto, with some abridgments. I think most of the fuss had been kicked up by the bunch of [. . .] and the sex that craves admission to the university, although it is five times worse prepared than the male. The latter is miserably enough prepared as it is, and its university career is, with rare exceptions, inglorious.

Anton Chekhov to Alexei Suvorin—1890

From *The Selected Letters of Anton Chekhov*,
edited by Lillian Hellman

if it meant that revolutionaries would achieve greater power within it, or if it meant that the university could be used so as to produce "radicalizing confrontations" with "reactionary" forces.

In other words, university reform was a tactic. I make the distinction too sharply, of course, because to many of the student radicals, university reform was not a tactic; it was a goal of value in itself. Among the student radicals were, and are, to be found many serious students and critics of university education, with strong commitment to change and experiment. And yet again and again the *tactical* use of educational change became dominant.

Thus, consider the case of the course in which Eldridge Cleaver was to lecture at Berkeley, a course organized under the liberalized procedures that permitted students to initiate courses of interest to them. The Regents moved, against this course, that lecturers not members of the regular faculty could give only one guest lecture a quarter in a given course. If the students wanted to hear Eldridge Cleaver give his planned nine lectures, they would have to take the course without credit.

This led to the occupation of the building housing the offices of the College of Letters and Science and the philosophy department by unreconciled radicals (including the ubiquitous Tom Hayden, who can add to his honors his presence in Moses Hall at Berkeley as well as in the mathematics building at Columbia), and to considerable damage. The "revolutionary" slogan, the demands for which the radicals fought, were summed up on a button, "For credit, on campus, as planned!" It would be hard to argue that the radical students were moved by the opportunity to hear Eldridge Cleaver on campus, an opportunity that was available to them every day, if Cleaver had enough time or energy, and it seems quite clear that this educational innovation was now becoming a tactic, a counter in the revolutionary struggle that would (hopefully) activate the students to strike, to occupy buildings, and to disrupt the university.

If we go across the country, we can find a similar development in the enormously successful course that radical students conduct under the auspices of the social relations department of Harvard University, for credit. Some members of the department preferred to move the course elsewhere, into social sciences. The faculty member under whose formal authority the course was given denounced this as an effort to destroy the course, and he and those conducting sections in the course organized to fight the move, insisting it was political, and issued threats as to what would happen if the social relations department tried to disengage itself from this albatross. Thus, it was suggested, other social relations courses would be disrupted in protest.

Everything can be explained, if we are so inclined, as the effort of students devoted to educa-

tion to save an experimental and rewarding course from destruction, and this certainly was part of the motivation. Reading the statements, I cannot escape the cynical conclusion that the course was being used as a club to threaten a "conservative" department, and the threat was being used to organize and radicalize students. There is enough to suggest that this objective loomed far larger in the minds of the organizers of the course than any concern with education as such.

Of course the organizers would argue, as student radicals argue everywhere, that there is no difference between radicalization and education. Everything else is "miseducation." To understand properly the nature of social relations, or power relations, of the structure of the society, the political system, and the economy is to become radical, and become imbued with the passion to destroy the status quo. Thus, they argue, any so-called "objective" or "scientific" education is really a fraud—if it's not educating people to overthrow the status quo, then it must be educating people to support it, for even inaction (when one could be active against) is a form of support. Thus, the outraged defenders of Social Relations 149 argued that all the other courses were conservative (clearly, for they weren't formally "radical"), and therefore their own radical course was a necessary and valuable effort to redress the balance.

The argument is not new. It is in effect the argument that was fought out in Russia over the question of whether all education and all science must reflect "dialectical materialism," and whether any scholarship that did not was by that fact alone "counterrevolutionary" and "bourgeois." Or the battle that was fought out in Nazi Germany over "Aryan" science and "non-Aryan" (and therefore "Jewish" science). It is understandable why we sputter, "I know the answers, but I've forgotten them." For these positions became so outrageous and untenable in the eyes of Western intellectuals that to have to defend again the possibility and reality of objective science and scholarship means to call into play parts of our minds that have long lain quiescent and unused. But called into play they must be, because the possibility of pursuing and disseminating knowledge freely is now quite seriously threatened.

The attacks on freedom

We have to learn the answers to the arguments that are now used to defend attacks on freedom—they are widely used, and in the present cultural atmosphere are repeated in the same form on a hundred campuses. Thus, if ROTC is prevented from operating, and the argument is that students should be free to take it if they wish, the answer is, "But the South Vietnamese are not allowed their freedom—why should students be allowed the

freedom to join ROTC and the armed forces, which deny the South Vietnamese their freedom?" If a faculty member is not allowed to give the course he has scheduled, and faculty members criticize the black students who have prevented him from teaching, the answer is, "But this has been a racist institution for a long time, and 'academic freedom' is only a ploy to defend racism and the status quo." If some students engage in violence against others, the argument is, "But the violence of the police at Chicago is far greater, and what about the silent violence of starvation in the South, not to mention the violence of ghetto merchants who overcharge, and of social investigators who ask degrading questions?" We must remember what we have forgotten—for example, the old joke about the man who is being shown the wonderful new Moscow subway, and after a while asks, "But where are the trains?" The Russian answers, "But what about lynching in the South?" It's no joke any longer.

In other words, when I think of the student rebellion today, and of the disasters threatening and in some measure already actual on the campuses today—the massed battles between students and police, the destruction of card catalogues and lecture halls (and the threat to major research libraries), the destruction of computer tapes and research notes, the arming of many black students and the terrorization in many cases of other black and white students—I do not think initially in terms of the major reforms that are required on the university campus, but I think of the politics, and even the tactics, that would defend the university. For I have made some commitments: that an orderly democracy is better than government by the expressive and violent outbursts of the most committed; that the university embodies values that transcend the given characteristics of a society or the specific disasters of an administration; that the faults of our society, grave as they are, do not require—indeed, would in no way be advanced by—the destruction of those fragile institutions which have been developed over centuries to transmit and expand knowledge. These are strongly held commitments, so strongly that my first reaction to student disruption—and it is not only an emotional one—is to consider how the disrupters can be isolated and weakened, how their influence, which is now enormous among students, can be reduced, how dissension among them can be encouraged, and how they can be finally removed from a community they wish to destroy.

I know the faults of the universities as well as any of its critics do, and have worked and continue to work to correct them. But I take this position because I do not believe the character of the university as an institution—its teaching, its research, its government—is really the fundamental issue raised by student radicalism on the campus, or that

changes in the government and education and research of the university, important as they are on many grounds, will do much to mitigate or deflect the radical onslaught. Again and again we have seen *political* uprisings on the campus—*political* acts based on a certain interpretation of American society to which one can either adhere or not, as one wishes, in the university—and in response to these political acts, we have seen an effort to shape a response in the *educational* or *administrative* area. This, I suggest, is a completely inappropriate and ineffective response.

Thus, if students attack Columbia for its ties to IDA and its building of a gymnasium in a park adjacent to Harlem, we end up by “restructuring” Columbia, with endless committees, with elected student representatives, with student participation being argued over in every setting, and all the rest—the university turned into committees and tribunals. Now, the fact is that the cause of the uprising was not dissatisfaction with the government of Columbia. The cause was the ceaseless search of the SDS to find means of attacking the basic character and mode of operation of a society and government they wished to transform, “by any means possible,” to use the prevailing rhetoric. IDA and the gymnasium we have been told by SDS activists—and we must take this seriously—were *tactical*.

The cause of the uprising at Columbia was not the system of government, for *any* system of government for that university might in the fifties and sixties have involved ties with IDA and might have undertaken the building of a gymnasium in the park. (Who, after all, objected to these things when they were begun?) And indeed, even Columbia’s system of government, archaic as it was, was quite capable of responding to changed attitudes, and was engaged in the process of cutting the ties to IDA, before the student uprising. As to the gymnasium, the fact was that aside from the protests of defenders of New York parkland and design (I am among them), who objected violently to the gymnasium, there was little other protest. Even the Harlem community was either indifferent to or actually supported the project.

With IDA and the gymnasium alone, as we all now know, the SDS at Columbia would have gotten nowhere. But then there comes the illegal seizure, the successful confrontation, the battle with the police, and *new* issues arise. The radicals are now joined by the liberals. The latter are concerned with due process, with government, with participation, with education. The liberals are much less concerned with the revolutionary change in the society that the radicals insist is necessary. The liberals demand amnesty for the protesters, due process before punishment, a new role for students and faculty, a change in “governance.”

The script was played out before Columbia, at

Berkeley in 1964 and 1966, and it is now being played out at Harvard. In 1966 at Berkeley, radical students blocked military recruiters. Police were called onto the campus to eject and arrest them. What was the faculty’s response? To set up a commission on governance.

Making new radicals

The logic of these events is truly wonderful. The blocking of recruiters on campus has nothing to do with the governance of an educational institution. Whether it was run by the state, the trustees, the faculty, the students, or the janitors, any university might consider it reasonable to give space for recruiters to talk to students, and if these were blocked, any administration might well decide at some point to call police. But then the liberal students and faculty move into action. First, shocked at the calling of police, they demand that new governance arrangements be created. Then, because they dislike the tactics chosen to remove the disrupters, they demand amnesty for them. Finally, because they have been forced into a tactical alliance with the disrupters—after all, the liberals are defending them against the administration—they begin to find the original positions of the disrupters, with which the liberals had very possibly originally disagreed, more attractive.

We are all aware that calling in the police radicalizes the students and faculty (so aware that many students and faculty protesting President Pusey’s action at Harvard said, “Why did he do it, he knows it radicalizes us”—they spoke as if they knew that, according to the scenario, they were *supposed* to be outraged, and they were). We are less aware that the radicalization extends not only to the police issue and the governance issue but to the content of the original demands. A demand to which one can remain indifferent or opposed suddenly gains enormously greater moral authority after one has been hit on the head by the police for it. Thus, the first mass meeting of the moderate student element after the police bust, in Memorial Church, refused to take a position on ROTC and asked only for a student referendum, and referenda, as we know, generally turn out in favor of retaining ROTC in some form on campus. It is for this as well as for other reasons that SDS denounces votes and majority rule as “counterrevolutionary.” But the second meeting of the moderate students, in the Soldiers Field Stadium a few days later, adopted a far more stringent position, hardly different from SDS’s. And a few days after that, the distinguished faculty, which had devoted such lengthy attention to ROTC only a short time before, returned to discuss it again, and also took a more severe position.

The recourse to violence by the radical students at Harvard was therefore successful. The issue of

ROTC, which was apparently closed, was reopened. The issue of university expansion, which excited few people, became a major one. The issue of black studies, which everyone had thought had been settled for a time, and decently, with the acceptance of the Rosovsky report, was reopened by the black students. It might have been anyway, but certainly the SDS action encouraged the reopening.

The SDS takes the position that these are no victories—by the nature of their analysis of the structure of society, government, and university in this country, there can be no victories, short of the final, indefinable “basic social change.” Thus, the fact that the university faculty and corporation have now adopted a resolution which will remove the ROTC from campus entirely (even the rental of facilities, according to the mover of the new faculty resolution, would be improper) demonstrates, according to SDS, that the university has not given an inch. Why? Because the resolution says the university will facilitate student efforts to take ROTC as an outside activity, off campus, presumably in the way it facilitates student efforts to find jobs or nearby churches. “Abolish ROTC,” the SDS ROTC slogan, it now appears, means that not only must students not be allowed to take ROTC on campus; the university must not give them the address where they might take it off campus. One can be sure that if this “facilitating” clause were not in the resolution, the SDS would find other means of claiming that the university is intransigent—by definition, the power structure must be—and that there has been no victory.

On university expansion, the corporation and the various schools of the university have come up with the most detailed account to demonstrate that the direct impact of the university on housing has been minor and moderated. The indirect impact is hardly controllable—psychoanalysts want to live in Cambridge, millionaires’ children want to live in Cambridge (and some of those after all contribute to radicals’ causes), students want to live there, and faculty members want to live there. Any reasonable attempt to moderate the situation—as, for example, Harvard’s effort to build low-cost or moderate-cost housing—is denounced by the radicals. Could there be any more convincing demonstration that the demands are tactical, not designed to improve the housing situation (if it were, it might prevent the anger that hopefully leads to the revolution), but to serve as a rallying slogan whereby liberals can be turned into radicals?

The issue of the black demands is a different matter; these are raised by the black students and are not tactical. They are deeply felt, if often misguided. Thus, the key demand of formal student equality in recruiting faculty goes against one of the basic and most deeply held principles of the university—that the faculty consists of a body of scholars who recruit themselves without outside

interference, whether from government, trustees, or students. For the purpose of maintaining a body of scholars, students *are* an “outside” force—they are *not* part of the body of scholars. But if the black demands are not raised tactically by the black students, they are adopted tactically by the white radicals—as they were at Harvard, with the indescribably simple phrase, “accept all Afro demands.”

Once again, this is the kind of slogan that is guaranteed to create the broadest measure of disruption, disorder, and radicalization. Just as in the case of “abolish ROTC” or “no expansion,” “accept all Afro demands” has a wonderful accordion-like character, so that no matter what the university does in response, the SDS can insist that nothing really has been accomplished, the ruling class and the corporation still stand supreme, and the work of building toward the revolution must continue.

There is only one result of a radical action that means success for the radicals—making new radicals. In this sense, the Harvard action has been an enormous success. Those who know something of the history of Marxism and Leninism will be surprised to see this rather esoteric definition of success for true radical movements now emerging full-blown in the midst of the SDS, which began so proudly only a few years ago by breaking with all previous ideology and dogma. “Build the cadres” was the old slogan: “build the cadres,” because any *reform* will only make the peasants and workers happier or more content with their lot, and will thus delay the final and inevitable revolution.

The aim of action, therefore, is never its ostensible end—the slogan is only a tactic—but further radicalization, “building the cadres,” now “the movement.” The terrible effect of such an approach is to introduce corruption into the heart of the movement, and into the hearts of those who work for it, because the “insiders” know that the *ostensible* slogans are only tactical, that one can demand anything no matter how nonsensical, self-contradictory, and destructive, because the aim is not the fulfillment of demands, but the creation of new radicals who result from the process that follows the putting forward of such demands: violence by the revolutionaries, counterviolence by the authorities, radicalization therefore of the bystanders, and the further “building of the movement.”

What justifies this process, of course, is the irredeemable corruption of the society and all its institutions, and therefore the legitimacy of any means to bring it all down.

The failure of the liberals

Liberals like to make the distinction between themselves and radicals by saying to radicals, “We approve of your aims but disapprove of your means.” This in effect is what the liberal student

body and faculty of Harvard did. It disagreed with the occupation of University Hall, the physical ejection of the deans, the breaking into the files. But it said, in effect, by its actions, we think the issues you raised are legitimate ones. Thus, we will revise our carefully thought out position on ROTC, and we will change our position on black studies.

On university expansion, the faculty acted just as a faculty should; it accepted the proposals of a committee that had been set up some time before, a committee on the university and the city, chaired by Professor James Q. Wilson. It followed its agenda and its procedures rather than the agenda set for it by the radicals. It received neither more nor less abuse for this action than for its efforts to accommodate radical demands on ROTC. I think the proper liberal response was: "We disagree totally with your means, which we find abhorrent, we disagree totally with your ends, which are the destruction of any free and civil society; some of the slogans you have raised to advance your ends nevertheless point to real faults which should be corrected by this institution, which has shown by its past actions on various issues that it is capable of rational change without the assistance of violence from those who wish to destroy it, and we will consider them."

Oddly enough, the discussion of the ostensible aims, even though the liberal position was that the aims *were* valid, was terribly muted. The liberals were hampered in their discussion first by lack of knowledge of the issues (how many had gone into the intricacies of relocation and the provision of housing for the poor?), and second by the feeling that some of these issues were not really the business of the faculty. In the case of ROTC, the key issue, the faculty tried to find an "educational" component to justify the action that might assuage the passions of student radicals. Thus, the argument on ROTC was carefully separated from any position on the Vietnam War, and a resolution was passed ostensibly for educational purposes, simply because it had been determined that ROTC did not have any place in a university.

This was nonsense. The educational reasons for action against ROTC were settled when it was determined the courses should not get academic credit and the ROTC instructors should not get faculty standing. Why was it necessary to go on and specify that no facilities should be provided? Space is given or rented for all sorts of noneducational purposes on the campus—religious, athletic, social, and so on. What had happened was that under the guise of responding as an educational body to political demands, the faculty had accepted a good part of the political demands, and implicitly a good part of the political analysis, that led to them. It would have been more honest to denounce the Vietnam War than to remove ROTC. After all, what role has ROTC played in getting

us into that quagmire? It was civilians, such as Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, who did that.

By denying to students the right previously established to take military training on the campus, the faculty was in effect taking the position that all the works of the United States government, and in particular its military branches, are abhorrent, which is exactly the position that SDS wishes to establish. It wishes to alienate students from their society and government to the point that they do not consider how it can be reformed, how it can be changed, how it can be prevented from making mistakes and doing evil, but only how people can be made to hate it.

This may appear an extravagant view of the action of the Harvard College faculty, and yet the fact is that there was little faculty debate on the demands. The liberals implicitly took the stand, "We agree with your aims, we disagree only with your tactics," and in taking this stand were themselves then required to figure out how by their procedures they could reach those aims without violence.

But the aims themselves were really never discussed. The "Abolish ROTC" slogan was never analyzed by the faculty. It was only acted upon. All the interesting things wrapped up in that slogan were left unexplored: the rejection of majority rule (explicit in SDS's rejection of the legitimacy of a referendum on ROTC); the implication that American foreign policy is made by the military; the assumption that the American military is engaged in only vile actions; the hope that by denying the government access to the campus it can be turned into a pariah—and once we manage to turn someone by our actions into a pariah, we can be sure the proper emotions will follow.

The expansion demand was never really discussed, or at any rate insufficiently discussed. It never became clear how different elements contributed to the housing shortage and to the rise of rents in Cambridge. It was never pointed out that the popular demand for rent control would inevitably mean under-the-table operations in which the wealthier Harvard students and faculty could continue to outbid the aged and the workers. The issues of the inevitable conflicts over alternative land uses, and the means whereby they could be justly and rationally resolved, were never taken up.

The faculty did most to argue against the new demand for equal student participation in the committee developing the program of Afro-American studies and recruiting faculty. Even there, one can hardly be impressed with the scale and detail of the faculty discussion, though individual statements, such as Henry Rosovsky's speech, were impressive and persuasive. The key questions of the nature of a university, the role of students within it, the inevitable limits that must be set on

democracy and participation if an institution designed to achieve the best, in scholarship and in teaching, is to carry out its functions—all these played hardly any role in the discussion. The students were not educated. To their eyes, reasonable and sensible demands were imposed by force on a reluctant faculty. They were right about the force. This was hardly a manly posture for the faculty—at least they should have argued.

There was thus to my mind a serious educational failure at Harvard. All the education, after the occupation and the police bust, was carried on by the radicals. They spoke to the issues they had raised; others did not, or countered them poorly. They established that these issues were important, and thus in the minds of many students their tactics were justified. By student, faculty, and corporation response, their view that the university reacts only to violent tactics was given credence. If this was a failure, of course the chief blame must rest on the faculty. It is their function to educate the students, and the corporation follows their lead and their analysis, when they give one.

There were of course administration failures, too, in not consulting sufficiently widely with students and faculty, and perhaps in calling the police. But these did not justify the faculty in its failure to analyze and argue with the radical demands, and in giving up positions it had just adopted.

I agree with the SDS that the issues should have been discussed—ROTC, campus expansion, black demands. But more than that should have been discussed. The reasons SDS had raised the issues should have been discussed. The basic analysis they present of society and government should have been discussed. The consequences of their analysis and the actions they take to achieve their demands should have been discussed. They should have been engaged in debate. They were not. Instead, they were given an open field and all possible facilities for spreading their view of the world, a view that to my mind is deficient in logic, based on ignorance and passion, contradictory, committed to unattainable aims, and one in which a free university could not possibly operate.

The university now suffers from the consequences of an untempered and irrational attack on American society, government, and university, one to which we as academics have contributed, and on which we have failed to give much light. The students who sat in, threw out the deans, and fought with the police have, after all, been taught by American academics such as C. Wright Mills, Herbert Marcuse, Noam Chomsky, and many, many others. All these explained how the world operated, and we failed to answer effectively. Or we had forgotten the answers. We have to start remembering and start answering.

2. Moralists against Managers

by Francis G. Hutchins

On *Meet the Press* on May 4 Lawrence Spivak asked Harvard's President Pusey, "What do you now consider the issue which the university and the students and the faculty and the community face?" Pusey replied, "With me, the issue's quite plain. It's really a matter of tactics, and what are acceptable tactics and what tactics are not acceptable." Tactics are indeed a critical issue in the current crisis facing American universities, but even more important, I would argue, is the underlying question of legitimacy. At the hectic faculty meeting at Harvard on April 11, called to review the administration's use of force to clear demonstrators from University Hall, this issue was raised in explicit terms by a black undergraduate. The crisis had occurred, he argued, because the administration had used force arbitrarily without the backing of the community, and hence in the eyes of many had acted illegitimately. Some months before the April outburst, Professor Michael Walzer of the government de-

partment had raised the question of legitimacy to a much less interested faculty meeting. Walzer spoke then of a widening gap between official norms and their acceptability to those subject to them and suggested three possible elite responses: repression, concession, or an effort to re-establish legitimacy. Repression and concession are the panic reflexes of the right and left, and can only serve in the long run to intensify conflict if no attention is paid to the third alternative. In order to re-establish legitimacy, Walzer suggested, a sense of community should be revived. Walzer's speech was pointed and persuasive, but it was brushed aside. The need then articulated by one faculty member is now perceived by most. This was reflected in the Harvard faculty's decision by an overwhelming margin to set up an extraordinary committee, which would be elected, not appointed, and which would include students as well as faculty, to determine the causes of the crisis, decide upon discipline for the demonstra-

tors, and examine the university's decision-making structure.

The best measure of the urgent need for change in universities such as Harvard is the simple fact that where a reasoned appeal failed, violence succeeded. To say that "force has no place on a college campus" is to state a wish rather than a reality. In the absence of the genuine possibility of meaningful change, such a statement is equivalent to saying that dissent is permissible only so long as it remains ineffective. Force has a place only where all possibility of rational communication leading to peaceful change seems to have disappeared. Many people believe that just such an impasse has been reached. The relative success of a resort to force clearly demonstrates that many who have not used force nonetheless share the protesters' feeling of frustration. Force has no place in a well-run society, everyone agrees; it follows that in a society where force has erupted, basic changes may be necessary before order can be restored.

Why have well-intentioned people—students, faculty, administrators—failed so totally to understand one another? Why has legitimacy been lost so imperceptibly yet decisively by hardworking, dedicated men? An explanation requires an examination of the convictions of two very different generations.

The generation which now holds power in American society is one which has been comfortable with the notion that we live in a post-ideological age. Many have forgotten that basic issues may lie dormant almost indefinitely but can never be transcended. Those who discerned an end to ideology could do so with equanimity only because they presumed that all basic questions had been settled, and settled correctly. The observation that there *were* no basic differences was replaced in the minds of many by the conviction that there *could* be no valid basic differences.

When administrators hold such a conviction, they instinctively perceive basic challenges as simply childish or criminal, hence to be met only by a confident, definitive show of force. It is not surprising that administrators acting upon such premises often respond to coercive protests with extraordinary vehemence. Violent demonstrations are not simply deplored; they are treated as acts so reprehensible that further analysis of the situation is completely out of the question. Ernest May, in discussing American foreign policy in an article in *Daedalus* a few years ago, referred to a tendency of Americans to make an "axiomatic" response to foreign challenges, to assume that one can talk with enemies up to a certain point, but that once they act improperly one can throw the book at them. They become criminals, and no treatment is too harsh for them. A similar finality, a similar inclination to write off the possibility of a measured response, a similar sense that looking ahead to pos-

sible reconciliation is evil, colors the way in which many administrators have responded to forcible protest. "There is only one issue," they say; "they used force first." The curious result is that men with no conscious moral pretensions, who pride themselves on their managerial pragmatism, have reacted with an ironclad righteousness; men who consider violence abhorrent have employed it with little restraint.

Such an indiscriminate response reflects the administrator's assumption that there exists a limited range of legitimate behavior and that all deviations from it, large or small, are equally dangerous. Alternatives to the status quo are depicted as frightening dichotomies. Change in the universities is thus often described as leading inevitably to one of two dire results: a university either terrorized by students, as in Latin America, or manipulated by anti-intellectual politicians, such as Ronald Reagan. In a parallel vein, some have cautioned about the possibility of an American withdrawal from Vietnam producing a stab-in-the-back mentality and a new search for scapegoats such as that which followed America's "loss" of China. As a caution, such a concern with consequences is salutary; carried to an extreme, it makes any sort of change seem unimaginably dangerous.

Those who place narrow limits on legitimate behavior do not suppose that they are demanding a stultification of human energy. A university administrator knows that manipulation of the existing system can be satisfying, its complexity offering a pleasant challenge to ingenuity. He will probably enjoy explaining the arrangement of influence within the existing structure of authority and the methods of influencing decision-making. He will be able to explain the strategic use of language, what one has to say or avoid saying in various circumstances to achieve one's purposes. He may take a sleuth's delight in determining where "the real power" lies behind the drifting smoke screen of procedural detail, and an honest broker's pride in helping people find their way to their objectives. Being profoundly aware of the complexities involved in implementing any policy, he will place great weight upon the advice of specialists. He may imply, even if he does not believe, that all valid issues are technical, and that specialists are by definition best equipped to handle a given problem.

The Harvard administration's response to the seizure of University Hall was in several respects representative of the outlook of administrative managers. The challenge was answered only tactically. The propriety of the use of force was taken as axiomatic, and the method of its use was ap-

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proached as a matter for specialists to implement as they saw fit. President Pusey explained the absence of university supervision of the execution of the police action by saying that "we had to leave it up to the professionals to do the job they were trained to do." The result proved that moralists may act immorally, but that managers cannot manage them without a clear-cut moral mandate. The Harvard community would without question have endorsed the use of force to clear University Hall if it had been accompanied by adequate control and supervision by faculty and student representatives. By employing only specialists in violence and giving them a free hand, Pusey succeeded in isolating not the offending demonstrators, but the administration from the community. No effort was made to forestall by advance consultation the adverse reaction of great numbers of faculty and students which Pusey anticipated. This reaction was approached as another managerial problem, to be dealt with after the forcible eviction of the demonstrators had been managed.

The attitude which underlies a manager's conduct is an aesthetic appreciation of his system as a fascinating and beautiful work of art. This sentiment is sincere, even if unconscious or embarrassing for a hardheaded pragmatist to attempt to express. If those who are being managed do not share the manager's basic orientation, however, its superficial manifestations may seem peculiar indeed. For many students today there appears to be something perverse or covert in the tendency of those in power to speak to them in exclusively tactical terms. These students do not themselves have an aesthetic appreciation of the delicate intricacies of the power structure, nor can they discern this as a sincere motivation on the part of managers who can only maneuver because they have forgotten how to communicate their values to those who honestly cannot understand them.

Students suspect the motives of those who avoid reference to ultimate principles. An emphasis on tactics is interpreted as a disingenuous evasion by people who have something to hide. Students respect authority; they assume it must know what it is doing. They assume the present system has a rationale which its exponents are perfectly aware of and are aware needs to be hidden. They see themselves being conned by indirection and expected to devote themselves to the mastery of the techniques of applied cynicism. Those in authority are depicted as floundering captives of vested interests, contemptible in proportion to their experience and stature. A man is not respected for his experience if this seems only to remove him that much further from the possibility of independent moral action.

A dramatic indication of the difficulty of communication which these differing perspectives produce came during the "office hours for the faculty"

The Two of You

by Peter Davison

I.

Your face is tense as wire within a wire
When you consent to bed with sunlight flying.
The dervish flashes up into the fire.
Not to be lost to love is to be dying.

Molten and greedy, quivering in my arms,
You gnaw, you tear, you moan beneath my prying.
Our veins are full of sunlight as a field.
Not to be lost to love is to be dying.

These fearful bodies rage against our will.
(Our love is truth and leaves no room for lying.)
These stones, these walls, this house, this windowsill
Are not to be lost. To love is to be dying.

II.

Outdoors the breeze blows childlike, notwithstanding
Tomorrow it could be carrying sounds of war.
As we pass, we turn toward each other
Like lovers in a bed.

We preserve houseplants, growing creatures,
By constancy of warmth. In their season
Light airs are given entrance. We exclude only
The brazen winds that turn flesh into stone.

Nourished by our senses and attentions
This house will open up into a palace
Where children dress themselves in royal robes
And swagger with the certainty of angels.

To hear one another's voices without speaking
Composes the music of this house. The time
Of storms is welcomed as a penance.
This house is silent and fragile as God.

which black Harvard students conducted in University Hall on April 18. Acting Dean Edward Mason, when recognized by the black student chairing the meeting, offered a few suggestions on tactics to the group. They had two alternatives, he said: either to make proposals to the faculty which they knew would not be accepted, or to make proposals of a type which the faculty could be reasonably expected to accept. Mason's remarks were kindly, courteous, and well intentioned. A black student immediately rose to say that he saw no reason why they shouldn't present the best program they knew how to devise; whether it would be acceptable or not was the faculty's problem, not theirs.

Notwithstanding the widespread use of loose rhetoric, most radical students are almost as non-ideological as the administrators they oppose. Most radicals are reluctant to conceptualize problems and solutions abstractly. The tactic of confrontation is essentially a moral witness and reproof, rather than a prelude to revolution. Radicals describe one another not in terms of their place on an ideological spectrum but in terms of their relative militance, a psychological attitude more suggestive of indignation than analytical rigor. It is not surprising therefore that radical students stress the importance of *ad hoc* objectives. They assert, for instance, that the Vietnam War is bad and should be opposed but are uncomfortable when asked if they would have fought in World War II, because they don't like to admit they probably would have.

At Harvard, protesters associated with the Students for a Democratic Society referred constantly to their "Eight Demands," which were all very specific actions the university was supposed to undertake, regarding ROTC, housing, and so forth. They insisted on sticking to these limited reform objectives, and denounced the demand of moderates for a sweeping examination of the university's role and structure as a "*Wall Street Journal* plot." Raising broad questions was seen as a diversionary tactic blurring clear-cut confrontation. Insofar as most student radicals have a philosophy, it is that everything about the existing system is bad and that consequently the only improvement one can expect will come in the form of concessions on specific tangible issues extracted from unwilling managers by force. The result, which is well suited to a fluidly organized, action-oriented movement, is a fervent attachment to a constantly shifting set of demands, combined with a fatalistic acceptance of the durability of the system they confront.

While students have intensified their demands for candor, university administrators find that institutional as well as personal orientations have made an effective response increasingly difficult. The managerial generation has understood the university's function to be the provision of specialists: specialists in teaching and research for the univer-

sity's own purposes, specialists in other fields for the society at large. The university has thus developed not only internal complexity but also subtly ramifying relations with the wider world, and in particular with the government. The university's training of officers for the armed services is only the most visible of an almost infinite variety of types of interdependence between the government and the university. An academic administrator's responsibilities place him in the middle as a mediator between the university and the government, which makes it difficult for him to see himself as the university's own man; his hands are tied by contractual and other types of dependence upon outside interests. He finds it hard to be candid with his faculty and students, since he has to represent them to the government and the government to them. As men in the middle, administrative managers try to please two constituencies but may find themselves excluded by both.

The American university has evolved into the dispersed multiversity which Clark Kerr praised. The multiversity has successfully trained specialists in almost every field of endeavor. What has been forgotten by many administrators who manage these academic conglomerates is that separate spheres of authority and expertise do not hold themselves together; they are held together by a sense of community and common purpose. Students want to know *why* they should devote themselves to specialized studies. A university which offers its members only boxes to put themselves in will not be more appreciated because it provides a great many different sorts of boxes. In the absence of normal interaction between members of a community, in the absence of established channels of effective communication, the instigation of crises is an effective way to create instant communities, either by provoking old communities to new life or by creating altogether new entities.

Students are making an honorable request of those who hold power over them: either explain your motives or don't be surprised if we assume the worst. Obviously, there are some students who act in a fashion which no civilized community can tolerate. Obviously, there are some who suspect more than the motives of the managerial elite and who will not be satisfied by any clarification or alteration of intent. But all dissidents who accuse are not criminals, just as all administrators who react tactically are not liars. Obviously, democratic decision-making on all issues facing an academic community is unworkable, but neither is hierarchical decision-making workable unless it is accepted as legitimate. The structure of the university—and much else in this country—needs a renewed mandate of trust, which will come only if the central challenge to its legitimacy is recognized for what it is and answered directly in moral, not tactical, terms.

FINAL DWARF

*"... the final dwarf of you
That is woven and woven and waiting to be
worn ..."*
—WALLACE STEVENS

He was so pleased with the reading glasses he had ordered through the catalogue and he was so ingenuous in his enthusiasm that the woman behind the counter, the Sears mail-order clerk, asked his permission to try them on. She was middle-aged too, or past middle age, like himself, and wore bifocals, as he did. He tendered them to her, and she put them on; but apparently they didn't procure the same results for her that they did for him. She looked down at the invoice in her hand with a rather bewildered expression and handed the glasses back.

"Not strong enough?" Kestrel asked sympathetically.

"I don't know what they are." She took refuge behind her own bifocals as if she had been disturbed by what she had seen. "But they're not for me, that's for sure."

"I was told by an optician some time ago that my eyes were still fairly young according to my age. So I got the weaker ones: forty to forty-five age group instead of my own, fifty-five to sixty."

She no longer seemed to be listening and had begun totting up the price of the glasses, the shipping

charge, and the sales tax. "That's four twenty-one, please."

He smiled, placed a five-dollar bill on the counter, and while she made change, he slipped the glasses into their case and pocketed them. At least fifteen bucks to the good, he thought triumphantly; that's how much more the unholy alliance of opticians and the American Optical Society would have soaked him. True, the lenses weren't prescription lenses and did nothing to correct his astigmatism. But that was a minor matter compared with the boon the glasses would be when he hunted up a word in a dictionary or read a carpenter's scale. He received his change, thanked the clerk, and folding the invoice, walked briskly through the center aisle of the store toward the doorway. Sears retail store, compact with merchandise and glistening under its many fluorescents, was always an interesting place to Kestrel, especially the hardware department, with its array of highly polished tools. But he had no time to stop and browse today; his father was waiting for him in the car.

The street he came out on was Water Street, the former commercial center of town. For many years Water Street had tried to keep abreast of the times by fusing new chromium trim onto old brick facades. With the advent of the shopping plaza, the street seemed to have given up and become dormant, as if waiting for a rebirth. His car was on

A Story by Henry Roth

Haymarket Street, the next street west. He crossed with the WALK of the traffic light and made his way up the inclined sidewalk that led sharply around the corner. Haymarket Street served as a kind of ancillary to Water Street. It provided extra room for parking meters, ventilating ducts, and traffic circulation.

"Where to, Pop?" He opened the car door and slipped in behind the wheel. "My errand's all done. What are yours?" It was always necessary to shield Pop from the idea that the trip to town was being made on his behalf. Otherwise he would balk at going, and then sulk.

His father continued to bow over his homemade cane. "I would like to go to the First National. First to the First National in the plaza. I need a little meat, a can tuna, a couple oranges. Then I want to go to the A & P and buy coffee." Pop always adopted a whimsical, placating drawl when he wanted a favor.

"Why the A & P?" Kestrel sensed an old ruse. "Why not the First National coffee?"

"I like A & P coffee better. I like better Eight O'Clock coffee. It ain't so strong."

"Oh, yes." Eight O'Clock coffee was a cent cheaper than any other brand in town. The usual guile was at work. "I think you'd better shop in one place, Pop. No sense running to two places just to buy a pound of coffee." Kestrel hoped that the gravel that had entered his voice was lost in the starting of the motor. "You get better trades at the A & P anyway."

"OK. You want A & P? So A & P."

Kestrel fastened his seat belt. The old boy would have him run all over town for a couple of cents. To save *him* a couple of cents, blind to the expense of running the car. As Norma said, Pop certainly had a knack of bringing out the worst in people. Kestrel smirked and steered right to cross the railroad tracks. Just a few days ago, before Pop arrived for the summer, she had proposed a scheme of levying a fifty-cent toll on everyone who accompanied them to town and then suspending the rule for everyone except Pop. And this coming from Norma, the most generous of women . . .

Behind them the bank and the abandoned theater, behind them the bowling alley and the car wash, they climbed Winslow Hill to the traffic light on the terrace and then drove on past the porticos and the fanlights, the prim round windows of the fine homes of another age, to the rear entrance of the A & P parking lot.

"OK, Pop?" Kestrel undid his seat belt and got out of the car on one side as his father got out, more slowly, on the other. "Norma didn't want anything special. Cigarettes. But I've got plenty of time. So shop for everything you need." He preceded the old man to the glass door and held it open. Pop hobbled in on arthritic legs. "You know where the car is. I'll be around somewhere."

"Yeh. Yeh." The old man dismissed him with a curt wave of the hand. "I'll find you." He hobbled over to the telescoped shopping carts in front of the brightly arranged aisles, separated one, and trundled it inside.

Kestrel debated with himself for a moment. It was just barely possible that Grant's in the shopping plaza across the avenue had the kind of lock he was looking for, a freezer lock. He hadn't thought of it while he was in Sears. On the impulse, he hurried to the edge of the A & P blacktop and crossed the highway to the immensity of the plaza parking area opposite. The First National where Pop had wanted to shop lay directly ahead, to the left of Grant's, and Kestrel realized he could as easily have stopped there as not. But it was the principle of the thing, he argued with himself. He resented being gulled, being cajoled into doing his father a service for the wrong reason, for spurious reasons. It came back to what Norma said: Pop brought out the worst in people.

Grant's had no freezer locks. They had bicycle locks with inordinately long hasps, but no freezer locks. Leaving the emporium, he hurried back toward the avenue, meanwhile trying to descry the car from a distance. Was his father already in it and observing his son's breach of faith? No, he had beaten the old boy to it. He waited impatiently at the curb for an opening in the flux of traffic, crossed in haste, and panting slightly with exertion, leaned against his car. "Oh, the cigarettes!" He started toward the A & P and reached the door just as his father emerged with a bag of groceries on his arm.

Kestrel hesitated. "Want a hand, Pop?"

"I don't need it." The old man elbowed the extended hand to one side. "Here." He pressed a batch of trading stamps into the empty palm.

"Why do you give me these?"

"I don't want them. You save them."

"I don't save them."

"Your wife saves them."

"OK." Kestrel followed his father to the car. "Now where?" They both got in.

"Maybe I could get a few day-old cookies down at Arlene's. I like a few cookies in the house."

"I suppose so." They had been on Water Street once, Kestrel was about to remind his father, but checked the impulse under a fleeting yet complex illumination of how the old man continually led away from any objection. Who could object to a few cookies in the house? "OK. Arlene's."

"We don't have to go if you ain't got time. If you're in a hurry to get home—"

"Oh, I'm in no hurry," Kestrel said resolutely. "No hurry at all. What else?"

"Onion sets," Pop took out his shopping list. "Onion sets at Russel's Hardware Store. One pound." He read the words as if the list shielded him from responsibility. "And that's all."

"Onion sets at Russel's." Kestrel started the motor.

"They had hamburg." The sign in the A & P window caught Pop's eye. "I didn't see that."

"That's the come-on for today. Do you want any?"

"That ain't bad. Forty-nine cents a pound. I could have used a little hamburg."

"I can still stop." Kestrel made a token thrust at the brake pedal.

"No. Too late. If I had more time to look around—" Pop sat back in regret.

"Who said you didn't have time?"

"You don't have to say. I can tell."

Kestrel took a firmer grip on the steering wheel.

"Instead I paid thirty-three cents a pound for chicken wings. Thirty-three cents," the old man intoned. "Nineteen cents a pound, twenty-one cents a pound, most twenty-five cents a pound they charge in New York. Here in your state where they raise chickens, thirty-three cents a pound!"

"Pop," Kestrel grated. "Your seat belt."

The old man felt behind him for the buckle and pushed it out of the way.

They drove back to the center of town. Arlene's was at the south end of Water Street. Kestrel spied an empty parking place, but it seemed too tight. He chose to drive on. "Best I can do, Pop," he said apologetically, and parked the car beside a twelve-minute meter in front of the post office.

"I saw back there a nice place near Arlene's."

"Too many cars behind me. I didn't want to hold up traffic."

"For them you got consideration," Pop muttered. "But for me—" He got out of the car and hobbled in the direction of Arlene's. There seemed to be a special emphasis about the way he hobbled, as though he were trying to impress the pain he felt on his son.

Oh, hell, Kestrel thought as he waited. He never could do anything to please his father. Ever since childhood it had been that way. Still, he had to get over it. It was ridiculous to bear a grudge against the old guy. There was nothing left of him. A little old dwarf in a baggy pair of pants. *The final dwarf.* Kestrel smiled.

The car door opened.

"That was snappy, Pop!" said Kestrel.

His father slid into the seat with a self-satisfied look, shut the door, and picked up his cane.

"What about the cookies?" Kestrel asked. His father seemed to be flaunting the fact that he had made no purchase.

"Another time," said Pop airily.

"Why? Didn't they have day-old cookies?"

"They had. They had."

"Were they too high?"

"No, they was the regular half price."

"Then for Pete's sake why didn't you get some?"

"There was only one girl behind the counter and maybe ten customers."

"Oh, please! I come down here for you to buy cookies, and now you come back empty-handed." Kestrel was sure the old man was retaliating for the way his son had parked the car.

"*Noo, nischt gefehrlich.* I got yet a few cookies in the house."

"Wait a minute." Kestrel was loathe to start the engine. "That isn't the point. You wanted to come down here to buy cookies. I brought you down. Now you tell me you've got a few in the house. Why don't you buy some while you have a chance? You're down here."

"I don't need them. You would have to wait a for-sure fifteen minutes."

"I don't care. I waited this long."

"I don't need them!" his father snapped. "Mean-time the money is by me, no?"

"Well, for Christ sake!" Kestrel started the motor. "That's a fine trick. The whole trip down here is for nothing!"

"So you'll be home a few minutes later to your wife. She won't miss you." His voice reeked with contempt.

You son of a bitch! thought Kestrel. There it was again, the same mockery that had rankled so in childhood, in boyhood, in youth, disabling mockery against which there was no remedy and no redress. Furiously Kestrel steered into the near lane of traffic. Penney's clothing store passed on one side like a standard of his wrath, and Woolworth's across the street like another. And so did McClellan's and Sears and the pawnshop. He made a right turn at the traffic light, crossed the low bridge over the river, and climbed the opposite hill. He had almost reached their destination before he could force himself to say, "Now you want onion sets."

"Yeh, if he's got," said his father.

Kestrel stopped the car. The hardware store was across the street. He shut off the ignition and waited. His father made no move to go. "Well?" Kestrel asked.

"There's so much traffic," said his father.

"Do you want me to go?" Compassion now made headway against his anger. "I suppose I can get across the street faster than you can."

"Go if you want to go. I'll pay you later."

Kestrel got out of the car. "Onion sets, right?"

"One pound, not more. You hear?"

Kestrel's lip curled. With his back turned to his father, he could safely sneer. As if he would deliberately buy more than a pound.

The author of *Call It Sleep*, Mr. Roth is at work on "a rambling interminable multi-volume work, hopefully 'posthumous' and provisionally entitled *Portrait of the Artist as an Old Fiasco*."

They were on their way home now. Kestrel had bought the onion sets—and the freezer lock too, even though he had taken a longer time to shop than his father had anticipated. When he came out of the store, Pop was sitting half-turned around in his seat with a frown on his face, gazing fixedly in his direction. Fine, Kestrel had thought with a certain nervous malice as he quickened his step toward the car, it's your turn now. And he had made some remark about how few clerks there were in all the stores on a Tuesday.

"Oh, sure," was his father's neutral reply.

Town slipped past at a leisurely twenty-five miles an hour: shade tree and utility pole, service station and abandoned cemetery.

"This time I got my supply of matzohs for the summer. I brought five pounds from New York."

"Five pounds! All that way on a bus?" Kestrel felt a little indulgent after his own retaliation. "You must really like them."

"Oh, for a matzoh I'm crazy," said his father. "I eat matzohs not only on Passover."

"That's evident."

"With a matzoh you got a bite or you got a meal," Pop continued sententiously. "It's crisp, good, or you can dunk it in coffee. There's matzoh-brei, matzoh kugel, matzoh pancakes. You can crumble it. Dip in it. It's better than cracker meal. A lot cheaper too, believe me, especially if you go down to the East Side to get the broken ones."

"Marvelous. Can you wipe up gravy with a matzoh?"

"Of course you can wipe up gravy. You forgot already. You wet the matzoh before you sit down to eat, and it becomes soft like bread."

"The stuff's universal," Kestrel twitted. "Khrushchev should have known better than to ban them."

"Oh, that dog!" said Pop.

The Gulf station was passing, with its used-car lot in front and its desolate auto graveyard in the rear. "You know, Pop—" Kestrel began, and then stopped. He had been on the point of remarking that matzohs could be bought in the chain stores in town, but they would be more expensive. "Oh, well—"

"What?" his father asked.

"Nothing."

They drove on in silence. Some of the newly constructed houses slipped by, the cute little boxes, as Norma called them, gray and brown and red, that had begun to line the highway.

Pop fingered the onion sets in the bag, picked out a withered one, and let it fall back significantly. He still hadn't paid for them. "Noo, there was a big fuss here over this Kennedy?" He put the bag to one side.

"This Kennedy?" Kestrel was startled. "Which Kennedy?"

"Bobby Kennedy. About John Kennedy I'm not talking."

"Oi course. Everyone was shocked, just as with John Kennedy. Why?"

His father leaned on his cane and smiled. "I'm only sorry the other one wasn't shot too before he became President."

Kestrel's face furrowed as he glanced into the rearview mirror. For a moment it seemed to him that the old man's tone of voice was almost solicitous, as though he wished John Kennedy had been spared the trials of the presidency. He turned to look at his father, still smiling ambiguously. "What do you mean, Pop?"

"I mean both of them should have been shot before they became President. We would all be better off."

"Why? I don't get you. I was no admirer of the Kennedys but—"

"Why?" The new sign advertising the Grand View Motel 6 Mi. vanished on the right among second-growth trees. "The Niggehs!" Pop said vehemently. Where the sheep had once ranged, the juniper-studded field on the left reeled about the corrugated-iron sheep cote in the distance. "The Niggehs, that's why."

"The Niggers?" Kestrel repeated stunned.

"Yeh, the Niggehs! What they made such a good friend from the Niggehs! You're such a good friend from the Niggehs? There!"

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Good for them!"

"But that's got nothing to do with it!" Kestrel's voice sharpened. "That wasn't why they were shot."

"No. But that's why I'm glad they was shot."

Whew, Kestrel whistled silently to himself; you goddamned venomous little worm!

"You know, you can't talk to a Niggeh no more since the Kennedys?" his father demanded. "Not to a man, not to a woman, not to a child. Even a child'll tell you: go to hell, you old white fool."

"I see. I wish you'd put your seat belt on, Pop." Kestrel tapped the buckle of his own.

"I don't like it."

"You'd like going through the windshield less."

"I don't wear that kind. I told you. When you get them so they go around the shoulder, then I'll wear them. They press me here." He rubbed his abdomen.

You damned idiot; Kestrel stared straight ahead.

"The Kennedys," said his father. "There's where the mugging and the robbing started. Only Kennedys. Noo, sure, they know a President is their friend. So whatever they do, he'll say: Nebich! It's a pity! So they rape," he slapped his hands together, "so they rob, so they mug, so they loot. That poor Jewish man what they hit him in the face with a bottle last week in the subway—a plain Jewish working man—the Kennedys is the cause of all that!"

The side road where they lived was only a short

distance away, and peering deeply into the rear-view mirror, Kestrel saw himself forbidding and ominous against the empty highway. Was the old man baiting him this last time in retaliation for having been made to wait, or were his own thoughts about his father of such force that they communicated? He could almost believe it. "Nobody is the cause," said Kestrel. "Nobody in particular. All of us."

"All of us? Go! You and the other *philosophes*. I had something to do with that Niggeh what he mugged me in the elevator and took away my watch and two hundred and eight dollars? And put me in the hospital? And who knows, gave me this arthritis? You should have seen that detective how he beat his fist on the wall when he seen my face. And the others what they get mugged and beat up—and raped. *They* the cause of it? With you *philosophes* you can't talk."

"OK."

"Come live in New York a few months, you'll see. Let's see how you'll be a *philosophe*."

"OK." Kestrel braked the car gently, made his left turn into the side road with a minimum of swerve.

Pop glanced at the crowds of white cockerels behind the screen in the big doorways of the three-story broiler plant on the corner. "You should see them in the waiters' union, how they push us away when there's a good job—in the Waldorf or where. The best is for them. Old waiters like me, white waiters—throw them out and make jobs for *them*. They come first!"

Oh, shit. Kestrel pressed his foot down on the accelerator.

"Everything all at once," Pop continued. "More, more! Colleges and schools and beaches and motels. Regular princes make from them. And yesterday they was eating each other."

The stretch of road they were approaching had been cut through ledge—straightened out—leaving a few run-down buildings stranded in the bend on the left. On the right was the ledge. On top of it, in the gloom of overhanging trees, he had once seen two pretty deer, a buck and a doe, poised for flight, and the memory of the sight always drew his gaze to the spot thereafter. Two inches to the right, he thought, two inches that way with the steering wheel, and it would all be over with the old fool. Just two inches *now*; he'd go through the windshield like a maul, he'd slam that rusty granite. And who would know? Instinctively Kestrel shied away from the rough shoulder of the road. "Don't you think that's enough of politics, Pop?"

"Sure. On another's behind it's good to smack, like they say. Here in the country you don't see a *schwartz*er face for I don't know. A mile. How will it be if they moved next door?"

"Oh, please!"

"Yeh," his father nodded. "You'll be just like me in a few years. Just wait. All I'm saying you'll say."

A truck came over the brow of the hill. Top-heavy and loaded with logs, it picked up momentum as it rolled downhill toward them, lurched at the road's shoulder. And once again Kestrel heard himself urge: two inches on this wheel, a glancing blow, and the brakes. He skirted the other vehicle, glimpsed its driver, Reynolds, owner of a nearby lumber mill. "That was Reynolds," he said to Pop.

Pop rejected the overture with a slighting gesture. "You'll be just like me. Wait. I seen already *philosophes* like you. Your cousin Louis Cantor when he lived was a *philosophe*, a socialist. Every time he came to the house he brought the socialist *Call*. So what happened in the end? He laughed from it. 'What a fool I was,' he used to say."

The top of Turner's Hill was open on the left, open and sloping downward over sunlit boulders toward the woodland and the river valley. Almost inviting it seemed, inviting for a hideous spin and a rending of metal. Who would survive? Kestrel held the car grimly to the center of the road.

"And that's what you'll say," said Pop.

"You think so?"

"I know it."

"All right. Then let's drop it. I'm driving a car."

"Ah, if there only was a Verwoerd here like in South Africa," Pop lamented. "A Verwoerd. He should be like a bulldozer for those brutes. Even a Wallace. A Wallace I would vote for."

Kestrel could feel his jaw tremble. Christ, if the old fool didn't stop— They still had two miles to go. "That's enough!"

Pop hitched a scornful shoulder, crossed his legs over his cane. "So what did you get at Sears?"

"At Sears? Oh. Reading glasses."

"Reading glasses? At Sears?"

"Yes, they have them. I've been getting my bifocals chipped working around the place."

"How much did they cost?"

Brusquely Kestrel pulled the case out of his pocket, handed it to his father. "Here. You tell me."

The old man took the spectacles out of their sheath, appraised them, and adjusted them on his nose. "Oy!" He recoiled.

"What's the matter?"

"You're going right into the stone wall." Pop pulled the glasses off.

"I am?"

"Into a stone wall. I mean they look like it. Pheh! Only from Sears you can buy glasses like this." He slipped them into the case, handed the case to his son.

Kestrel sighed. He felt shriveled. He removed a hand from the wheel, replaced the glasses in his pocket.

"Boy, you gave me some scare!" The old man groped beside him for the seat-belt buckles. □

THE VILLAGE: ♦

I. JANUARY 22, 1932

Could a four-year-old look out of a square sedan
(A Studebaker Six in currency green
With wooden artillery wheels) and see a scene
Of snow, light lavender, landing on deepening blue
Buildings built out of red-violet bricks, and black
Passersby passing by over the widening white
Streets darkening blue, under a thickening white
Sky suddenly undergoing sheer twilight,
And the yellow but whitening streetlights coming on,
And remember it now, though the likelihood is gone
That it ever happened at all, and the village is gone
That it ever could happen in? Memory, guttering out,
Apparently, finally flares up and banishes doubt.

II. MAY 29, 1941

Tring. Bells
On grocers' boys' bicycles ring.
Followed, on cue,
By the jaunty one-note of prayers at two
Near churches; taxi horns, a-hunt,
Come in for treble; next, the tickety bass
Of chain-driven Diamond T's, gone elephantine
And stove-enameled conifer green
Down Greenwich Avenue.
Out of the Earle
I issue at half-past thirteen,
Struck, like a floral clock,
By seasonal
Manifestations: unreasonable
NYU girls out in their bobby socks
And rayon blouses; meek boys with their books
Who have already molted mackinaws;
Desarrolimiento of
New chrome-green leaves; a rose,
Got, blooming, out of bed; and Mrs. Roos-
Evelt and Sarah Delano
Descending the front stoop of a Jamesian
House facing south against the Square, the sun—
Who, curveting, his half course not yet run,
Infects the earth with crescence;
And the presence
Of process, seen in un-top-hatted,
Un-frock-coated burghers and their sons
And daughters, taking over
All title, right, and interest soever
In this, now their
Property, Washington Square.

THE SEASONS

To Saul Touster

III. DECEMBER 29, 1949

The Hotel Storia ascends
Above me and my new wife; ends
Eight stories of decline, despair,
Iron beds and hand-washed underwear
Above us and our leatherette
Chattels, still grounded on the wet
Gray tessellated lobby floor.
Soon, through a dingy, numbered door,
We'll enter into our new home,
Provincials in Imperial Rome
To seek their fortune, or, at least,
To find a job. The wedding feast,
Digested and metabolized,
Diminishes in idealized
Group photographs, and hard today
Shunts us together and at bay.
Outside the soot-webbed window, sleet
Scourges the vista of Eighth Street;
Inside, the radiators clack
And talk and tell us to go back
Where we came from. A lone pecan
Falls from your lunch, a sticky bun,
And bounces on the trampoline
Of the torn bedspread. In the mean
Distance of winter, a man sighs,
A bedstead creaks, a woman cries.

IV. JULY 14, 1951

A summer lull arrives in the West Village,
Transmuting houses into silent salvage
Of the last century, streets into wreckage
Uncalled-for by do-gooders who police
The moderniqueness of our ways, patrol
The sanitation of our urban soul.
What I mean is, devoid of people, all
Our dwellings freeze and rust in desuetude,
Fur over with untenancy, glaze gray
With summer's dust and incivility,
With lack of language and engagement, while
Their occupants sport, mutate, and transform
Themselves, play at dissembling the god Norm
From forward bases at Fire Island. But—
Exception proving rules, dissolving doubt—
Young Gordon Walker, fledgling editor,
My daylong colleague in the corridors
Of Power & Leicht, the trade-book publishers,
Is at home to the residue in his
Acute apartment in an angle of
Abingdon Square. And they're all there, the rear-
Guard of the garrison of Fort New York:
The skeleton defense of skinny girls
Who tap the typewriters of summertime;
The pale male workers who know no time off
Because too recently employed; the old
Manhattan hands, in patched and gin-stained tweeds;

THE VILLAGE: THE SEASONS

The writers (Walker's one) , who see in their
City as desert an oasis of
Silence and time to execute their plots
Against the state of things, but fall a prey
To day succeeding day alone, and call
A party to restore themselves to all
The inside jokes of winter, in whose caul
People click, kiss like billiard balls, and fall,
Insensible, into odd pockets. Dense
As gander-feather winter snow, intense
As inextinguishable summer sun
At five o'clock (which it now is) , the noise
Of Walker's congeries of girls and boys
Foregathered in their gabbling gratitude
Strikes down the stairwell from the altitude
Of his wide-open walk-up, beckoning
Me, solo, wife gone north, to sickening
Top-story heat and talk jackhammering
Upon the anvils of all ears. "Christ, Lou, you're here,"
Whoops Walker, topping up a jelly jar
("Crabapple," says the label, still stuck on)
With gin and tonic, a blue liquid smoke
That seeks its level in my unexplored
Interior, and sends back a sonar ping
To echo in my head. Two more blue gins.
The sweat that mists my glasses interdicts
My sizing up my interlocutor,
Who is, I think, the girl who lives next door,
A long-necked, fiddleheaded, celliform
Girl cellist propped on an improbably
Slim leg. Gin pings are now continuous.

The room swings in its gimbals. In the bath
Is silence, blessed, relative, untorn
By the cool drizzle of the bathtub tap,
A clear and present invitation. Like
A climber conquering K.28,
I clamber over the white porcelain
Rock face, through whitish veils of rubberized
Shower curtain, and at length, full-dressed, 1
In the encaustic crater, where a fine
Thread of cold water irrigates my feet,
To sleep, perchance to dream of winter in
The Village, fat with its full complement
Of refugees returned to their own turf—
Unspringy as it is—in a strong surf
Of retrogressing lemmings, faces fixed
On the unlovely birthplace of their mixed
Emotions, marriages, media, and met-
Aphors. Lord God of hosts, be with them yet.

by L. E. Sissman

THE PRESIDENT AND THE POWER TO MAKE WAR

by Merlo J. Pusey

Will Richard M. Nixon restore the mandate laid down by the Founding Fathers that only Congress may commit the United States to war? Or will he insist, as several of his recent predecessors have, on keeping the power in his own hands?

In the first months of his term, President Nixon is necessarily preoccupied with liquidation of the war in Vietnam. The unpopularity of that war may seem to guarantee immunity from any similar venture in the foreseeable future. But the latter half of the twentieth century has proved to be extremely unpredictable. The possibility of a Nixon war, comparable with a Truman war in Korea and a Kennedy and Johnson war in Vietnam, cannot be dismissed as a wholly groundless fear so long as the President may decide for himself when and where major wars are to be fought.

Nothing is clearer in our history than the intent of the framers to deny this power to the President. Not only did they grant Congress the exclusive power to declare war; they also gave Congress power to raise and support armies and a navy, to control reprisals, and to "make rules concerning captures on land and water." The Constitutional Convention of 1787 was so determined to prevent presidential wars that it refused to confer the executive function on one person until after it had stripped the office of the

power to make war. The only concession was a change in the congressional authorization from "make war" to "declare war." The purpose here was, as Madison made clear in his reports of the convention, to leave "to the Executive the power to repel sudden attacks."

In recent decades, however, this limited power to use the armed forces in holding operations has been inflated to seemingly limitless proportions. Our own generation has seen Presidents commit the country to three bloody wars—once in advance of congressional action, once without any congressional action, and once with only a misguided gesture on the part of Congress. In their blatant efforts to justify these actions, the Roosevelt, Truman, and Johnson Administrations laid claim to "inherent powers" broad enough to control the course of the nation in any future emergency.

After the war in Vietnam turned sour, the Senate raised a furor over the methods by which President Johnson had committed more than half a million Americans to it. The Foreign Relations Committee highlighted the perils of executive war-making in a series of hearings. Its report to the nation ended with this biting conclusion:

The concentration in the hands of the President of virtually unlimited authority over matters of war and peace has all but removed the

limits to executive power in the most important single area of our national life. Until they are restored the American people will be threatened with tyranny or disaster.

In some measure this rebuke to the President reflected bad blood between Lyndon Johnson and Senator J. William Fulbright, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. Yet the report was adopted by a vote of 16 to 0. Administration Democrats as well as the disgruntled Democrats and Republicans were expressing a state of alarm in Congress over presidential usurpation of the war power.

The threatened clash between the Johnson Administration and the Senate did not come to a head in the 90th Congress because of the presidential election and the peace talks in Paris. With delicate negotiations under way to end the war, the time was not ripe for an official assault on the maneuvers which took us into it. Fulbright discarded a fiery speech which had been prepared for the anticipated showdown, and Lyndon Johnson left office without having to face this particular whirlwind which the war in Vietnam stirred up. Nevertheless, the Foreign Relations Committee has become a focal center of a rising national storm over the sending of men into battle anywhere in the world without any decision by Congress that either limited hostilities or full-scale war is in order.

Fulbright and his colleagues see Vietnam as the most flagrant example of executive warmaking, but it is the trend which is most alarming.

In the case of World War II, Roosevelt moved from giving munitions to Hitler's enemies under the Lend-Lease Act to the convoying of vessels carrying supplies to Britain and the giving of information about German raiders. When an American destroyer, the U.S.S. *Greer*, was attacked by a German U-boat after it had followed the U-boat for three hours and broadcast its position to a British plane dropping depth charges, FDR distorted the incident and used it as an excuse for ordering American craft to shoot on sight at German and Italian warships in the western half of the Atlantic. Apparently Roosevelt made his agonizing decision out of fear that Congress would not abandon its tottering neutrality policy. But there is nothing in the Constitution which says the President may take over the power to go to war when he thinks Congress will not exercise it.

In the case of Korea, President Truman seemed to act as if the power to send Americans into battle had been shifted to the United Nations. All his orders were embellished with UN sanctions. Actually, however, he committed American air and naval units to the defense of South Korea before the UN Security Council even recommended it. The President used regular American forces because the UN had no military units of its own, as the charter had contemplated it would have. The Security Council could merely call upon the member nations to aid the beleaguered South Koreans. A call of this kind could not give the President any authority he did not previously have, but Truman used it as justification for carrying on a major war for three years, without going to Congress except for appropriations. His objective—to save a victim of Communist aggression—was highly laudable, but worthy motives do not excuse the abuse of power.

President Johnson was more subtle when he decided on his venture in Vietnam. The Eisenhower and Kennedy Administrations had been

giving ever increasing aid to South Vietnam without arresting the drift toward chaos and defeat. So LBJ seized upon two minor incidents in the Gulf of Tonkin in the midst of his 1964 political campaign as an excuse for what Bill Moyers, his one-time press secretary, has called a "psychological gambit." First, he ordered a sixty-four-plane raid on a nearby North Vietnamese base as a reprisal for the Tonkin Gulf incidents, in which the American personnel had suffered no injuries and the American vessels no appreciable damage. Then he asked Congress to pass a resolution which his Undersecretary of State, Nicholas deB. Katzenbach, later described as a "functional declaration of war," although it was merely a gesture.

According to Moyers, this double play was designed to intimidate Hanoi and thus end its attempted subversion of South Vietnam. But Hanoi called the bluff, and the struggle escalated for four years, with the loss of more than 35,000 American lives. As the war dragged wearily on, disillusionment fed on the disclosures that Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara had given Congress a biased account of the Tonkin Gulf incidents. Congress itself had acted with frantic haste, without even attempting to learn the facts. By 1967 most leaders in Congress were deeply troubled, but they had given away their power. They could only vow that it would not happen again.

To justify these acts of executive warmaking, a group of official power stretchers have been at work. Their task has been to transform the authority of the Commander in Chief "to repel sudden attacks" into an unlimited license to employ the armed forces. Probably the most fantastic claim is to be found in a State Department pamphlet entitled "The Legality of U.S. Participation in the Defense of Viet-Nam." In it the Department's legal adviser, Leonard C. Meeker, offered this gem of free-wheeling induction:

Under our Constitution it is the President who must decide when an armed attack has occurred. He has also the constitutional responsibility for determining what measures

of defense are required when the peace and safety of the United States are endangered. If he considers that deployment of U.S. forces to South Viet-Nam is required, and that military measures against the source of Communist aggression in North Viet-Nam are necessary, he is constitutionally empowered to take those measures.

President Johnson seemed to underwrite this expansive view when he responded to a question about the Tonkin Gulf resolution at his news conference on August 18, 1967. "We stated then, and we repeat now," he said, "we did not think the resolution was necessary to do what we did and what we're doing." In other words, he had asked Congress to applaud his venture in Vietnam only for the psychological effect, the appearance of national unity. But the hard decision between fighting a war or not doing so was one for the President to make.

As the Nixon Administration took over the reins in Washington, therefore, executive warmaking was well entrenched in both theory and practice. Burning resentment against it had been manifested, but the altered state of affairs has had White House power behind it, and no means of restoring the historical restraints has yet been devised.

Away from the guns

The atmosphere of 1969 may be conducive to a solution of this old dilemma. The past reluctance to tackle the problem has largely evaporated because of the experience in Vietnam and the realization of Congress that continued inaction would mean firmer lodgment of the war power in the White House. It is clear that the solution, if there is to be one, must be worked out while the constitutional principles can be discussed on their merits, not under the guns of a national crisis.

The Nixon Administration has some additional incentives to join in a rational accommodation. The first of these is an understandable desire to keep its own skirts free from the opprobrium attached to the Tonkin

Gulf resolution. A second might well be alignment of its policy with that of the late President Dwight D. Eisenhower. Despite his own military background, Eisenhower took a strong stand against the commitment of American troops to war without action by Congress. When it appeared that Communist China might attack Formosa in 1955, he asked Congress for specific but limited authority to protect Formosa and the Pescadores by force if necessary. After a spirited debate in the Senate, Congress acquiesced with large majorities in both houses.

The Formosa resolution was a significant reversion to the practice followed in the early days of the republic. President John Adams went to Congress for authority to use force on a limited scale in the undeclared war with France. President Thomas Jefferson similarly asked Congress for authority to engage in limited naval operations against the Barbary pirates. Neither deemed a declaration of war to be appropriate, but both recognized the right of Congress to initiate limited war as well as to declare full-scale war.

Senator Fulbright and his committee have pointed to this technique of authorizing limited war measures as being highly useful in our day. Declarations of war are even more out of style now than in the 1790s. Communist aggression often poses a challenge which cannot be rationally met by a declaration of war. In such cases there is a constitutional alternative to unlimited presidential discretion—the authorization of limited military action for a specific purpose.

The differences between the Formosa resolution and the Tonkin Gulf resolution are broad and fundamental. The first invoked the power of Congress for a specific but limited purpose, leaving to the President only the discretion of implementing the policy if events should make it necessary. The second granted no authority. Rather, it said that the United States was "prepared, as

the President determines, to take all necessary steps" to help South Vietnam in its struggle against aggression. It was not an exercise of the war power but merely a congressional abdication in favor of full discretion for the President, and in practice it was so interpreted.

Overawed Congress

The Nixon Administration could greatly relieve the tension in Congress and the country by indicating a willingness to return to the Adams-Jefferson-Eisenhower concept of the war power. The White House and the Foreign Relations Committee might then find some way of giving effect to such a policy, through a war powers act or otherwise.

The initiative will have to come, however, from the Foreign Relations Committee. The committee was appallingly slow in facing up to its responsibilities. Until Vietnam demonstrated the perils of executive war-making with unmistakable plainness, the committee had taken the lead in the greatest power giveaway of the century. Its 1967 report attempted to explain this supine conduct by saying that the country was not yet fully adjusted to its global role, that Congress had been "overawed by the cult of executive expertise," and that Congress had fallen into the habit of giving the President a free hand as "a kind of penance for its prewar isolationism." There is a note of candid sincerity in this confession. Yet it is a flimsy excuse for such a colossal upset in the constitutional balance of power.

Restoration of the war power to Congress appears to be by all odds the most important task that will confront the committee during the 91st Congress. Unfortunately, the Fulbright resolution (first introduced in 1967 as S. Res. 151 and revived this year as S. Res. 85) does not do the job. As sent to the Senate, it merely expresses the "sense of the Senate" that a United States commitment to a foreign power could result only from "a treaty, convention, or other legislative instrumentality specifically intended

to give effect to such a commitment."

It is not so much foreign commitments as the manner in which the President and Congress will respond to national crises involving the use of armed forces which needs to be defined. No loose, unofficial understanding will do. The problem for Congress is the reassertion of its authority to decide the issue of war or peace, whether the question is one of limited war or of full-scale war. The problem for the White House is recognition and respect for this congressional authority, while clinging resolutely to its control of foreign policy short of making war and to its essential right to repel sudden attacks.

In return for a reasonable attitude on the part of the White House, Congress could recognize by law the right of the President to send troops to any country bound to us by a mutual defense treaty, making an attack upon one an attack upon all. This would mean that the President could, under existing treaties, respond immediately, with forces properly at hand, to any attack in the Western Hemisphere or any part of NATO. Response to an attack would not, however, automatically mean war. With the war power back in the hands of Congress, that body would have to decide upon any commitment beyond temporary holding operations. It would also have to approve in advance any stationing of American troops abroad outside NATO and the Western Hemisphere.

The problem is admittedly delicate and complicated. It may take many years to evolve a system that will leave ample room for executive leadership and legislative responsibility. But if this course is fraught with difficulties and some dangers, they are minor compared with the frightening risks of one-man decisions involving the fate of the nation. Vietnam should be our last war initiated and carried on solely at the discretion of the President. But it is not likely to be unless Congress sets up a feasible alternative, and unless public opinion compels abandonment of the doctrine of presidential power to make war. □

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The most singular feature of stock market literature to date has been title rather than content. The remarkable success of Nicholas Darvas' *How I Made Two Million Dollars in the Stock Market*, and more recently, Morton Shulman's *Anyone Can Make a Million*, can be owed, in part, to the clever way in which they appeal to those souls who believe that making money in the securities market is so extraordinarily simple that anyone can make a million. It is also interesting to note that given the wide circulation of these books and others like them, we are not experiencing a sharp increase in the number of millionaires in America. Being literate, it seems, doesn't guarantee success on Wall Street.

The reader, therefore, should be forewarned. This article doesn't promise unbelievable wealth without risk. It attempts to explain some of the speculative techniques practiced in the stock market, without risk. It attempts to explain some of the speculative techniques practiced in the stock market, and it should be emphasized that we are speaking of speculation, not investment. Most people believe that the only way to make money in the market is to buy a stock and hope that it goes up. Many of the sophisticated speculative techniques available to the market operator are unknown to the novice. The operators of the "go-go funds," the people who trade for huge trust and corporate portfolios, and the other money-manager types that "Adam Smith" discusses in *The Money Game* understand and occasionally use the techniques outlined here. But this article is for the individual who doesn't know all the rules of the game, and it is being written on the premise that in the years to come it will be only the dumbest of conversationalists who will relate that they lost money by buying a stock which subsequently went down.

Leverage

The word leverage really has two distinct definitions. Nevertheless both are important to the market speculator and should be understood by him. The first deals with corporate finance, while the second is concerned with trading techniques.

A leveraged company, simply stated, is a company whose capital structure is made up, in large degree, by debt. Since debt doesn't represent ownership and interest on the debt is a pre-tax charge (unlike dividends paid to stockholders, which of course come out of profits), this means that a small increase in sales or a similar reduction in costs can cause a large increase in per share earnings. To make this clear, let us take an example of two separate companies, both of which are involved in the manufacture of ladies' undergarments.

Capitalization Structure of Unmentionables Incorporated

\$500M at 5%/1998

50,000 shares of common stock marketed to the public at \$10 per share.

Capitalization Structure of the Nightie Corporation

100,000 shares of common stock marketed to the public at \$10 per share.

It should be pointed out here that both of these companies have original capital of one million dollars. Unmentionables Incorporated decided that best operating results could be achieved by a combination of debt and equity financing. The Nightie Corporation, on the other hand, felt that it would rather have no fixed obligations but a greater amount of shares outstanding. At the end of 1966 let us assume their earnings results looked something like this.

Unmentionables Incorporated

Gross sales	\$500,000
less:	
Total cost of doing business	\$300,000
Interest on \$500M at 5%	25,000
Earnings before taxes	\$175,000
Less taxes at 50%	87,500
Net earnings	\$ 87,500

Earnings per share based on 50,000 shares: \$1.75

The Nightie Corporation

Sales	\$500,000
Less cost of goods	\$300,000
Interest	-0-
Earnings before taxes	\$200,000
Less taxes at 50%	100,000
Net earnings	\$100,000

Earnings per share based on 100,000 shares outstanding: \$1.00

Obviously Unmentionables Incorporated performed better for its shareholders even though sales, taxes, and costs of goods and services were the same as those of the second company. Let us now assume that companies in this kind of enterprise usually sell at about 10 times their earnings per share. Value judgments like this are ordinarily useless, but this kind of assumption serves a useful purpose in explaining the influence of leverage on the price of a stock. Accepting the 10 times earning hypothesis, we can readily see that Unmentionables

Incorporated will sell at $17\frac{1}{2}$ per share, whereas the Nightie Corporation will sell only at 10.

Another year goes by, and the market for lingerie expands considerably. The 1967 results look like this.

Unmentionables Incorporated	
Sales	\$1,000,000
Cost of goods	600,000
Interest	25,000
Earnings before taxes	\$ 375,000
Taxes at 50%	187,500
Net earnings	\$ 187,500
Earnings per share:	\$3.75

The Nightie Corporation	
Sales	\$1,000,000
Costs	600,000
Interest	-0-
Earnings before taxes	\$ 400,000
Taxes at 50%	200,000
Net earnings	\$ 200,000
Earnings per share:	\$2.00

Again, assuming that these companies would normally sell at 10 times their per share earnings figure, we see that Unmentionables' stock will have risen to $37\frac{1}{2}$, whereas the market price of the Nightie Corporation doubled to 20. Therefore, although sales increased by the same percentage for both companies, the market price of the first rose approximately 114 percent as opposed to the rise of 100 percent for the second.

Naturally, leverage can work in reverse. We could just as easily have had a recession in the ladies' undergarment market, causing sales and earnings to drop. In this kind of situation the company with debt in its capital structure would have suffered a greater loss in earnings per share and consequently a greater loss in market price than the company whose capitalization consisted wholly of equity. If Unmentionables Incorporated had really fallen on lean times, and earnings, after deducting the cost of goods from sales, came to \$25,000, there would have been nothing left for the common shareholder. The \$25,000 would have been eaten up by the interest charges. On the other hand, the Nightie Corporation would still have had \$12,500 after taxes that they could distribute to common stockholders.

A good example of the effect of leverage on the price of a stock can readily be seen in a comparison of the price action of KLM Royal Dutch Airlines and Western Airlines. Although KLM is a foreign carrier and Western flies domestic routes, the two companies are similar enough to prove the point.

In 1963, KLM had total long-term debt of

\$134,300,000 and gross revenues of \$164,150,000. At that time the company had 1,454,190 shares of common stock outstanding. Therefore, the long-term debt of the company was approximately 81 percent of revenues.

Western Airlines, on the other hand, had total long-term debt of \$32,940,000 and total revenues of \$99,430,000. In total shares of common stock it was very similar to KLM, with 1,430,730. Thus, total revenues exceeded debt by over three times, making the common stock far less leveraged than KLM's.

In 1963, KLM had a deficit in earnings per share of \$10.51, and the stock dropped to a low of 12. By 1965 revenues had risen 25 percent, but because of greater profitability and its unusual capitalization structure, earnings per share rose to a profitable \$8.45. A year later, a further earnings gain was made, and the stock hit a high of $155\frac{3}{4}$ per share. An investor who had bought the stock in 1963 would have seen his capital increase over twelvefold.

Western had a similar experience as far as revenues were concerned. Between 1963 and 1965, gross revenues improved approximately 23 percent, but earnings per share rose only from \$2.20 to \$2.83. A year later, earnings hit a high of \$3.79, and the lucky investor who bought at the low of $9\frac{1}{4}$ in 1963 had the opportunity to sell his shares at a high of 45 in 1966. Nevertheless, this represented only a fivefold increase as compared with the much larger one scored by KLM.

It is interesting to note that when problems arose for the airlines industry, KLM suffered a tremendous loss. The problems were compounded in October of 1966 by a rights offering during which the company issued additional common stock (this is a hazard when buying leveraged companies because additional financing of this sort reduces the leverage factor and makes the stock less appealing to speculators), thereby causing the stock to suffer an initial loss that was soon to be followed by a much larger one. By 1968 the stock had dropped as far as $44\frac{1}{4}$. The low in Western Airlines, on the other hand, was $24\frac{1}{2}$. KLM had fallen to 28 percent of its value at the high, whereas Western could have been sold at 53 percent of its high value.

The reader shouldn't infer from all of this that all companies with great amounts of debt are speculative, nor should they assume that firms without any bonds outstanding against them are safe investments. Because of the huge requirements for capital, both railroads and utilities normally have several bond issues. Most utilities, in fact, often have more than 50 percent of their capital represented by debt. But because of the nature of the

Mr. May's knowledge whereof he speaks comes from his affiliation with Paine Webber Jackson & Curtis, the investment house.

business, these securities are generally considered most conservative, and the market prices of their stocks do not ordinarily fluctuate greatly.

Financial leverage should be important to the speculator who believes in the resurgence of a depressed industry. It is worth his while to study the companies within that industry to see the makeup of their capital structure. And he should realize that the one with the greatest amount of fixed obligations will probably be the one scoring the handsomest price increases should sales rise or costs drop.

The textbook definitions of leverage undoubtedly concern themselves with the type of financial leverage I have endeavored to explain. Nevertheless, there is another definition which applies to the stock market which is extremely important. Leverage can be gained in situations where the speculator is able to realize large gains although he puts up a small amount of cash. In essence, it is a way of realizing an abnormally large return on one's capital. Through the use of margin, puts and calls, warrants, and low-price stocks, the speculator can assume high risk with the prospect of high reward. It is to these speculative vehicles that we now turn.

Buying on Margin

Margin is a very inadequate way to achieve leverage because brokerage firms will lend their clients only 20 percent of the market price of the security they buy. In addition, interest rates on that portion are extremely high at the present time, making the cost of doing business on margin fairly substantial.

In essence, margin allows the speculator to buy securities without putting up 100 percent of the purchase price. At the present time, the margin requirements state that an individual may be loaned only 20 percent of the purchase price on stocks he buys and 40 percent for convertible bonds. In addition, to maintain a margin account, a person must have a minimum equity of \$2000.

The margin requirements are controlled by the Federal Reserve Board and may be raised or lowered as it sees fit. In addition, stocks not traded on an exchange cannot be purchased on margin, and very often extremely volatile securities are put under 100 percent margin requirements until activity in them begins to subside. This means that the full purchase price must be paid if someone wishes to purchase these securities.

Actually, margin gives the speculator only one real opportunity for profit. If the original stocks or bonds he buys on margin go up in price, additional funds are released. These can be used to purchase other securities on margin, and while things are going well for the speculator he can do quite handsomely. This practice is called pyramid-

ing and becomes more important as the margin requirements are lowered. If the price of the stocks that the speculator has on margin drops below a certain point, he can be "called" for additional funds. If the margin call is not satisfied, the broker might be forced to sell his customer out.

I hesitate to mention margin as a speculative technique because it is such an integral part of the securities industry. Nonetheless, for those who want to spread their capital as far as possible, it offers the opportunity of buying stocks on credit. Or, since all short sales are carried on in a margin account, it gives the speculator a chance to sell something he doesn't own.

Short Selling

The stock market would be a very unfair place if it allowed only those who thought that it would go up to make profits. If you believe that the market as a whole or an individual security is about to experience a sharp drop in price, you sell that stock short. In essence you are selling something you don't own in the hope of buying it back later at a cheaper price. The mechanics of this are fairly simple. When someone buys a stock on margin, the certificate is held in street name. That is, the name of the brokerage firm rather than that of the buyer is on the certificate, and it is held in that firm's vault. It is these street-name certificates that are delivered to the buyer when a stock is sold short. At this point the short seller owes his brokerage firm the stock he sold short, and he puts up funds as collateral. When the stock is bought back, the shares are again put into street name, and the short seller has the appropriate amount of money credited to his account. It can readily be seen that the short seller assumes a great deal of risk. The person who buys stock at \$50 a share can lose only \$50 a share plus commissions. The short seller, on the other hand, can have infinite losses, whereas his gain is limited to the price at which he sold the stock short.

In addition, much of the effectiveness of the short sale has been lost by the "up-tick rule," which states that short sales can take place only at prices higher than the last different sale. In other words, if a stock is trading at 49 and is followed by sales at 49 $\frac{1}{8}$, 49 $\frac{1}{8}$, and 49, both sales at 49 $\frac{1}{8}$ could be short (the last different sale being the original one at 49), but the last sale taking place at 49 could not. This eliminates the short seller's ability to drive down the price of a stock through his own selling.

The amount of shares sold short in any given issue is totaled up each month by the various stock exchanges. This figure, termed the short interest, is an important concept for a trader to know. A high short-interest figure is usually considered bullish because it means that there is a substantial buying power in an individual issue. For example, let us

say that the Pie in the Sky Uranium Company listed on the New York Stock Exchange has one million shares of its common stock in the hands of the public. The short-interest figure at the end of September, 1967, was 100,000 shares. Therefore, 10 percent of the shares outstanding have been sold short. In order for the people who sold the stock short to make a profit or stop a loss, these shares must be bought back. Since 10 percent of the capitalization must be bought back, there is substantial demand for these shares, and they should go up in price. If the short-interest figure for the month of September is significantly higher than the figure for August, the stock might rise immediately. The short-interest figures are always worth looking at, although they by no means predict with any degree of certainty the price movement of an individual issue.

Short selling must never be undertaken by a novice or by someone who isn't in constant communication with a brokerage firm. It is, in my opinion, a very unsatisfactory way of speculating because the high degree of risk is not commensurate with possible rewards. It is like betting on the underdog for even money.

Puts, Calls, Straddles, Spreads, Strips, Straps, Bankruptcy?

Puts and calls have come into some prominence recently, and they give the speculator the attractive opportunity of accruing immeasurable profits with limited risk. Many individuals trying to understand this curious aspect of speculation become entangled in the rhetoric and try to figure out who does the calling and who does the putting. Actually, puts and calls are extremely simple, and if one is willing to abandon any preconceived ideas about them, a few short sentences should explain them to satisfaction.

Puts and calls are options, and they give their holders the right to do certain things. A call is an option which gives its holder the right to buy 100 shares of a certain stock at a certain price before a certain time deadline. A put option gives its holder the right to sell 100 shares of stock at a particular price for a certain time period. For example, a recent advertisement for a call might read like this:

Call Option

Radio Corp. of America	\$48	95 days	\$300
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This simply means that for \$300 one can have the right to buy (call for) 100 shares of Radio Corporation of America at \$48 per share within the next 95 days. If before the 95 days are up, the price of the stock has advanced to \$60 per share, the owner of the call option might decide to exercise it. He will buy the stock at \$48 from whoever issued the call and will sell it immediately on the New York Stock Exchange at \$60. Disregarding

commissions which he normally would have to pay, along with the \$5 tax on the purchase of options, the owner would have made \$1200 less the \$300 price of the call. His final result would have been a \$900 gain. If, however, after purchasing the option, the price of RCA went down, his option would have become worthless. After the 95 days, it would have expired, and the unhappy speculator is out \$300. But the important concept to remember here is that regardless of what catastrophes befall RCA, the holder of this option can lose no more than the price of the option. In this respect you know your potential loss upon purchase of the option.

If this same advertisement had been for a put rather than a call, its owner would have had the right to sell (put) RCA stock to whoever sold him the option at \$48 per share. Therefore, if the stock dropped to \$40, the holder of the put would have sold the stock at \$48 and immediately purchased it in the open market, giving him a profit of \$800 less the price of the put, or a net figure of \$500 disregarding commissions and tax.

Puts and calls can be purchased through regular brokerage houses which do business with put and call dealers. It should be noted that it is ordinarily a good idea to buy options in only those stocks which are listed on an exchange and which have a good deal of interest in them. Prices for options on unlisted securities or stocks with a small amount of shares outstanding can run as high as 40 percent of the price of the stock. The put and call market is a negotiated one, and a speculator can haggle with a put and call dealer over the price of an option. Options are often listed in the *New York Times* and the *Wall Street Journal*, but these represent only a limited number. Anybody can get a price on an option by having his broker contact a put and call dealer for a quote.

Most options extend either 65 days, 95 days, 6 months and 10 days, or one year. The price of the option is determined by the volatility of the stock, the length of time, and the sentiment in the market.

A straddle is a unit consisting of one call and one put, and it gives its holders the right both to buy and sell a hundred shares of stock at a particular price for a certain length of time. The speculator hopes that the stock is volatile enough so that he can make money on both sides of the option. Naturally, a straddle costs more than either a put or a call on the same stock, but it offers a certain amount of protection in that the stock can go either up or down sharply for the speculator to make money. A variation of the straddle is the spread option, which consists of a call option which gives the holder the right to buy stock above the present market and a put option giving him the right to sell a hundred shares at a price below the existing market.

A strip is a unit consisting of two puts and one call, and a strap is a unit consisting of two calls and

When you invest a billion dollars to help the cities, you learn some things.

Troubled minds: Back some 18 months ago, there were a lot of troubled minds all over this country. Including many in our business. The life insurance business. And what troubled everyone was the cities. There was poverty and frustration and decay and much ugliness all the way around.

In that atmosphere, when there was precious little hope anyplace, a lot of companies from our business got together to do something about it. To give it a try.

To invest a billion dollars worth of loan funds in the city core areas. Money that would create more jobs. More housing. Hopefully, more hope. And we made a public pledge of this investment.

You may say, this was just business as usual.

Because historically, life insurance companies invest in housing and in enterprise that makes jobs.

But this was different.

This was a new and special case of investment.

It went to an area — the inner cities — where capital was not readily available on reasonable terms, because of risk and location. Our business felt this special commitment was essential.

After all, our business is totally bound up with the health and safety of people. And people live in the cities. You could say people are the cities.

If those cities crumble, people are going to crumble, and business — ours, yours, anyone's — is apt to crumble right along with them.

In a businesslike way, our business was investing in its own future.

Like hope.

Due to the nature of the problem, the life insurance companies would need the closest cooperation of government and responsible leaders of the community. And they're getting it. With the result that the billion is now almost completely committed.

What we learned, was people.

By our very involvement in the core areas, we of the life insurance business found ourselves getting a lot closer to where people live.



We confirmed a deep feeling. That the problem of the cities needs people — people in government, business, and labor, working together — to help solve it. And we discovered we weren't trying alone; other businesses were making special efforts.

The life insurance companies are re-learning a basic truth. Let everyone do what he does best. We ourselves know investment in housing and enterprise. Local planners, developers, and agencies know their communities and know their needs.

Our business has learned that its hope was justified.

Sure, minds are still troubled today. The situation won't "just go away." But...

We're taking another step.

A second billion.

A second billion devoted to the same aims.

While knowing that it doesn't nearly fill the whole need, the life insurance business regards this, like the first billion, as an investment in its own future.

Isn't it your future, too?

If you would like some suggestions on what you can do, write for the booklet "The cities...your challenge too." Dept. L

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A social services center grows in Bedford-Stuyvesant, being built with mortgage money provided by the life insurance investment. One of hundreds of projects in 227 cities.

one put. Frankly, I have never seen strips and straps advertised and have never met anyone who has ever owned one. Nevertheless, they do exist and add a bit more variety to the whole option spectrum.

The advanced student will readily see how two speculative techniques already mentioned can be used to supplement each other and to offer some protection. Let us assume that you decided that Radio Corporation of America is in for a large drop sometime within the next six months. As we have already learned, to take advantage of a break in the market, one must sell stock short in the hope of buying it back at a lower price sometime in the future. However, as I have pointed out, the short seller assumes abnormally large risk. You wish to limit the potential loss and yet take advantage of the impending drop in RCA. What do you do?

You sell short your hundred shares of RCA at the price prevailing in the market. Let us assume that that price is \$50 per share. At the same time you buy a call on 100 shares of RCA for six months. Let us assume that this option costs \$500. You have now protected yourself. Regardless of what happens to RCA in the next six months, all you can lose is \$500 plus commissions. However, if the stock drops drastically, you can still make a nice profit. The only problem is that the stock has to go down at least 5 points, or 10 percent, before you break even. This is the price you must be willing to pay for the "insurance policy" you get when you purchased the option. Of course, in an ideal world, the stock could go down 10 points, whereupon you cover the short position and then soar up 15, making it possible to realize a profit on the call. This rarely happens.

Puts and calls can provide safety, but they can also give their holders enormous leverage. Assume for a moment you felt that the market was in for a large turn upward but you had a limited amount of cash—say \$5000. For that amount you might be able to buy 10 calls on RCA giving you the right to buy 1000 shares of the stock over the next six months. If you were to buy 1000 shares of RCA in a margin account, you would be required to put up \$40,000 or 80 percent of the purchase price. If you are correct and the stock goes up, you can either sell the option back to the option dealer at a substantial profit or exercise by selling the 1000 shares at the same time that you call for the stock at the lower price. To do this you must have 30 percent of the purchase price of the stock with your broker. This is quite a distance from the 80 percent normally required.

Although puts and calls may sound rosy on paper, and seem to offer many opportunities that individual securities do not, only the most sophisticated speculator should tangle with them. In the first place, when someone starts fooling around with puts and calls, he is dealing with the experts. In the

stock market you buy and sell to people who are as ignorant as you; in the option market the amateur can get into serious trouble. In the market one can live with his mistakes because he feels that the inherent value of his securities and the fundamental strength of the American economy will bring his stock's price back to the record peak at which he bought it. With options, there is a time limit. The firm I work for has found that 85 percent of the options purchased by our clients are never exercised, and we make it a policy to discourage people from becoming involved in that aspect of speculation.

Many people don't realize that individuals may also sell options. The return is limited, but it offers large portfolios the opportunity of receiving a high return on their capital without undue risk. Let us assume that the owner of 100 shares of American Airlines feels that although the stock has good long-term potential and is an inherently safe investment, the short-term outlook isn't too bright. Rather than sell the stock, the owner decides to sell a call on the hundred shares that he owns. If the stock is selling at \$30 per share, it is quite possible that he'll receive \$300 for a six-month call on the stock. He has now given somebody else the option of acquiring his stock at \$30 per share over the next six months, and he delivers the security to his broker. If the stock goes up, his 100 shares are called at the stipulated price of \$30. This is better than selling the stock originally because he receives the \$300 premium. If the stock stays at approximately the same price, he may retain the stock at the end of six months, along with the \$300 price for the option, and he may elect to sell another option against it. The only way the owner can get seriously hurt with this operation is for American Airlines to drop drastically. If this should happen, he would have been better off selling the stock outright.

The option seller should be concerned only with the premium being paid him for the option. The proper way to approach this is to hope that whoever it is who buys the option makes money too. The faster the stock goes up and the sooner the owner loses the stock, the happier he should be. People who sell options should merely be concerned with the high return they receive for their option and should have no desire to retain the security.

In the above example the owner of American Airlines received 10 percent on his money for six months. If he has a large enough portfolio, he can continually turn it over by buying stocks and then immediately selling options on them. The greater the amount of transactions, the smaller the overall risk, and a relatively high return on invested capital can be achieved.

(Next month: warrants, low-price stocks, convertible bonds)

THE BAD POPE

“There is no worse heresy than
that the office sanctifies the
holder of it”—Lord Acton

by Louis Kronenberger

The history of the papacy brings into play most of the history of the Western world, as it brings into the picture the greatest of warriors and monarchs, of reprobates and saints, of statesmen, philosophers, and artists. Indeed, the complete papal chronicle, with its bewildering profusion of Johns, Piuses, Innocents, and the rest, with its epoch-making edicts and dogmas, with its supremacy in spiritual matters and ambitions in temporal ones, with its display of a ring finger, a mailed fist, a fine Italian hand, outlasts any secular crown or war-won empire. Concerning perhaps a dozen Popes, a reasonably informed layman may recall a dozen or two facts and fictions; and yet, to cite one of the most famous of them, more of us, I think, remember it was the Emperor Henry IV who went as a penitent to Canossa than the name of the Pope he humbled himself before.

From the long procession, E. R. Chamberlin has written in *The Bad Popes* (Dial, \$12.50) of seven of them, and made his text pretty well bear out his title. His black list is also a rather yellowed one, containing no Pope later than the Renaissance. To a nonspecialist, his book seems rewardingly researched, objective in tone, and minimally theological in its concerns. Doubtless much that he treats of is acutely controversial; doubtless also, with some of his Popes distance lends indistinctness to the view. But Mr. Chamberlin, despite a good deal of century-hopping, has given the book both narrative appeal and ecclesiastical decor, and has de-

picted an Eternal City as a scene of eternal strife, the setting for pilgrimages and plunder, luxury and squalor, the assassin's knife and the avenger's sword.

The key to most of the book, and to most of the badness, may well be eighth-century Pepin's giving the Holy See the actual keys to some twenty Italian cities; for this, by creating the Papal States, made the Pope not just a spiritual pontiff but an extremely rich feudal lord. It thus made the Chair of St. Peter a tremendous prize for great Roman and Italian families to compete for; indeed, conspire for; indeed, commit crimes for. Out of such secular wealth grew more and more temporal power, greater and greater dynastic ambition and nepotism nest-feathering, family alliances with the reigning houses of Europe, worldly assemblages of cardinals and kings. Moreover, with a Pope crowning Pepin's son Charlemagne as Emperor of the West, and with a Pope alone empowered to crown emperors to come, the papacy wielded a club outscoring any scepter.

Mr. Chamberlin begins in the dim light and murderous darkness of the late ninth century, when in one year four Popes “scrambled onto the blood-stained throne” and tumbled off it into their graves, and when there emerged the vigorous House of Theophylact. Its vigor was woman-born, indeed strumpet-bred, for Theophylact's undomestic wife, Theodora, became the ruler of Rome, and her debauched daughter, Marozia, the mistress of a Pope, the two women's period of domination being dubbed a “pornocracy.” Theodora's clerical par-

amour she helped make John X, who proved to be a good Pope; the husband she chose for Marozia, soldierly Alberic, proved to be a good ruler. But it is Marozia alone who remains on stage into the tenth century: fierce and licentious, but smart and capable, she made the papacy and the family one. In time Theodora's paramour Pope was got rid of to make way for Marozia's son; later, Marozia's other son bade Rome rise against her most recent husband, had Marozia thrown into a dungeon, and ruled Rome himself. Stripping his half-brother Pope of all temporal power, he reversed matters on his deathbed and insisted that his young son Octavian be made prince and pontiff both. Octavian, as John XII, is the first of Mr. Chamberlin's seven Popes.

Under John's dual reign (955 to 963), Rome grew recklessly criminal, the Lateran was said to have become a brothel, and his "insatiable" sexual hunger led to his giving his women lands, lordships, and even sacred relics. As pontiff he added sacrilege to sensuality, rowdiness to irresponsibility; his life of pleasure only slowed down when Rome was faced with conquest. To survive, John appealed to the greatest leader in Europe, the Otto of Saxony who had slaughtered the Huns and now saved the Romans, and whom John crowned as the first head of that German-Italian jointure, the Holy Roman Empire. To him the Pope took an oath of fidelity, while Otto in turn swore never to usurp papal power. As soon, however, as Otto left Rome, John offered the imperial crown to Berengar, the Italian leader whom Otto had just defeated; then offered it to Berengar's son if he would free Rome from Otto's yoke. Father and son having declined the honor, John now opened negotiations with the Huns and the Byzantines. Otto, getting wind of all this, held off taking action with the statement that John was "only a boy" and with the assurance that "his sense of shame" must prevail. But when Berengar's son at length accepted the emperorship, Otto turned back to smash him; and John, as Otto neared Rome, plundered St. Peter's and fled. Otto summoned in Rome a synod of the Church to pass judgment on what had occurred: John's own priests testified to such acts of his as copulating with a niece and castrating a cardinal subdeacon. Summoned by Otto to Rome, John went out hunting instead, was finally deposed by the synod, and a new Pope was elected. But the Romans rose against the new Pope, so that when Otto left Rome, John came back to it. And before Otto's army could depose him again, he died—from being brutally beaten, it was said, by a husband he had cuckolded.

The House of Theophylact provided, some seventy years later, a second Pope, fourteen-year-old Benedict IX. As distinguished from the first one, he added "cowardice to cruelty" and infused "knockabout comedy" into his role. Rome was again

chaotically criminal, and six months after Benedict was installed, he escaped from a plot to murder him only through a two-hour eclipse of the sun. Thereafter there were further escapes; once when Benedict fled Rome, a new Pope was proclaimed, himself to flee three months later when Benedict returned. Benedict, it seems, now wanted to marry, but the girl's father forbade the match unless Benedict gave up being Pope. This he was willing to do, except for the loss of income, and to make up for it, he sold the papacy itself—to his godfather. As Gregory VI, the honest Christian godfather entered on his pontificate to face an even more anarchic Rome and to lack the money to police it; and soon an unmarried Benedict returned, assuming office, only for the Pope who had fled after three months to return also. Three Popes now sat, unable to unseat one another, so that, clamored for by the Romans, the Emperor appeared, summoned a synod, deposed all three Popes, and elected a fourth. Away goes the Emperor, back hurries Benedict, seating himself in a very wobbly Chair; back strides the Emperor, away scurries Benedict—this time forever, into the dark night of history.

A 250-year jump brings us to a conclave of cardinals who had been deliberating for eighteen months to elect a Pope. What caused the delay was that two great Roman families were fighting fiercely for the papacy—the Orsini because they had had the previous Pope, the Colonna because they had not. A fantastic compromise at last gave the tiara to Peter of Morone, a Neapolitan holy man in his eighties who lived in a cell on a side of a mountain, up which now trudged princes of the Church and the King of Naples to salute a trembling Pope, and down which he tremblingly tottered, insistent on going not to Rome but to Naples, and on living austere there. As Celestine V he was an ascetic anachronism among ecclesiastical schemers and sophisticates, and fifteen weeks after being crowned he quakingly summoned his cardinals, stripped himself of gorgeous robes, and abdicated. The great legalist cardinal Benedict Gaetani, who was said to have engineered the abdication, was now chosen Pope.

As Boniface VIII (1294 to 1303) he quickly abandoned Naples for Rome, to be installed there with magnificent ceremonial. Celestine, ordered to come back with him, made for his mountain instead, was pursued and brought back and—regarded as dangerous for possibly still being the true Pope—shut up in a fortress, but not before prophesying to Boniface: "You have entered like a fox, you will reign like a lion, you will die like a dog." Able and vigorous, Boniface became the arbiter of conflicts all over Europe, only to become a byword at home for simony and nepotism. During his pontificate he pocketed a quarter of the revenue of the

Mr. Kronenberger contributes regularly to the *Atlantic*.

Holy See; to enrich and exalt his Gaetani relations, he acquired for them cities and territories within the States of the Church. As a result, older and greater families, notably the Colonna, were deprived and dispossessed, and in turn conspired to depose Boniface. When a Colonna swooped down on a caravan of Gaetani gold, he had simultaneously thrown down the gage: the Colonna issued manifestos, the Pope bulls and excommunications. The Colonna appealed to all Christendom, stressing Boniface's tyrannical greed and ecclesiastical crimes; the Pope exonerated all who had committed crimes against the Colonna as "avengers of Christ." It grew into ferocious warfare, with the downfall of all Colonna-controlled cities except historic Palestrina: if they would yield this, said Boniface, he would pardon them and restore their dignity. They yielded it, only for Boniface to demolish it and render it "eternally barren." Thereafter, honoring the Italian proverb that "vengeance is a dish best tasted cold," the Colonna bided their time.

Arbitrating, excommunicating, aggrandizing, Boniface prefigures the great Renaissance magnificoes in his sumptuous style of living, his imparting splendor to Rome, his love for sculpture, including countless statues of himself; his feeling for art, his pungent speech, his capacity to sin, his tendency toward cynicism. "All tongue and eyes," he was deeply hated, not least by Dante; and because of his despotic methods and boundless aims, he was eventually challenged by France. To his demands Philip IV retorted: "To Boniface, who calls himself pope, little or no greeting." "We can depose you," Boniface spat back, "like a stable boy." Philip soon after called a council, extravagantly accusing Boniface of simony, sodomy, parricide, nepotism, and heresy; and in time called for a Church council to depose him. Then, one morning, with a coldly vengeful Colonna at its head, a group of armed men stole in upon Boniface's palace at Anagni, where, enthroned and crowned, the Pope met them, awaiting his death. Instead he was imprisoned and taken back to Rome, where he imprisoned himself, to die within a month, stripped of will, sunk in despair, planning insane revenges.

Several generations later, ending the era of the rich, worldly Avignon Popes, the Neapolitan Bartolomeo Orignani was elected, as Urban VI, at Rome. Fiercely opposed by France and the affluent French cardinals, himself a strong-minded but short-tempered and up-the-hard-way pontiff, he exuded recriminatory bile and bad manners. At his opening session with his cardinals, he told one to shut up, called another a liar, a third a fool, a fourth a bandit, reserving a later day for physically attacking a fifth. In retaliation a hostile French-dominated Sacred College elected the bandit, Robert of Geneva, Pope. This created the great historic schism, nationalistic rather than theological in character, and dividing Europe, and even Italy, in

its allegiances: Urban's native Naples, under Queen Joanna, became in time his most troublesome enemy. Worsening his cause by nepotism, he struck at Joanna, excommunicated her, and saw her assassinated; was soon at open war with her chosen successor; clashed and even put to the torture the cardinals of his newly elected College. Though Urban by no means lacked character or courage, his rages wiped out all show of reason, his blunders made for destructive turmoil, while his death in 1389 far from ended the schism. For now two Popes were elected to succeed him, and when the Sacred College deposed them both, it elected a third, with all three deposed in turn at the Council of Constance in 1415. Yet another was chosen who, as Martin V, restored the legitimate line.

Far more familiar to most of us are Mr. Chamberlin's last three Popes and the period they lived in, and just so they seem, despite their resplendent background, a touch less fascinating. The first of them is a Borgia, Alexander VI; the other two, Leo X and Clement VII, are Medici. With two intermissions, they wore the tiara over a period of forty-two years, the years of the High Renaissance, when their own black-marbled names were commingled with such others as Michelangelo and Raphael, Cellini and Castiglione, Machiavelli and Savonarola. The age was a great cornucopia of the arts, set flowing with Vatican gold, was a tremendous rebirth of the classics that gave the Renaissance its name, was an era when high station coalesced with high living, and when papal and palatial were synonymous. Sin, gorgeously attired, went everywhere, and so did distrust.

Alexander VI, as the "second richest cardinal," outbid his rivals for the pontificate till he owned enough conclave votes to be elected. It was afterward said that he sold the Keys, the Altar, Christ Himself, but that he no doubt had a right to, since he had bought them. But there was nothing mercantile about his personality: he could be dominating, dignified, eloquent, and had the Borgia charm. He also "knew neither shame nor sincerity, neither faith nor religion" and had a "burning passion" to elevate his many children. Moreover, along with family aggrandizement there went the family thirst for power. Mr. Chamberlin might have reminded us that perhaps the most quoted maxim of modern times stems from a great Catholic's stern rebuke of a Protestant's leniency toward such wicked Popes as Alexander. "Power," wrote Lord Acton to Bishop Creighton, "tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely." And, less well known: "I cannot accept your canon that we are to judge Pope and King unlike other men, with a favorable presumption that they did no wrong. . . . There is no worse heresy than that the office sanctifies the holder of it." Power, with the Borgias, not only

corrupted the holder of it, it was corruptly contagious, with the infamous father Alexander overborne by Cesare Borgia, the vile and nefarious son.

Meanwhile much ensued: the simoniacally elected and nepotically inflamed Alexander faced a coalition of hostile cardinals and the King of France; his favorite son, the Duke of Gandia, was murdered; the grieving father resolved to reform, but the mood passed all too soon; the affectionate father was accused, no doubt falsely, of incest with his daughter Lucrezia; until, amid other scandals and other turmoils, Cesare, who had been made a minor French duke, made of himself a fiendish Roman dictator, with money for conquest his incessant demand, and murder his favorite hobby. In time father and son fell together, both being taken violently ill and conceivably poisoned. The Pope died, and Cesare at length recovered, but a new Pope squashed his power; fleeing to Spain, Cesare died in battle there three years later.

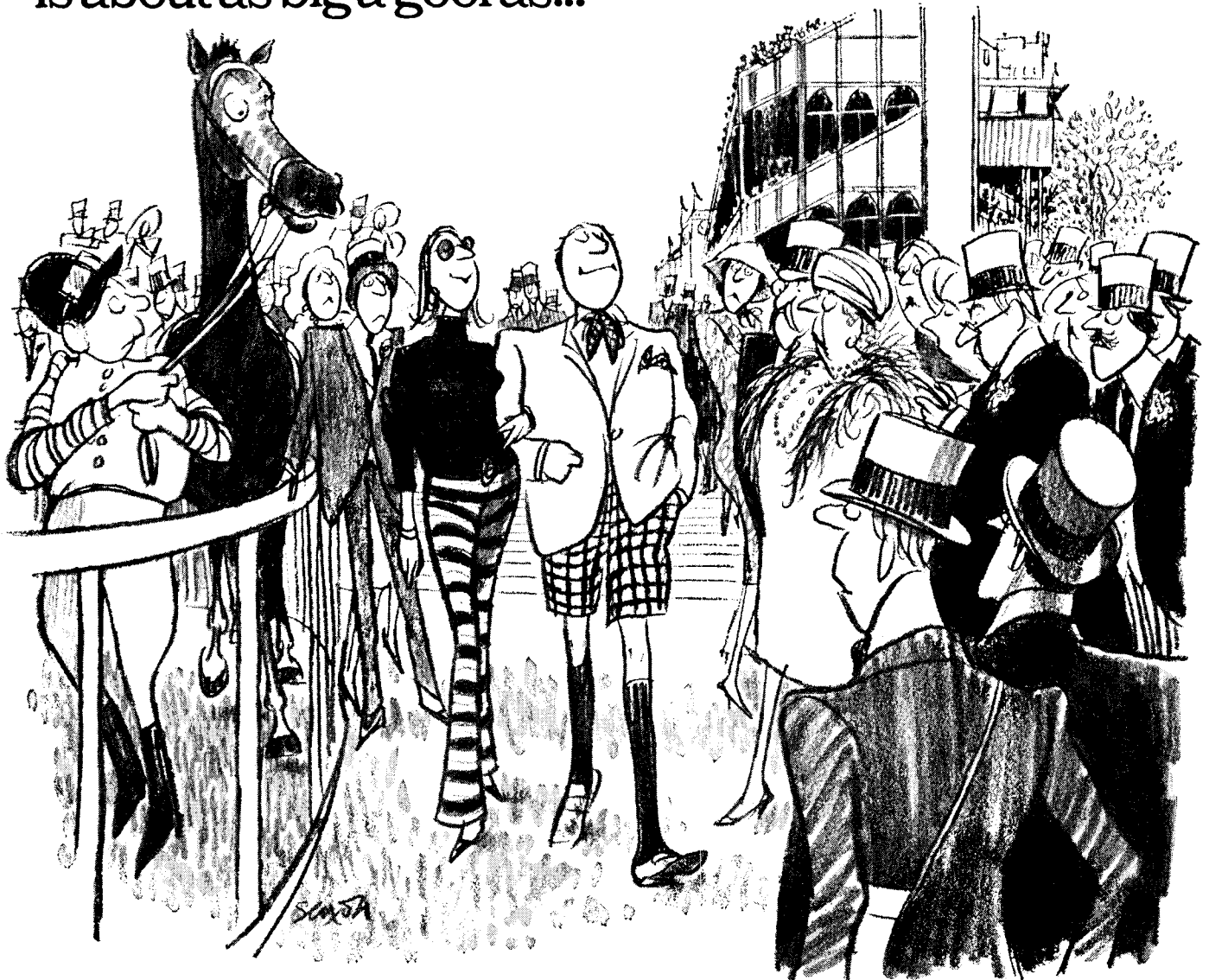
Under the Medici—Lorenzo the Magnificent's son Giovanni as Leo X and his illegitimate nephew Giulio as Clement VII—a rich and very Florentine-minded family sat high in Rome. Giovanni, who had been bought a cardinal's hat at fourteen, was spaciously, glitteringly pleasure-loving, the magnificent procession that followed his being crowned pacing his performances thereafter. No snob or tyrant, he was something of a High Renaissance playboy, exulting in grand-scale sport, living in Louis XIV-like grandeur. (At a banquet in his honor, the gold plate was tossed, course by course, out the window into the Tiber; during his pontificate prostitutes were so elegant and superior that they had their professions inscribed on their graves.) A dilettantish humanist who preferred the classics to the Gospels, Leo X jested: "How very profitable this fable of Christ has been for us through the ages!" He loved jests generally, he loved epigrams and classical ruins and art and theater and music and the Medici. In a more stable and moral world he might well have proved a powerfully civilizing influence. But in a world of treachery, he proved treacherous, twice letting sacrosanct safe-conducts be violated; in a world of cruelty, he put men harshly to the torture; in a world of vast luxury and venality, he created, at a stiff price, over thirty cardinals in one day, and raised into the thousands the salable offices in the Curia. His pontificate of "gay corruption" slighted graver matters and grim portents. Even so, with a different address, he might have left behind a less disreputable name.

Giulio became Clement VII after a long, politicking conclave during which, to spur the cardinals to action, their food was reduced each day. Clement was sober, abstemious, reputedly avaricious, Medici-minded, and extremely unpopular. "His entire pleasure," wrote the Venetian ambassador, was "talking to engineers about waterworks"; his over-

riding weakness was an incorrigible vacillation: his dragged-out handling of Henry VIII's wanting to divorce Catherine of Aragon is a case in point. With conquest-minded France and Spain at odds, and Italy their prime objective, Clement's two favorite advisers were a Frenchman and a Spaniard. Having made a secret treaty with a victorious Francis I of France, he abandoned a defeated Francis for Charles V of Spain; then, after conspiring elsewhere against Charles, he rejoined Francis, against Charles, in a holy alliance for liberating Italy. As Vicar of Christ, Clement behaved like the Vicar of Bray. What emerged from a resolve to liberate Italy was a barbarian invasion of it, followed by the Germano-Spanish Sack of Rome. While Clement stayed safely imprisoned in Sant' Angelo, Rome was scoured for its wealth and treasure, despoiled of its relics, accursed with hunger and plague, its murdered citizens flung into the Tiber, its nuns raped and auctioned off, its churches loaded with corpses gnawed by dogs. When its invaders finally left, Rome itself resembled a corpse, with the continuance of a Roman papacy a decided question mark. Clement, now at Charles V's mercy, left Rome in disguise for Orvieto, became a wanderer while all Italy was embroiled in war, and at length crowned Charles, being the last Pope to crown an emperor. For the rest, Clement finally censured Henry VIII, married a Medici niece to the son of the King of France and an alleged Medici nephew to a daughter of the Emperor Charles. It is to be regretted that he did not serve his God as he had served his kin.

Skipping across six centuries to treat of seven men, *The Bad Popes* simply leaves us, all in all, with seven portraits or careers. It provides nothing continuous or unified, and of the development and destiny of the papacy, or of the Church, or of Italy and Europe, it takes in effect seven big, flavorsome, tainted bites. Yet I found much of it not only absorbing reading matter but offering enough historical background, involved with enough historic issues, and treated with enough knowledge as well as liveliness to be more than just a papal *chronique scandaleuse*. Sulfurously lighting up its ignominious background is the endless struggle for power in Europe, with a torn, disunited Italy again and again a field of battle and a form of booty. Coexistent and kindred with this, the papacy's own craving for temporal power, and its attendant indulgences, is the real villain of the book and is hardly less the theme. In *The Bad Popes*, Church and State at odds, or Church and State as one, are ravenous to govern and grow rich. In dealing with bad Popes, Mr. Chamberlin shows no sign of personal bias, but does, to be sure, very much specialize in a particular breed—a breed that gave way, says Burckhardt in his great classic work on Renaissance Italy, to a "new, regenerated hierarchy which avoided all the great and dangerous scandals of former times." □

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The Rescue Money.**



PIT LETTER

by Tyner White

Dear K,

They are selling cheap porcelain mugs at this garage
where I stand out of change, waiting for the pump boy
to return with some dimes. I am going to put each dime
in this phone

and hope one of the numbers in my head will give me
your voice.

I hardly deserve that. I have never been deeper in grime.

The dust here is visible in the sunlight. The tiger
on these mugs, painted with some casual impressionism,
looks easy to scratch away, I could do it with my nail.

The pigment
would come off like dust — the truly commercial artist
is that frail. Thinking of the colors on these mugs
and that gingerly tiger . . . this pump boy has no dimes.
Heavy-set man wearing wire-rimmed glasses, too huge and
benign

for a punk, but not bright — like this tiger — he reminds
me

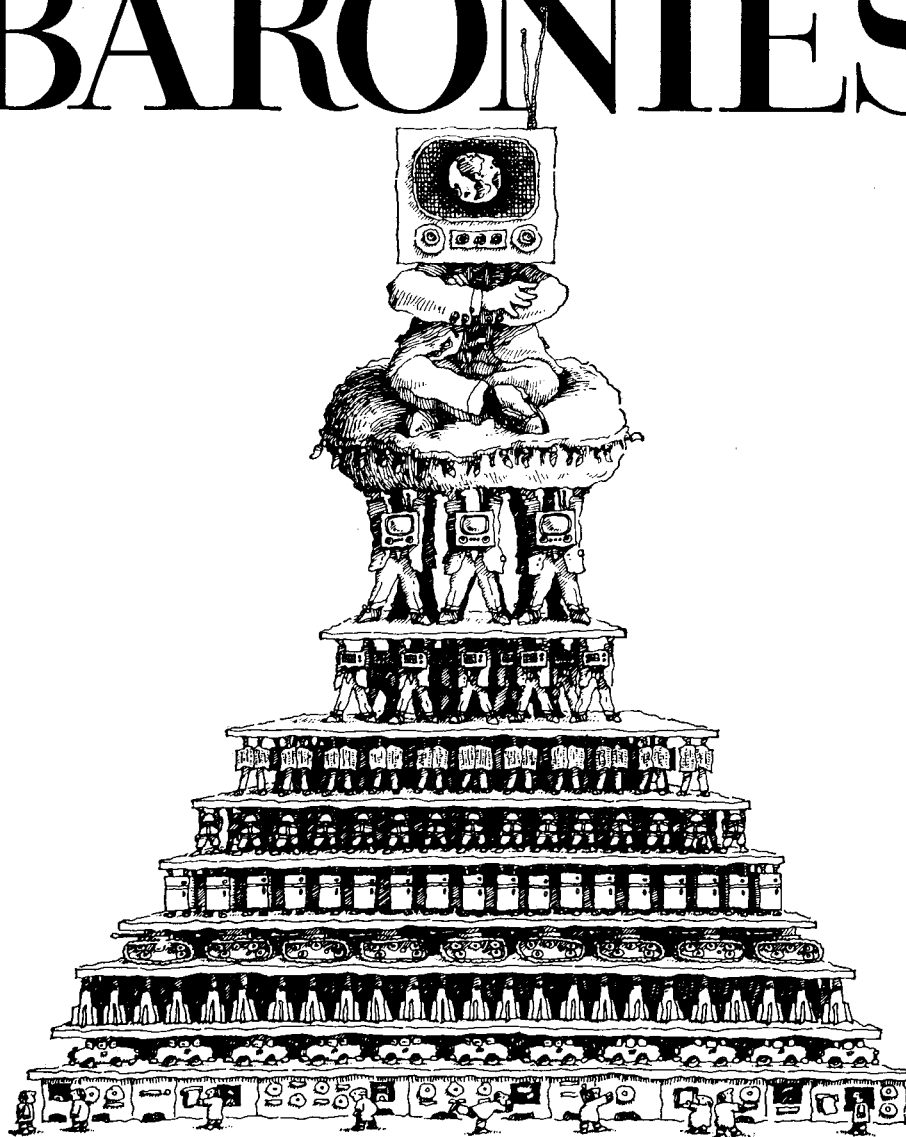
of my uncle whose friend, a huge man with a mustache
(I don't suppose I ever knew his name), gave me
the color pencil, with four shades of pastels —
orange, red, green, yellow — cool soft colors
sectioned down the lead so that I could turn the pencil
and change the hue of the line I was drawing. You expect
some play on my name here. The tiger on the mug
is done with some of those colors, and the whole thing
is the same kind of gimcrack, intended to make friends
for an oil company I suppose. I really do not know
what became of that pencil. K, what became of me?

Dear K, I constructed wonders with that pencil, poly-
chrome dreams
of enraging the world (there it reminds me of you.
What have I made of you? Your colors, flagrant, your
wild taste
in fabrics). The memory of my pencil becomes dearer
suddenly
as if I knew now what it meant, though I took little
care of it then.
In each picture I undertook the strangest economies,
as though such drawings would be few, as few as the days
I have seen you. But my pictures were so cool and so
expressive
of her worst fear that my maiden aunt flushed
and behaved like an extrusive mother to see them.
Others were likewise impressed, and I became very severe
and calculating with such privileges.

You see I knew how to tempt the world and make it love me
in the rotten way I love. Soon I was buried in its
clammy arms
as in these recollections which are only keeping me
from the phone. But how should I tell you more stories
when I have nothing to say. I shall call up all my
friends instead,
call long distance all those in the world up there
who look on with such concern at my puddle of oil
and see nothing of me except window reflections in the
plated
surfaces of this telephone, the directory in its sheath,
all the ephemeral merchandise in the garage, this tiger
which they will be deciding whether to ransom
at half-price. As I am sure you will not.
I must leave you, dear K. As above. I remain,
hopeful as ever, your lost

Joseph.

THE AMERICAN MEDIA BARONIES,



a modest Atlantic Atlas.

Being a Compilation of Data and Well-informed Conjecture concerning Some but not All Media Moguls, together with Cartographical Depictions of their Domains, obtained with Some Difficulty by the Editors.

It is, or should be, of more than casual concern who owns any city's newspaper, radio, and television facilities. In more cities than most people have realized, a significant proportion of these communications outlets are owned by one man or one company; or a major paper or broadcast facility, or perhaps both, are subsidiaries of a large national business, often one with its own other interests to serve. Ownership of media for fun, profit, and significant power is increasingly characterized by Very Big Business.

Last year, the *Atlantic* published an article by Federal Communications Commissioner Nicholas Johnson ("The Media Barons and the Public Interest," June, 1968) warning of the dangers of diminished competition in "the marketplace of ideas," and examining the "impact of ownership upon the control of media." As previously promised, we present the *Atlantic's* atlas of the men, families, and combines who dominate the newspapers, radio, TV, and other media in this country, and trace some of the developments in slowly awakening Washington since Commissioner Johnson's article appeared.

The problem of who owns what facilities for telling us what is going on, and what to think about it, takes a variety of forms. Broadly, there are five types of baronies. However, one baron may be an example of more than one sort of communication power. What follows is a description of each type, with examples. Guides to these and other baronial holdings begin on page 90. Strange as it may seem, there is no single government agency in Washington which has made it its business to assemble all of the data on the reaches of this country's most

powerful communicators in usable form. Only now, and still on an *ad hoc* basis, has there begun to be even any serious interest in the question.

The Local Monopoly

One owner may dominate a city's media. For example, one man, Donald W. Reynolds, owns Fort Smith, Arkansas's, two newspapers and its only television station. Reynolds is also an example of one man having great impact on entire regions (see page 94) through concentrated ownership of newspapers and/or broadcast properties in Arkansas and Oklahoma and Nevada. In Niles, Michigan, the Plym family owns the only daily newspaper, the only AM radio station, and the only FM station. There is no local television outlet. According to the information supplied by the FCC to the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee, as of late 1967 there were seventy-three communities where one person or company owned or controlled all of the local newspaper and broadcast outlets.

Regional Concentration

There are a striking number of areas of the country where one media baron may not have a pure monopoly, but can have an equivalent impact through his preponderant interests. A branch of the Booth family, for instance, owns a string of newspapers in Michigan and contiguous areas, as well as an important interest in the company which owns and operates the Detroit *News* and the NBC TV

and radio outlets in that city. Another branch owns several radio and CATV interests in the same region. There are separate companies involved, and the Booth family contends that they are controlled by separate and unfriendly branches of the family tree, and the FCC has accepted this rationale, but not unanimously. The owner of major news facilities in the most important city of a given state usually speaks to the state as a whole, and can constitute an enormous power in the state's affairs. The Mormon Church may be the most extraordinary example of regional power. Through an affiliate, the Bonneville International, the Church of the Latter Day Saints not only has extensive broadcast interests of its own but has negotiated a set of alliances with other Salt Lake City media owners, giving the combined group a mighty voice throughout the mountain states of the West. (The Mormons' interests are not at all confined to broadcasting. They are also reported to have holdings in a beet sugar company, a Salt Lake City department store, two Salt Lake City hotels, life and fire insurance companies, a bookstore, some six hundred farms, a real estate management company, a trucking company, sugar and pineapple plantations, three large Canadian ranches, forty mills, factories, and salvage stores, and substantial land in Florida.)

Relieved of the burdens of running the country, Lyndon B. Johnson has now had time to devote more attention to the family broadcasting collection, accumulated during Mr. Johnson's years in politics. (It was always argued that Lady Bird was the brains behind the whole thing.) The Johnsons own an AM and FM radio station and a TV station in Austin, as well as half a cable television company in that city. They also own 29 percent of a Waco, Texas, AM radio and TV station, which in turn owns a majority of the stock of a number of other radio and television stations in Texas. The former President's media baronial appetites are said to be whetted, not sated.

Multiple Ownership

Anyone who owns more than one of a given kind of medium is, at least, an absentee owner, and at most, a national power. Gannett, Ridder, and Newhouse may not be household words everywhere in the nation, but they are in political circles in Washington, and of course in the many cities throughout the country where each owns frequently the only newspaper. Flourishing publishers are often considered by Presidents to be the sorts of people who ought to be the United States ambassadors abroad. This has been more true recently of Republicans than Democrats; John F. Kennedy showed more affinity for lowly journalists in ambassadorial posts. But mighty publishers have substantial access to the White House. Mr. Nixon recently appointed Wal-

ter Annenberg to the American Embassy in London. Annenberg is the owner of two Philadelphia newspapers, and television stations in Philadelphia, Altoona-Johnstown, and Lancaster-Lebanon, Pennsylvania; Binghamton, New York; Hartford-New Haven, Connecticut; and Fresno, California. He also is the proprietor of such variegated magazine properties as *Seventeen*, *TV Guide*, and the *Morning Telegraph*, a racing daily. Queried on whether Mr. Annenberg had to divest himself of his communications holdings now that he was an official servant of the State Department, a Department spokesman said that there were no rules requiring such action and was surprised that the question should even arise.

The "Big Six"—NBC, CBS, ABC, RKO, Westinghouse, and Metromedia—are the most striking examples of multiple broadcasting power. Each of the networks, beyond their vast national impact through their hundreds of affiliated stations, owns television stations in several major cities, including the three most important television markets, New York, Los Angeles, and Chicago. There are, as Commissioner Johnson pointed out, "many implications of their power. Groups of stations are able to bargain with networks, advertisers, and talent in ways that put lesser stations at substantial economic disadvantage. Group ownership means, by definition, that few stations in major markets will be locally owned. . . . But the basic point is simply that the national political power involved in ownership of a group of major VHF television stations in, say, New York, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, and Washington, D.C., is greater than a democracy should unthinkingly repose in one man or corporation."

Multimedia Ownership

Men or companies which have collected more than one kind of communications outlet—broadcasting and newspapers and/or magazines—can show up in different sorts of baronies: one with a local monopoly; one with regional concentration; a large company with great competitive advantages and a variety of interests to be served, the public interest being of unknown rank. RCA, for example, is a single company containing subsidiary companies which own a book-publishing company (Random House), radio stations, television stations, a radio and TV network (NBC), a record company, and a major manufacturer of television sets. Time Inc., the Washington *Post-Newsweek* complex, and the Cowles Communications and the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company are all large and powerful publishing-broadcasting enterprises.

CBS is one of the more dazzling multimedia owners. Besides its network operations, it owns

television stations in five major cities, a record company, musical-instrument manufacturing companies, a book-publishing house (Holt, Rinehart and Winston), educational film producers, CATV systems, Creative Playthings toys, and the New York Yankees.

Conglomerates

RCA and CBS, of course, can also be termed conglomerates.

Conglomeration is a two-way street, and just as a number of communications media owners have used their enormous earnings to branch into other unrelated businesses, so have unrelated businesses increasingly eyed broadcasting properties as a means to enhanced power and earnings. (TV stations, on the average, earn nearly 100 percent return on tangible investment.) The worry here, as was brought out in the controversy over ITT's now abandoned attempt to wed ABC, is that there will be almost irresistible pressure and incentive to use the communications subsidiary to promote the corporate interests of the holding company. A conglomerate can be a community affair. Howard Hughes, aside from his other business interests, constitutes a conglomerate in Las Vegas alone: he owns land, hotels, casinos, an airport; and then acquired a television station there. (Having been warded off in his attempt in 1968 to purchase ABC, Hughes did acquire Sports Network, Inc., a significant occasional sports broadcasting network. The widespread assumption is that Hughes plans to build it into a rival television network. This is, by the way, an example of the frying-pan-fire syndrome of media ownership. While critics of the networks' power would welcome a rival, Hughes is not their idea of Lochinvar. On those rare occasions when a baron's holdings are challenged, it is frequently by another baron.)

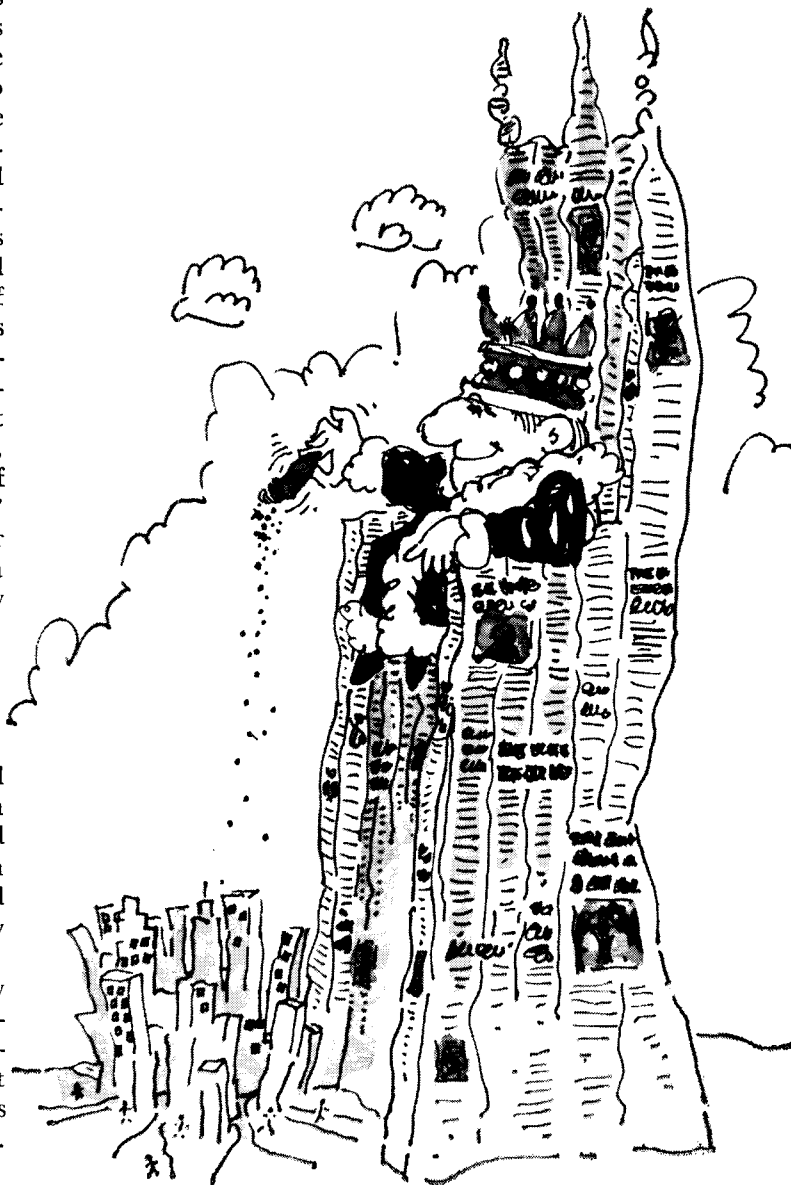
Challenges

There are, at last, some indications that official Washington has taken notice of what has been happening to the communications business and is concerned. No one anticipates that the situation will be radically different soon, but it is expected that the gobbling up of papers and channels by the baronies will at least proceed at a slower rate.

The Justice Department in 1967 became deeply concerned at the FCC's disinterest in the consequences of the proposed ABC-ITT merger; the result was the bizarre spectacle of the Department entering a case called "The United States versus the FCC" as an opponent of a regulatory agency. Ultimately, the proposed merger was dropped.

Thus aroused, the Department then proceeded

to enter into a number of other FCC deliberations: a Beaumont, Texas, newspaper owner tried to acquire a TV station in the city. Justice filed a pleading with the FCC saying that it did not believe the purchase should be approved, and asking the FCC to hold a hearing—incredibly enough, not necessarily an FCC practice in such a case—so that it could participate. After the FCC told the applicant that it intended to hold a hearing, the application was dropped. On another occasion, too, Justice felt that it had to prod the FCC into holding a hearing on a case of license renewal (usually a rubber-stamp procedure for the guardians of the public's airwaves). In this instance, the renewal was sought by Frontier Broadcasting, in Cheyenne, Wyoming, which owned the town's only two daily newspapers, its only television station, and its only CATV system. Justice further suggested to the FCC that the company should be ordered to divest some



Drawings by Larry Ross.

of these properties. The case is still before the agency. In 1963, the Gannett group bought a television station in Rockford, Illinois; in 1967, it bought the two newspapers. At the end of 1967, the FCC, as usual, renewed the TV license. Justice was so disturbed that one year later it obtained a consent decree in which Gannett agreed to divest itself of one or the other of its Rockford properties.

Despite these and other actions, the Justice Department under the Democratic Administration was less than breathtakingly vigorous in its antitrust pursuits. The new group at Justice has already shown that it would do more, in particular against the rampant conglomerates. At this writing, a major conglomerate merger involving extensive communications holdings is pending at Justice: Metro-media with Transamerica, a \$3 billion financial and real estate conglomerate. Conglomerates are unpopular in Washington these days; they have now come under the critical scrutiny of not only the Justice Department but also the Congress, the Federal Trade Commission, the Securities and Exchange Commission, and even the FCC.

The FCC's signs of life in the question of media ownership have been caused by a variety of stimulants: the Justice challenges to it to do its job, the criticism of outsiders, court rulings, and the persistent efforts of Commissioners Johnson and Kenneth Cox, and some of the Commission staff. As a result, if there is follow-through, it has taken some initial steps which could be of long-range significance. Also of critical importance will be Mr. Nixon's choice of a successor to Commission Chairman Rosel Hyde, whose term runs out this June 30, and who is expected to retire.

In perhaps its most significant move—and the first of its kind—the Commission on January 23, 1969, voted to take Channel 5 in Boston away from the Boston *Herald-Traveler*, which also has CATV interests, and give it to an independent group which filed for the license. Since then, competing applications have been filed in the cases of a few other renewals.

In March, 1968, the Commission proposed a new rule to prohibit in the future any single entity from having an interest in more than one broadcasting property in a single community. In August, the Justice Department proposed that the rule be broadened to include consideration of ownership of a newspaper and broadcasting property in the same community, and asked the FCC to consider ordering divestiture of excessive interests when the broadcast license came up for renewal, as all do every three years. The ruling is now only under consideration, and it can take the FCC years to decide whether to issue such a policy, and then of course it can get overturned by Congress. Some-

times the Commission does not wait for Congress to vote to prevent its issuing a new rule; mere sounds of displeasure from important congressmen can be sufficient to persuade the Commission to retreat. As of now, comments on the new rule have been filed, and it is up to the Commission to act.

In late March, the Commission ordered hearings—that is, withheld routine approval—on the renewal applications for TV stations owned by the Chronicle Publishing Company in San Francisco, and by Midwest Radio-Television, Inc., in Minneapolis, controlled in turn by two supposedly rival newspaper publishing groups, Cowles and Ridder. In San Francisco, there were questions of concentration of control raised before the Commission, but also charges that the television had “managed” news programs for the larger corporate benefit, in particular the coverage of newspaper strikes and consolidation of the newspaper business. In Minneapolis, in addition to owner concentration, there was a charge to the Commission that the station had used its newspaper connections to secure radio broadcasting rights for professional sporting events in the area. At the same time, the Commission proposed a new rule which would make it substantially more difficult for the public to participate in license-renewal proceedings.

In 1967 and 1968, the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee, headed by Senator Philip A. Hart (Democrat, Michigan), held extensive hearings into the interlocking ownerships of the communications media, and its seven-volume transcript provides ample ammunition for opponents of the media barons. The takeoff point for the hearings was legislation introduced in Congress, the so-called “failing newspaper” bill, to permit joint operating agreements between a city's newspapers, one of which is deemed to be “failing.” Under such agreements, the newspapers' owners might agree to fix advertising prices, and pool profits, and agree not to compete any further for circulation.

Hart's hearings were effective in killing off such legislation last year. In March of this year, the United States Supreme Court sustained an antitrust judgment against two Tucson, Arizona, newspapers which had established such “failing newspaper” joint operating agreements. The Court ruled that the “failing newspaper” doctrine could serve as a defense only if it could be shown that the paper was about to go out of business, and there was no other purchaser available. Forty-four newspapers in twenty-two other cities have joint operating agreements, a number of which could now be covered by the new decision. However, several congressmen rushed to introduce new bills to overturn that decision.

THE TELEVISION OVERLORDS

At the apex of the television structure are the network overlords, CBS, NBC, and ABC. These three networks dominate television as General Motors, Ford, and Chrysler control the fortunes of the automobile industry. For the American public, television is network television: the program it watches on the screen typically bears a network stamp. For the owner of the local station, whether baron or serf, the prime source of economic affluence is affiliation with a network. Next to the FCC license, his most treasured asset is the network contract. In the national television power game the local station is a pawn, or at best a knight.

For example, NBC, in unity with its parent, RCA, decided in the mid-1950s to upgrade the size of the markets in which it owned stations. This plan served both the manufacturing interests of RCA and the broadcast interests of NBC. Inconveniently, Westinghouse, a rival in the equipment field, owned an NBC-affiliated station in Philadelphia, close to a central RCA complex. Westinghouse was told that if it wished to continue its affiliations with NBC, it must transfer its ownership of the Philadelphia station to the network and accept in its place the NBC station in Cleveland, a \$3 million cash settlement, and a less desirable market. After an agonizing internal struggle, Westinghouse succumbed. The FCC, which had conducted a thorough investigation disclosing the coercive tactics, shrugged its shoulders and concluded that if Westinghouse, a giant in its own right, "agreed," the FCC had no choice but to approve the transfer. Subsequently the Justice Department and the federal courts invalidated the transfer and the FCC ultimately required that NBC return to Cleveland, and Westinghouse regained its station in Philadelphia. Westinghouse, it

should be noted, is the largest of the non-network multiple owners.

While there is now and then private grouching among affiliates, direct confrontation on general policy by an individual or group of affiliates, when it occurs, is kept within definite bounds. The areas in which there is occasional dissent have to do with network compensation payments, the amount of commercial time adjacent to or within a network program permitted the affiliates, and sexy programs.

The national media market in which television is pre-eminent is a network domain. The networks create a national audience for advertisers. Each network produces or selects a program schedule for nationwide distribution; each selects for affiliation approximately 200 local stations in as many cities, reaching into practically every television household; each rents interconnection facilities from the Telephone Company to transmit simultaneously to each affiliate the programs and advertising messages which originate largely in Hollywood and New York; each network determines the time at which such programs will be broadcast locally; and finally, each network contracts with national advertisers through advertising agencies to defray the program and time costs and supply the advertising "plugs," and these monies the network shares—unevenly—with its affiliates.

Except for news, public affairs, and sports, the overwhelming proportion of network programs are not produced by the networks, but the networks acquire rights from program packagers, TV film companies, and feature-film distributors. These suppliers engage in intensive competition to persuade the three overlords to look favorably upon their works—pilot programs and story lines into which they have sunk tens and hundreds of thou-

by Hyman H. Goldin

sands of dollars—and to bless them with network acceptance. Not surprisingly, allegations of abuse abound.

The tangible result of this complex of technical and economic arrangements is that for a single Wednesday hour, 9 P.M. to 10 P.M., advertisers pay the networks roughly \$950,000 for a total of 18 minutes of advertising participations (6 minutes per network). Payments by advertisers for the network participations are not publicly disclosed, but the trade publications occasionally disclose so-called price lists used by networks in negotiations with advertising agencies. In addition to the network commercials, “nonprogram” matter includes promotional announcements, credits, public service spots (for example, the anti-cigarette ads), and commercial spots inserted locally by each affiliated station.

Advertisers compete for this opportunity because they are assured that over 32 million television homes (out of an industry estimate of 57.5 million TV homes) are tuned to the network programs during the hour—and to the accompanying commercial messages.

The overwhelming proportion of potential viewers in the other 25 million TV households are not using their sets because the family members are not at home, are engaged in other activities, or are not interested in any of the programs televised. Only a small percentage of the public during prime time tunes to the non-network programs beamed by unaffiliated stations (usually in the score of major metropolises where there are more stations than networks).

The networks play a dual role in the system: they not only control network program production or selection and network distribution, but through their owned stations in the larger markets control network program exhibition for some 25 to 30 percent of all TV homes. In the three most important centers—New York, Los Angeles, and Chicago—only the networks themselves through their owned stations broadcast network programs.

Two financial yardsticks of network dominance are their shares of industry revenues and profits. Of the \$2.275 billion television revenues recorded for 1967, 53 percent (\$1.216 billion) went to the three network overlords, including their 15 owned stations. The remainder was shared by 604 other TV stations. Similarly, of the industry’s profits, only slightly less than 40 percent (\$160 million) went to the three network organizations.

Among the overlords, CBS and NBC are more equal than ABC. The Big Two lead in ratings, full-time affiliates, and profits. Financial figures for the industry are published annually by the FCC, but without disclosing individual network or station expense. However, a highly regarded and generally accurate trade-press newsletter (*Television Digest*) has published this “secret” information. The

figures for 1967 revealed that ABC lost \$17 million on its network operations, and received only 8 percent of the combined network and owned-station profits as contrasted with CBS’s 48 percent and NBC’s 44 percent.

Network Operations: 1967

	CBS (millions of dollars)	NBC	ABC
Network revenues (before federal income taxes)	\$362	\$327	\$264
Network profits	42	31	(17)
Owned-station revenues	95	95	73
Owned-station profits (before federal income taxes)	35	40	29
Combined network and owned-station profits	77	71	12
Percentage share of network and owned-station profits	48%	44%	8%

(*Television Digest*, vol. 8, no. 19, May 6, 1968, p. 1.)

The above figures do not include revenues that networks gross from other television activities. For example, after programs have exhausted their network runs, high-rated series (for example, *Perry Mason*, *The Flintstones*, *Gilligan’s Island*, *The Munsters*, *I Love Lucy*, *The Twilight Zone*, *Route 66*) are sold market-by-market to any station that will pay the price (affiliated or not) as “syndicated” programs. The networks also sell their series to television authorities in other countries, and because costs have been recovered from domestic sales, they are competitive with lower-budgeted foreign productions. Not only do the networks dominate the U.S. television program market, they are also an important source of popular American TV programming on world television.

The network system creates rich rewards not only for the overlords but for the constituent affiliated stations. Indeed the mutual interest of the networks and the affiliated stations in the system explains the vitality and durability of the network institution both economically and politically. A station can plug into a network line and receive a daily stream of programs having broad appeal to its public. Of course each station also includes in its daily schedule programs which it produces or acquires from non-network sources: notably news, weather, and sports, films produced for TV (distributed by independent syndicators as well as by networks), and feature films.

The network pays the affiliate somewhat less than 30 percent of the gross charges for broadcasting the program. In addition, the station is permitted by the network to sell a prescribed amount of commercial time within and adjacent to the

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network programs, the proceeds from which it does not share with the network. In a large market a single 20-second "adjacency" will bring \$1000 to \$1500, because the network program has created a mass audience for the station. It is no wonder that when a station sells for \$20 million or more, the tangible property may be valued only at \$2 million whereas the primary asset is the network contract. Several of the media barons, including Westinghouse, Time Inc., and Corinthian, have sought to persuade the Internal Revenue Service, the tax courts, and the federal judiciary that the network contracts should be eligible for amortization, thus reducing the annual tax obligations of stations they bought.

Only in the largest markets do unaffiliated stations—and usually only one such independent station per market—reap the fullness of the television bounty.

From the early days of broadcasting, the power of the network "chains" has troubled Congress, the FCC, and the Justice Department as well as disaffected elements within the industry. Various network investigations and hearings have led to restrictions: a network organization may not own or operate more than one network; it may not option the time of its affiliates; it may not contract for more than a two-year term; it may not control the rates charged by affiliates for non-network times; and it may not prevent an affiliate from contracting with more than one network. And, of course, it may not own and operate more than seven AM radio stations, seven FM radio stations, and seven television stations of which no more than five may be VHF stations. These and other network rules and regulations have corrected the grosser abuses of network power.

But network dominance persists. It persists because network service is integral to the nation's broadcast service and has been so recognized by Congress and the FCC. It persists because network service enjoys overwhelming public acceptance. A network commands talent and resources immeasurably greater than those available to any single station or groups of stations.

Networks are the source of *Laugh-In*, *Bonanza*, *Mission Impossible*, *Mayberry RFD*, *FBI*, *Be-witched*, the Bob Hope specials; of coverage of professional and college football, the World Series, the Olympics, political conventions, presidential campaigns, presidential messages, the daily news, space flights, United Nations debates, congressional hearings, and unscheduled "special events." Much of this would not otherwise be available with anything like the immediacy and thoroughness that network economics makes possible.

Earlier, the same three networks, CBS, NBC, and ABC, dominated radio. Ultimately their control was undermined, not by governmental actions, but by changing technology. Popular recordings

gave stations an alternative and competitive program service. Concurrently, the superior television medium captured the night-time audiences, the prime target of network advertisers.

If networking in television is changed in the future, the cause will be technology and not governmental intervention. A prevalent myth is that if networks were licensed or directly regulated by the FCC, they would become significantly more responsive to the public interest. The truth is that most network practices are within the purview of existing FCC authority. This is particularly true because each TV network owns stations which are licensed. In some areas, the network acts "as if" it were licensed by the FCC. For example, a complaint of unfairness lodged against a network program need not be pursued with each of the 200 affiliated stations that may have aired the program but with the network that originated it.

Technological changes in the offing could alter the present network system. For example, when a satellite-to-home service becomes economically feasible, network overlords could reach the public directly without the assistance of local affiliates. This would undermine most of the television barons and, at least initially, further strengthen the power and profitability of the networks. However, if enough channels were available for satellite-to-home broadcasting, or if by governmental decree use of the available channels were required to be leased on a common-carrier basis (or even rationed), other national program suppliers could compete with the networks. Conceivably, the networks could slip from being overlords to being merely greater barons than any current counterpart.

Alternatively, if all homes were connected by cable—as is technically feasible and not impossible economically within the next two decades—the networks could rent national channels and reach directly into all homes. Such a system would open a larger number of other communications channels to competing program suppliers.

In the long run, television audiences could become as fragmented as radio audiences, and TV network dominance would wane.

Challenges are also posed by the advent of subscription television and the introduction of the EVR (electronic video recording). Neither is an immediate threat to the networks. Furthermore, if subscription television should prove popular, the networks have made explicit that nothing would prevent their entry into that field; while the EVR, the visual counterpart of the stereo record, is an invention of CBS.

More likely during the next five years is the appearance of a fourth network to compete with, and share the profits with, the other three. As experience in radio suggests, this will be a change without a difference.

Travels in Medialand

When Lord Thomson, the Canadian-born doyen of British press magnates, acquired the rights to television in Scotland several years ago, he proclaimed that he now possessed "a license to print money." The same can be said of the communications industry in America today. With a very few exceptions, newspapers in this country have never been so prosperous. "It's like stealing," one contented newspaper publisher remarked to us recently. "And the more monopolistic newspapers get, the healthier they have become economically." There ought to be some happy consequences for the public as a result of this trend; there is at least the possibility. New York media broker and consultant Vincent J. Manno argues, "Group ownerships invariably have the financial stability to maintain editorial independence of the printed word, and thereby enjoy the potential to serve the general community."

Broadcasting is different. Though the public "owns" the airwaves, a small number of persons who hold the federal government's franchises to broadcast reap heavy profits from the money advertisers pour into TV and radio broadcasting (some \$3.2 billion last year). All but the UHF channels and, of course, the educational TV stations, are automatic moneymakers, and small radio stations that rent the air with inanities send their owners well-laden to the banks.

It is no wonder that such operations, with their almost certain profits plus their prestige and their immense power to inform or misinform or omit to inform, are among

the most desirable, most sought after properties in the world of business. In setting out to assemble a modest *Atlantic Atlas* of some of the more important of the individuals and some lesser-known communications combines, we found who owns what, where? to be only a part of the question. More difficult, it became apparent, was the question, who owns what, when?

The whirlwind velocity with which the larger combines recombine and split, enter and break off engagements, couple, reproduce offspring, contrive advantageous liaisons between progeny and distant cousins, and otherwise besport themselves in what sometimes seems like a corporate bacchanalia, has made it difficult for us to keep pace with all of it long enough to get it down on paper. A recent issue of the breathlessly phrased *Gallagher Report* suggests the timber of media-baron mating calls:

"TIME-LIFE BROADCAST MARCHES ON. President Wes Pullen plans to increase subsidiary's \$22 million revenues via expansion of tv production facilities. Sets up production centers in Grand Rapids, Denver, San Diego, Indianapolis. Wants to sell second Time-Life Nature series to networks, educational films, tv commercials, special events (a la Indianapolis 500 race coverage for Goodyear Tire & Rubber). Company to capitalize on 11-million-foot backlog of March of Time film. Re-edit for production of historical documentaries. Wes has 14 CATV outlets threatened by

multi-media ban. Manhattan Cable Television makes slow progress—has mere 10% of estimated 300,000 potential homes. Pullen lost out to Post-Newsweek Stations chairman Larry Israel in race to acquire Miami ABC-TV affiliate WLBW."

It is all pretty hectic—and heady—stuff. When we began assembling the *Atlas*, we were able to draw on obvious sources for details about the "public" companies. Officers of a few of the privately owned baronies, like John Cowles, Jr., of Minneapolis, were helpful in providing data. But for persons engaged in the craft of informing, most media barons are surprisingly uncommunicative about the size, extent, and income of their suzerainties.

The *Atlantic* tested various methods of ascertaining such facts—our researchers have consulted the source books (*Editor and Publisher*, *Standard & Poor's Indexes*, *Television Factbook*), authorities in the field, and finally, the companies themselves. No two sets of findings matched. Telephone calls to staff personnel produced quite different details and statistics from personal letters to heads of corporations. The media baronies are so big, so fluid, so upwardly, inwardly, outwardly mobile that they themselves don't seem to know how big they are on a given day. It must be stated, accordingly, that the information presented here is current and complete as of the time we went to press only insofar as the media barons' own Domesday Books are current and complete.

Legend



Newspaper



Magazine



Radio



Television



CATV



Book
Publisher

Time Inc. (black)

Almost everyone has heard of *Time*, the weekly newsmagazine, and of *Life*, *Fortune*, and, perhaps, *Sports Illustrated*, published by the same company. But not everyone knows that Time Inc. is also a major broadcaster (with a large quota of TV and radio stations in lucrative markets), a purveyor of teaching machines, a book publisher, owner of thirteen CATV systems (including one that serves the lower half of Manhattan), a big shareholder in MGM, a papermaker, owner of some 600,000 acres of timberland, and a part owner of media in South America, West Germany, Hong Kong, and Australia. *Life*, a \$160-million-a-year enterprise, has been regrouping of late to extend its lease on life as a mass magazine in the age of TV—not an easy thing to do. For the first quarter of 1969, Time Inc. reported a loss of \$300,000 (less than the combined salaries of its chairman of the board and president), and the stock tumbled from an Olympian 100 into the 60s. But the outfit is rich and diversified. Last year's revenues: \$567,811,000. Recently it bought thirty-two neighborhood newspapers in the Chicago area, is looking for more newspapers to buy, is thinking about starting new magazines on food and TV. Where it all will end knows Mammon.

Cowles Communications, Inc. (red)

Look magazine is the big moneymaker for Cowles Communications—it accounted for 61 percent of the company's total revenues last year. But Cowles Communications is also into other magazines (*Family Circle*, *Venture*), business and trade publications, newspapers,* broadcasting (in Des Moines, Memphis, and Orlando, Florida), books, foreign publications, and a three-dimensional printing process, and some of these efforts at diversification—notably the young Suffolk (Long Island) *Sun* and the XOGRAPH three-dimensional printing process—operate in the red. Cowles's revenue last year was \$164,959,000, but it came out with a net loss of \$972,000 (down from 1967's net loss of \$3,478,000).

If anything happened to *Look*, Cowles Communications would be in trouble. According to Cowles Communications' annual report, "because of increased costs, [*Look's*] profit in 1968 was less than in 1967. The Magazine had only a slight gain in advertising revenue. . . ." But the report

pooh-poohs some "typical" stockholder questions ("how does the demise of the *Saturday Evening Post* affect *Look* and the magazine industry?") with uplifting statistics and commentary: "In the last five years, advertising in the leading consumer magazines measured by the Publishers Information Bureau has climbed over 28% to a dollar total of \$1,196,055,761. In the same period, circulation for these magazines increased by approximately 19%. . . . The *Post* was in ill health, not the magazine business. . . ." Cowles Communications is headed by Gardner ("Mike") Cowles; it is the only one of the three Cowles baronies to be held publicly. (For the others, see p. 92.)

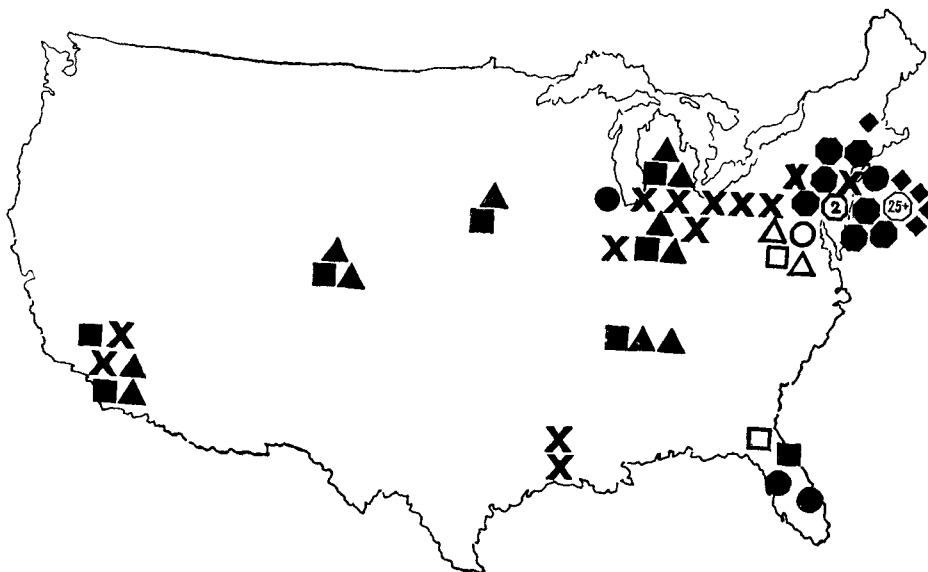
*Not shown here is an Ocala, Florida, newspaper and printing operation, the remnants of the Perry newspaper group. In April, Cowles agreed "in principle" to pay Perry an estimated \$4.8 million worth of Cowles common stock for the properties.

Washington Post—Newsweek (red outline)

The Post Company, owner of the capital's leading paper, the *Washington Post*

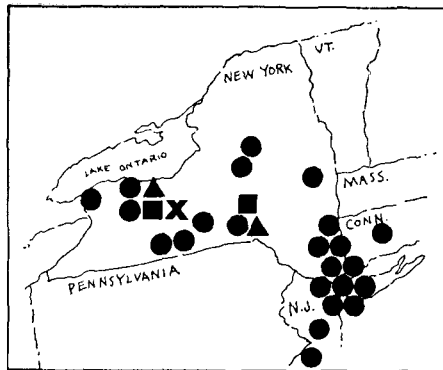
(daily circulation: 479,644), and *Newsweek* (worldwide circulation: 2,571,480), is a streamlined instrument of national influence. Its chiefs, the late Eugene Meyer, the late Philip Graham, and the former's daughter and latter's widow, Katherine Meyer Graham, have built their empire with an emphasis on quality rather than quantity. They have not, however, neglected to acquire milch cows which keep the farm profitable; the Post Company owns the CBS outlets in Washington, D.C.—WTOP-TV and WTOP-AM and FM, and the Jacksonville, Florida, CBS television outlet as well.

There are other pursuits: *Newsweek*, Inc. publishes *Art News*. The Post Company and the (Los Angeles) Times-Mirror Company operate a successful news syndicate; the Post Company is one of the three owners of the International *Herald Tribune* in Paris (these two interests are not shown on this map). The company's current figure for "consolidated revenue" is "in excess of \$100 million." The *Post* aspires to reach, and if possible, pass, the New York *Times* in prestige. *Newsweek* has been bothering stomach linings at Time Inc., and Mrs. Graham, very much the boss-lady, gets invited to all the best parties—Nixon's as well as Capote's.



Gannett

As the Gannett Company puts it in their 1968 annual report, "A major advantage enjoyed by the Company over all but the very largest single newspapers lies in corporate size sufficient to maintain production staffs able to evaluate new production methods. . . ." He who is big need never be small. Gannett now owns thirty dailies and nine broadcasting stations (soon to be eight) in six states, growing out of Frank Gannett's chain of upstate New York newspapers founded in 1906 (shown here, with a few surrounding properties). Recent expansion has been consummated with gusto: Gannett bought the nine Macy chain papers in New York's Westchester



and Rockland counties in 1964; Cape Kennedy, Florida, area newspapers and radio stations in 1965 and 1966; a group of Illinois newspapers in 1967; and early this year the San Bernardino, California, *Sun* papers (the seller was the Los Angeles *Times*; price: \$17,700,000). The *Wall Street Journal* reports that Gannett has agreed to pay an estimated \$15 million in cash and securities for two Pensacola, Florida, papers in the old Perry chain. Total daily circulation for Gannett's papers: 1,315,663. 1968 revenues were \$123,738,688; net income was \$8,624,451. Competently edited, generally with a Rotary-Kiwanis conservative bent, the Gannett chain is today run by Paul Miller, once Washington Bureau Chief of Associated Press.

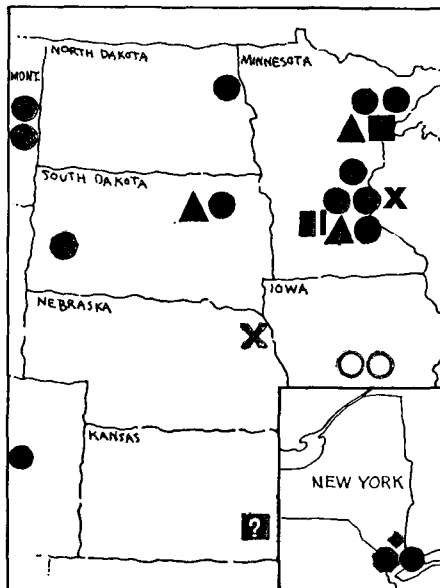
The Minneapolis Star and Tribune (red), the Des Moines Register (red outline), Ridder (black)

To state the links and the distinctions between the several enterprises controlled by members of the Cowles family is not to say what they mean. For the record, Cowles Communications (see page 91) is to be distinguished from the Des Moines Register and Tribune Company, and both are to be distinguished from the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company. In fact, Gardner Cowles, chairman of the board of Cowles Communications (which owns the CBS radio-TV outlets in Des Moines), is president of the Des Moines Register and Tribune Company; his brother, John Cowles, Sr., is chairman of the boards of both the Des Moines Register and Minneapolis Star and Tribune Companies, and the latter's son, John Cowles, Jr., president of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, is a member of the board of directors of the Des Moines Register and Tribune Company. As John Cowles, Jr., puts it,

Because the Des Moines Register and Tribune Company and the Gardner Cowles Foundation, Inc. (of Des Moines, my Grandparents' charitable foundation) each owns more than one percent of the stock of Cowles Communications, Inc., and of Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, the FCC apparently considers the New York, Des Moines and Minneapolis companies to comprise a single "group" of interests. This FCC definition is perhaps responsible for the erroneous pub-

lic impression that the three companies are managed by some single, over-all, holding company or trust. Except for the overlap, however, of my Uncle Mike [Gardner Cowles], my Father and me with respect to Des Moines Register and Tribune Company, the editorial and business managements of the three companies are separate and unrelated.

The Des Moines company publishes the



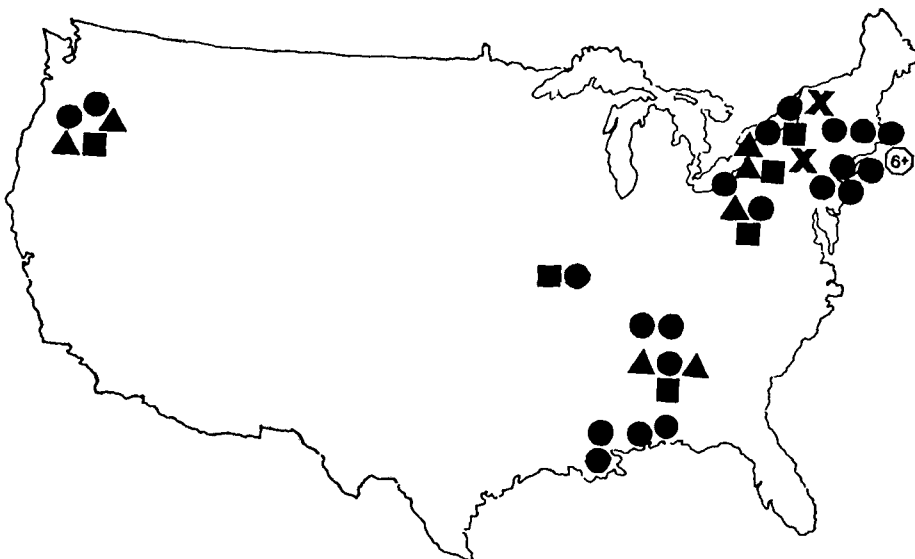
morning Des Moines Register and evening Tribune and a Sunday paper. Though financial statements are not made public, the annual revenues can be estimated at over \$25 million.

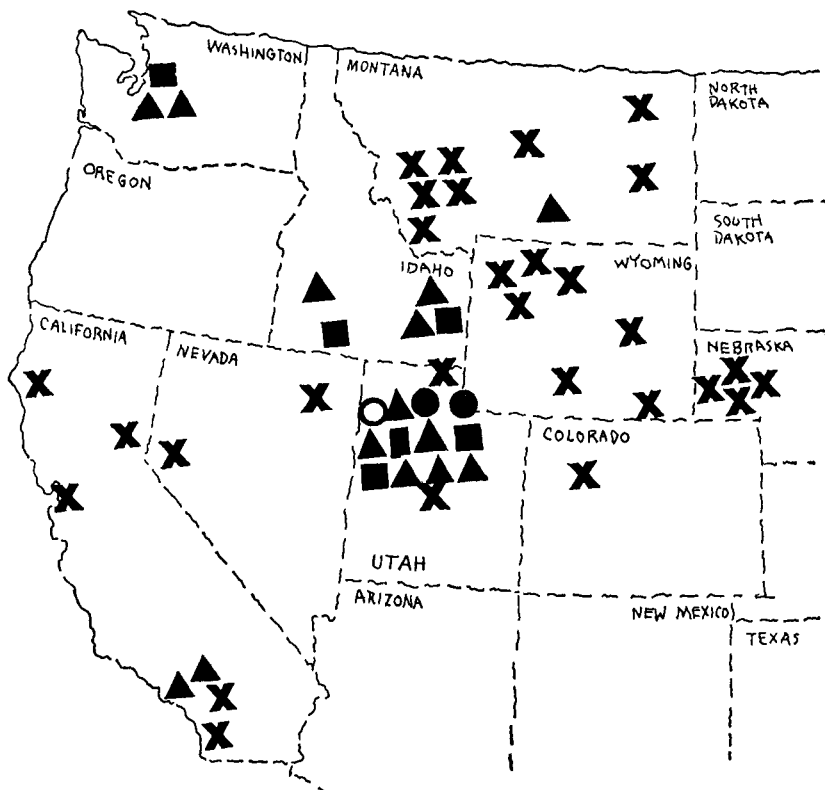
But up in Minneapolis, things are more complicated. The Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company (annual revenues: over \$50 million) owns Harper's magazine in New York (through a wholly owned subsidiary, Harper's Magazine Inc.), newspapers in Montana and South Dakota, a CATV system in Nebraska, a television station in Kansas (which the company is trying to sell to Gaylord of Oklahoma; see page 94), as well as the Minneapolis morning and evening newspapers. What is currently concerning the FCC is the question of "concentration" arising from the fact that the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company owns 47 percent of the operator of Minneapolis-St. Paul's CBS radio and television outlets; the controlling 53 percent is in turn owned by the publisher of two St. Paul newspapers, namely the Ridder family's Northwest Publications, Inc. through a company called Mid-Continent Radio-Television, Inc. (which in turn is partly owned by another company called MTC Properties, Inc., which in turn is a non-Cowles stockholder [14.7 percent] in the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company. Phew.)

The Ridder family has other broadcast and newspaper interests from the Midwest to the Rockies, publishes sixteen papers in California and the Journal of Commerce in New York. The Ridder people did not respond to our request for a ball-park figure on company's dollar volume; an informed guess at the Ridder interests' worth is \$100 to \$150 million.

Newhouse

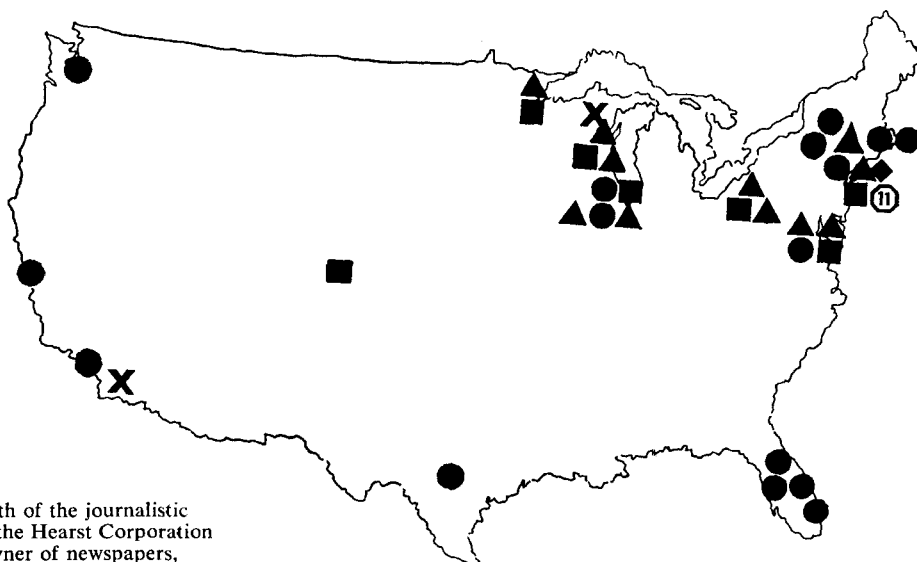
Samuel I. Newhouse is nothing if not acquisitive. His empire of twenty-plus dailies has undergone electrification (television and radio properties, some of them in cities where Newhouse also owns major newspapers [Portland, Oregon; St. Louis, Missouri; Syracuse, New York; and Birmingham, Alabama] and a collection of nine CATV systems) and beautification: Vogue, Glamour, Mademoiselle, and House & Garden lead Newhouse's magazine chain. Syracuse is the traditional seat of the Newhouse barony, but his influence is national, if not too frequently exercised. (As is the case with many of the larger groups, the chain's endorsement of LBJ in the 1964 election was a rare show of unified editorial policy.) Long green, and not newsprint, is understood to be the preoccupation of the Newhouse barony. An estimate of the outfit's worth: \$200 to \$250 million.





Bonneville International, affiliated with the Mormon Church (red); Kearns-Tribune (red outline); and Glassman-Hatch (black)

Three Salt Lake City baronies which are engaged in a variety of joint enterprises dominate the state of Utah with their newspaper, broadcast, and cable television interests, and dominate as well the microwave systems which connect cable TV and broadcasting outlets all over the Rocky Mountain states. The group owns important broadcast properties in neighboring states, and Bonneville, the Mormon Church affiliate, also has an estimated \$20 million (just under 5 percent) interest in the Los Angeles *Times*. God is very much alive, and on the air (but not in Salt Lake City, tax-exempt). Here are some guesses about the three outfits' value: Bonneville: \$60 to \$75 million. Glassman-Hatch: \$15 to \$18 million. Kearns-Tribune: \$12 to \$15 million.



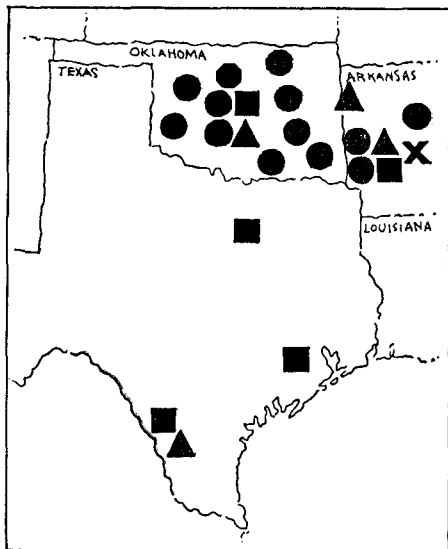
Hearst (red)

No longer the mammoth of the journalistic jungle of earlier days, the Hearst Corporation is still an important owner of newspapers, magazines at home (*Harper's Bazaar*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Town & Country*, *House Beautiful*, *Popular Mechanics*) and abroad, radio and television properties, and a newspaper feature syndicate. One center of Hearst power is Baltimore, where it owns the evening *News-American* and the NBC radio and TV affiliates. Total daily circulation for eight newspapers: 1,851,012. William Randolph Hearst, Jr., doesn't like to talk about money, but our research suggests that the corporation is worth \$250 million; one estimate of Hearst's gross sales figure for 1968: \$500 million.

The Chicago Tribune (black)

A mighty fortress is the *Chicago Tribune*, a bulwark of *ancien régime* conservatism never yielding. Colonel McCormick, creator of "The World's Greatest Newspaper," is gone, but the men who command his caissons go rolling along. If the *Tribune* weren't the circulation leader in Chicago and surrounding suburbs (805,924 daily), and if the *New York Daily News* (which the Tribune Com-

pany now controls) weren't the nation's largest circulation paper (2,102,655 daily), television and radio properties in these top markets would help; the Tribune Company owns them anyway. An afternoon Chicago paper, *Chicago Today* (née *Chicago's American*), broadcast interests in Minnesota, Colorado, and Connecticut, CATV systems in Michigan and California, and newspapers in Florida constitute the Tribune Company's outer barricades. The Tribune Company is worth something in the \$250 million range, say men in the business. One assessment of its 1968 gross sales: \$300 million.

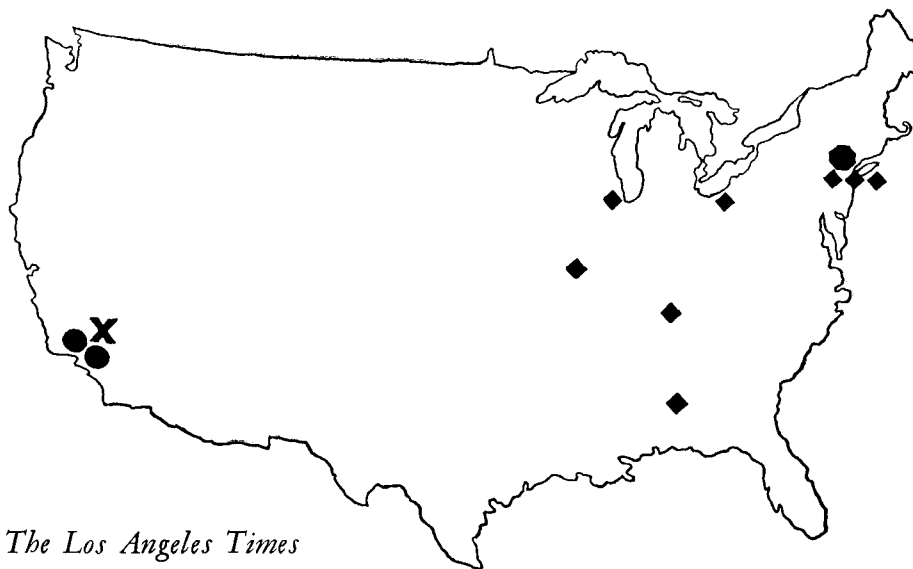


Gaylord (black)

At ninety-six, E. K. Gaylord is a prototypical regional press lord. His Oklahoma Publishing Company owns the state's most influential and profitable newspaper and TV properties (as well as television stations in Texas, Wisconsin, and Florida), and is wont to employ them as weapons of war against legislation he dislikes (the Great Society's Model Cities program) and politicians he opposes (Oklahoma's liberal former senator Mike Monroney).

Don Reynolds (red)

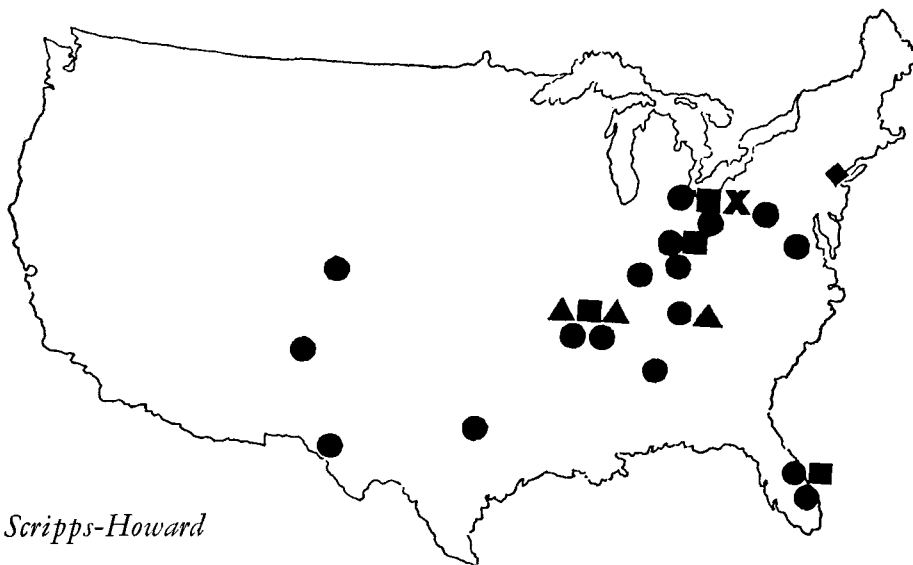
Don Reynolds' headquarters are in Arkansas, where he owns newspapers, radio and television outlets; his Donrey Media Group spreads westward and follows patterns of regional concentration: ten newspapers in Oklahoma, radio-television combinations in Laredo, Texas, and (not shown here) Reno and Las Vegas, Nevada, and a scattering of newspapers in California, Washington, Nevada, and Hawaii. Invoking limits on what publishers call "the people's right to know," Reynolds and Gaylord are closemouthed about their fortunes. Some insiders' guesses about the worth of the two baronies: Reynolds, \$30 to \$35 million; Gaylord, \$60 million. Last year, we were reliably told, Gaylord grossed about \$33 million.



The Los Angeles Times

The Chandler family is one of the most formidable institutions in Southern California, and their *Los Angeles Times* is the most powerful paper in the West (daily circulation: way ahead of all competition in California at 958,124, and rising), and not at all shy about exercising its considerable (generally Republican) influence. It is also, perhaps, the most improved American newspaper of recent decades. That would satisfy most publishers, but the Times-Mirror Company's interests have spread eastward and

northward to include a trail of book publishers (including one important one, NAL-World), *Popular Science* magazine, joint ownership of the L.A. Times-Washington Post News Service, and a forest-products operation which yields the *Times* the paper it's printed on. Times-Mirror's 1968 net income from operations, on revenues of \$353 million: \$24,197,000.



Scripps-Howard

Scripps-Howard's chain of sixteen daily newspapers in major cities now reaches a circulation of 2,248,267. "Annual revenue from all sources" for the newspaper company "exceeds \$250 million," according to company president Jack R. Howard. Sources of the income include United Press International (E. W. Scripps Co. owns 95 percent), news syndicates, and the *World Almanac*. In the cities of Cincinnati, Cleveland, and Memphis, where the E. W. Scripps Company has a predominant position in newspaper ownership, its publicly owned kinsman, the Scripps-Howard Broadcasting Company, owns television properties.

Scripps-Howard Broadcasting's annual report for 1968 noted a year of "turmoil, tensions and taxes"—an apparent reference

both to national and to industry unrest—but was able to report net operating revenues for the year of \$22 million and net income of \$4.9 million. Jack Howard cited as one source of trouble "an accelerating trend of actions and proposals by the FCC which would change long-standing historical patterns of ownership in the broadcasting industry to promote affirmatively a wider diversification of control" of the mass media. He advised stockholders, "We are hopeful that industry efforts to reverse this trend will be successful, but we feel that our stockholders should be aware of the situation." There are clouds in mediamland.

ARTS & LETTERS:

THE ANATOMY OF MYTHOLOGY

by Carter Wilson

THE RAW AND THE COOKED
by Claude Lévi-Strauss
Harper & Row, \$10.00

Two young anthropologists I know are doing fieldwork with some (presumably) lapsed headhunters in the Philippines. They wrote to me the following:

We were working on a tale which described how our tribe became separated from another tribe. When we had taken down the story, I asked if everyone believed it. "No," they said, "that's all lies from our ancestors, just like *your Bible*."

Not knowing the headhunters, I can't quite imagine where they could have gleaned such a fine insight into the way we modern Westerners have fallen away from our own myths.

Though our best writers, including Joyce, Eliot, and Lowry, try to breathe new life into myth for us, we are unwilling to let ourselves be played upon in the dangerous depths of our experience where myths strike people. Instead, we examine and we analyze. Hating codes and symbols, we seek to break them as fast as we can, since once we have broken the code, we have defused the bomb and it cannot harm us. Most people learn to recognize meta-

phor in poetry and to say "That's a metaphor," which translates as "I have enclosed a dangerous thing in a glass bell and we are safe from feeling anything about it."

But though we have culturally deprived ourselves of our own myths, the mythmaking function remains a special and important activity of the human mind. Unsurprisingly, social anthropology's most renowned living theoretician, Claude Lévi-Strauss, has turned from the contemplation of the social structure of primitive peoples to a three-part consideration of myths.

Denying the old functional and moral-code theories of why myths are born, Lévi-Strauss asserts that myths are the most free and spontaneous inventions of the mind. Having no other subject matter, myths are the mind's picture of the mind. And if Lévi-Strauss can find limits on the patterns myths take, he can find limits on what the mind can think of itself. His latest book translated into English, *The Raw and the Cooked*, continues a hunt begun long ago. Once again, the huge intellectual machinery of Lévi-Strauss's own invention, Structuralism, is rolled out to capture the elusive mind of the savages.

Lévi-Strauss understands the two great difficulties presented by any mythological study. Of all the utterances people make, their myths are the most deeply encoded, the most arcane. Myths come in a language of pure symbol, what Lévi-Strauss calls "emphatic" language. He quotes Plutarch, who likened myths to rainbows: the sun's rays are variegated by reflection through a cloud into the hues of a rainbow: a cultural doctrine (somewhat akin to one of Jung's racial memories) is variegated by the prism of the human mind into myths.

The other difficulty, also understood by Plutarch, is that myths affect the hearer on a pure level of consciousness—somehow in the way music (and, I would add, dreams) affects him. At least in *The Raw and the Cooked*, Lévi-Strauss absents himself from the felicity of considering the effect of myths on the listener. As a scientist, his job is not to give us the experience of primitive myths a believer would have, but to produce a dispassionate logical analysis of them.

Imagine, then, Lévi-Strauss as a scientist who starts with the rainbow as evidence—187 differently shaded myths, most of them from tribes in

The Anatomy of Mythology by Carter Wilson	95	The Lucky One by Robert Evett	107
Bobby Books by Elizabeth B. Drew	98	More Sad Young Men by Dan Wakefield	108
Ashes to Ashes by David Daly	101	Short Reviews: Books by Phoebe Adams	109
The Peripatetic Reviewer by Edward Weeks	104		

Atlantic Monthly Press books



In a career spanning five decades, more than 75 books, and every literary form save verse, **J. B. Priestley** has always dodged the grimmest form of success—being taken for granted. No new book of his in years has been more of a surprise than his latest.

How lucky that this protean creator, at the age of 74, should cheerfully have embarked on a big picaresque novel like **THE IMAGE MEN**. It is a satiric panorama of present-day English society, as seen and exploited by two vastly engaging desperadoes, Dr. Owen Tuby and Dr. Cosmo Saltana (for profiles see the jacket of the book). Their adventures pose one of the staggering questions of modern times: Is the image taking over the man?

As these "middle-aged, bibulous, and modestly lecherous heroes" (*The New Yorker*) cast their net of schemes and manipulations wider and wider over English life (ultimately involving the Prime Minister along with the Leader of the Opposition), one becomes helplessly fond of them.

Iris Murdoch has called *The Image Men* "a very clever and funny book," and the Literary Guild has made it an alternate selection. We publish it with pride and (J.B.P.'s favorite word) delight.

THE IMAGE MEN

by J.B. Priestley

\$8.95 at your bookstore

LITTLE, BROWN

Brazil. He will conduct these various hues back through a cloud, the prism of the human mind, and will reproduce the light of the sun, a major event in the culture-history of the people. The particular event Lévi-Strauss seeks to derive is man's acquisition of culture—fire and cooked food, and agriculture—the event which separated man from the natural world, and an acquisition he paid for with his immortality.

Before describing the merits of Lévi-Strauss's new method of working, we should recall the familiar ways that myth has been dealt with. Most of us accept a functional approach. The mythology of a people explains how they got to a certain condition: since our God is a good God, we have the Garden of Eden myth to explain why He would force us to the dreary task of living by the sweat of our brows. Myths are lumped into functional classes and put aside by anthropologists who recognize that the internal patterns of any mythology are the least available artifacts of the culture. Most investigation reaches some enlightening conclusion like: this is a Navaho creation myth, that is a Netsilik one; they are quite different, but then cultures are also different.

Lévi-Strauss has been applauded by anthropologists because Structuralism has shown them how to turn around within the small corner they had painted for themselves. Before Lévi-Strauss, ethnography had become a highly sophisticated, descriptive enterprise with only one serious injunction: you should describe exhaustively, but do not impose "meaning" on what you see. The result was usually a linear and displeasing collection of facts. Without seriously controverting the encomium, Lévi-Strauss took a series of logical "structuring" devices from linguistics and used them to find internally coherent patterns and to give order, richness, and "structure" to the bundles of facts ethnographers had meticulously collected.

Exactly how he does his structuring has been kept a trade secret, because few people have really understood it, and because the method itself is incredibly complex. Some people smarter than I am doubt that Structuralism is a scientific method at all, since only Lévi-Strauss seems to know how to play by its eccentric rules.

Without repeating a Lévi-Strauss argument, I shall try to give some idea of the way he works. Imagine a myth as a picture on a plastic sheet. Lévi-Strauss takes a stack of these and holds them up to the light. If the forms and the clear spaces generally correspond, he declares the myths to be about the same subject, regardless of differing details. For example, in my tribe we believe fire was given to us by the jaguar, and that man's loss of immortality came from intermarriage with jaguars. In your tribe you believe cultivated food was a gift from a supernatural opossum, and that man's immortality was lost through coupling with opossums. In Lévi-Strauss's analysis of our various myths, the details—jaguars, fires, opossums, and agriculture—lose importance. The two mythologies are *structurally* the same once a transformation is made: by the medium which gave us culture (fire and cultivated food), we both lost our right to live forever.

Though the Structuralist sometimes overlooks details to prove one point, he may also turn around and stress small matters to prove another. Lévi-Strauss willingly connects two otherwise disparate myths on the basis of a single shared detail, or even on the more tenuous ground that two myths *lack* the same detail.

The mind at play with the data is an attractive one. Lévi-Strauss can hold in his head more possible mind functions than most of us can—reasoning by contraries, free associations, transformations, sets, so-called "chromatic" thought. In wresting significant patterns from myths, Lévi-Strauss operates as widely and as freely as we must individually when we try to dope out our own dreams. When I remember that in a dream I was either very brave or very cowardly, I have to think about why I'm currently fixing myself on the courage scale. If I dream about an ancient man and a young child, I am at least worrying about mortality. A dream about a Tinker may also be about Evers and Chance.

Despite all of the excellences, there is also a good supply of slimflam in what Lévi-Strauss does with myths. Many of his associations and sets cannot really be proved, and the towering structure rests on way too many shaky sticks. In the interpretation of one myth, for example, he notes that "... the opossum per-

The personal diaries of America's leading foreign correspondent—

an uninhibited record of private conversations,
indiscreet gossip, and monumental goofs
of the most influential men and women of our time.

C. L. Sulzberger is *The New York Times* foreign correspondent, author of the widely syndicated column *Foreign Affairs*. In the course of his distinguished career, he's seen more history in the making than any other newspaper man of our time. He's been on intimate terms with kings, diplomats, presidents, prime ministers, military brass, and global VIPs. In his official capacity Sulzberger reported the news that was fit to print. But he jotted down his own private observations and impressions in his diaries. These diaries are the guts of history, going behind the headlines with the man who wrote them.

EISENHOWER: "Lunch with Eisenhower today and then we played golf. Afterwards in the locker room he was saying rather regretfully, 'Anybody is a damn fool if he actually seeks to be President.'"

MacARTHUR: "His personality makes one of the most charming first impressions I have encountered... What he had to say is a curious cocktail of earnest, decent, hopeful philosophy: a certain amount of long-range thinking and a good deal of highly impractical poppycock."

DULLES: "Moscow. I was sitting quietly, reading a paper, when John Foster Dulles came along, nudged me, and suggested we go for a walk. He reached into his pocket and drew out a paper. It was marked Secret. 'Read this,'

he said, 'and be careful to give it back to me personally this evening...'"

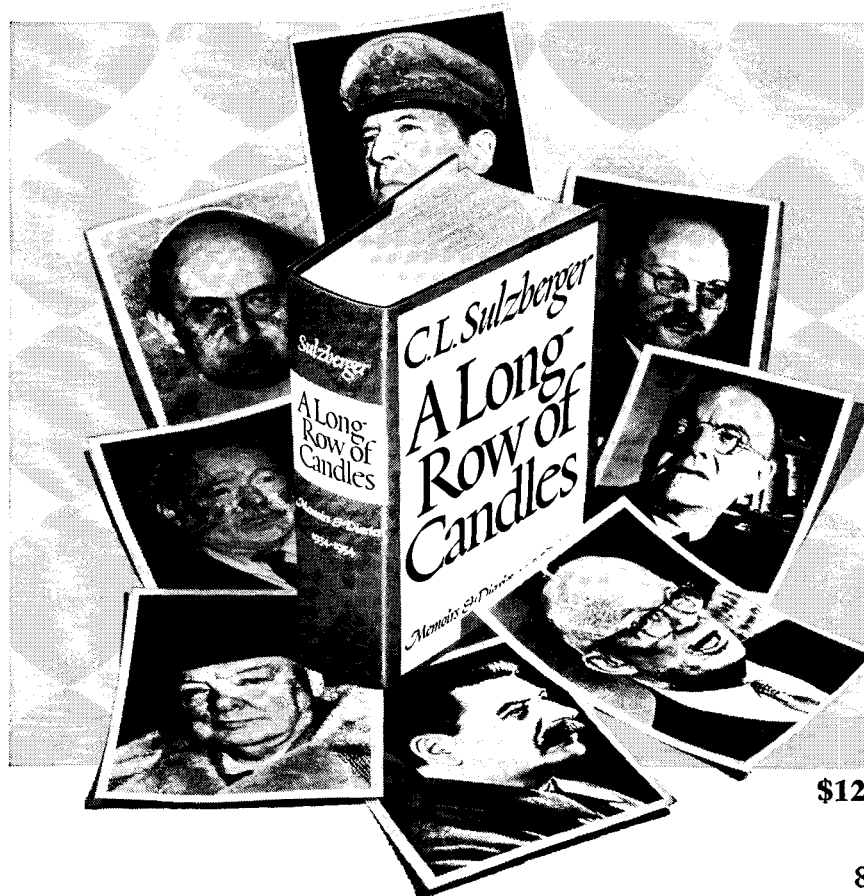
KING FAROUK: "So greedy that, although he needs no money, he is publishing phony memoirs (ghost written by an English publicity agent). Despite his lusty reputation, Farouk is almost impotent. He has an extensive and foul collection of movies and pictures."

STALIN: "Stalin told Harriman there was only one man who could unify China and that was Chiang Kai-shek."

POPE PAUL: "This morning I had a talk with Monsignor Montini (later Pope Paul VI) who serves as the Pope's (Pius XII) acting Secretary of State. The Pope is reputed to be somewhat autocratic in this field and has not appointed a successor to his last secretary, a cardinal who died almost six years ago. Montini is young and only a bishop and thus the Pope can dominate him. He is a small slender man with thin features and delicate white hands."

HEMINGWAY: "During the war... Hemingway used to wander around with two canteens strapped to his belt. One was filled with gin and the other with vermouth. Whenever there was a quiet moment, he would haul out a battered tin cup and suggest, 'Let's have a martini.'"

CHURCHILL: "Churchill was propped up in bed... The first thing he did was ask me if I wanted a whisky and soda (this was 11:30 a.m.)... He said Russia fears our friendship more than our enmity."



A Long Row of Candles
Memoirs and Diaries, 1934-1954
by **C. L. Sulzberger**

\$12.50 • A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
866 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

sonifies a kind of anti-agriculture which is at one and the same time pre- and pro-agriculture." Well—maybe.

Though Lévi-Strauss conceives of himself as a scientist, I find him more of a Mannerist, an intellectual descendant less of Bacon than of Montaigne. The similarities are striking. Montaigne never feared contradicting himself and saw no reason to make his thinking regularized. Lévi-Strauss writes about presenting a "constellation" of myths which he can tie to one another only with various tentative logical links. Montaigne would have liked the image. It is hazy and smoky enough to satisfy his sensibility. The seigneur proclaimed his book of essays *was* himself, a mirror of all he knew to exist, a single mind which was, alas, fickle and changeable. Lévi-Strauss says his book is not only about myths, it is itself a myth. At bottom, he has only applied one human mind to the consideration of the human mind in general. (This last thought, in translation, comes out in a sentence which is characteristic of Lévi-Strauss's brevity and clarity.)

What matters is that the human mind, regardless of the identity of those who happen to be giving it expression, should display an increasingly intelligible structure as a result of the doubly reflexive forward movement of two thought processes acting one upon the other, either of which can in turn provide the spark or tinder whose conjunction will shed light on both.

It is strange to think that Montaigne met some Indians from Brazil who knew some of the myths Lévi-Strauss analyzes. Montaigne learned three things from them, but later could only remember two for his essay on cannibals. Mannerists of any century believe, finally, in the existence of their own minds. They find the world chimerical and shadowy and do not like it much. They retreat to the safety of their own good gray matter more quickly than an interpreter of the minds of others should.

Lévi-Strauss says that believers of a particular mythology, like speakers of a language, are too deeply involved in the subject ever to analyze it correctly. I think belief is so meshed with mythology that analysis by a nonbeliever will always be not only inadequate but wrong. But

then my only alternative to Lévi-Strauss is methodologically sloppy: it demands you let your mind float downstream.

Doing fieldwork with Tzotzil Indians in Chiapas, I sometimes felt I understood a myth. Once we were drunk and sitting on a hill above a village, and I asked why one of the two village churches was abandoned. I was told that San Sebastián, who was a shepherd, lived in that church

long ago. But one day he got his sheep together and got on his horse and went away, so no one tended his church. Then his brother, San Juan, invited him to come back and live in the larger church, so he did. I looked at the two buildings, we had another drink, I watched the sheep pulling grass along the ruined walls, and the story seemed a more than adequate explanation of the situation before us.

BOBBY BOOKS

by Elizabeth B. Drew

85 DAYS: THE LAST CAMPAIGN
OF ROBERT KENNEDY
by Jules Witcover
Putnam, \$6.95

THE UNFINISHED ODYSSEY
OF ROBERT KENNEDY
by David Halberstam
Random House, \$4.95

ROBERT KENNEDY: A MEMOIR
by Jack Newfield
Dutton, \$6.95

It was only a matter of time before the shelves would begin to fill with books about Robert Kennedy. Kennedys, as everyone in the communications business knows, are a hot item; the reader interest, unquenchable. See any magazine stand in any given month. In the case of books, the only thing that stands in the way of the deluge is the possible sense of proportion and decency on the part of the publishers or those who knew a Kennedy.

Thus far, the memory of Robert is being better served than was that of his brother. As far as can be determined now, we are to be spared the memoirs of nannies, secretaries, or drinking companions. Someone, somewhere, may well be setting down for history the story of Bobby and Brumus, the most famous of his dogs. After all, we had *John F. Kennedy: Man of the Sea*, so anything is possible.

Since Robert Kennedy died, three books by writer-journalists have already appeared. There are at least five other books about him on the way: by Theodore Sorensen (the Kennedy legacy); Milton Gwirtz-

man and William VandenHeuvel (the Senate years); Peter Edelman (the legislative process, with emphasis on the view from Kennedy's office); Frank Mankiewicz (Robert Kennedy and the press); Ed Guthman (Robert Kennedy). There will be two others, not in the category of biography, both of them begun well before 1968, and one of them only by tragic circumstances relevant to last year's events: Fred Dutton, Kennedy's wise political adviser, on the new politics; Victor Navasky on the Justice Department when Kennedy was Attorney General. There are also the books that were written about Kennedy before 1968, but things, and he, changed too much for them to be of much long-range value. The office of Senator Edward Kennedy is wisely turning down applicants now for the role of the youngest brother's Boswell.

Of the three books about Robert Kennedy which have been published thus far, the first two, by Jules Witcover and David Halberstam, grew out of the campaign and their coverage of it, and are largely limited to that period. Witcover's is a thorough account of the Kennedy campaign by one of the most competent political reporters in the country. (As is usual with political reporting, there is little about the campaign except as seen from the trail. What was Kenny O'Donnell up to? What overtures were being made to labor, to Mayor Daley? What was in those delegate counts that were so carefully compiled in the L Street headquarters in Washington, and how were they put together?)

Halberstam's is a thinner book about Kennedy and the campaign, but highly perceptive about the Kennedys and the sixties. He captures the "arrogance" of the New Frontier, and the fact that after Robert Kennedy turned to politics:

In a sense there were not just two political parties in America in the sixties, but really three—the Democrats headed by Johnson, the Republicans, and the Kennedys. . . . With their power and their ability to attract intellectuals the Kennedys so dominated the young leadership of the party that anyone else virtually had to fall into their orbit. . . . But that slot which Robert Kennedy held as the youthful, attractive figure challenging the old order was one which would exist without him, it was a natural vacancy. . . .

The third and most recent book, by Jack Newfield, was begun in 1966 as a more reflective inquiry into the makeup of the man and his ideas. While it would be nice to be able to anoint one of the three as the only one worth reading, this can't be done. Robert Kennedy was a complicated man, one who was still changing at an age when most men had long since defined themselves, introverted and gregarious, private and startlingly open, tough and vulnerable, sad and gay, arrogant and unassuming. It will be difficult for history to get him straight. Even his contemporaries, including those closest to him, saw in him different things. All of these books will help the Bobby phenomenon to be understood, at least from the point of view of those who were moved by it.

In Jack Newfield's *Robert Kennedy: A Memoir* there is more than has yet been written, and perhaps will be, about the evolving Kennedy, the one who could begin as an enthusiastic (Joe) McCarthyite and end as the most insistent voice in politics that we could be better; the only one, in the view of very many, who might have put this shambles of a country back together again. Newfield spent a good deal of time with Kennedy and was on to him, and his description of what was happening to him in the last years, the most important ones, is sensitive, original, and on point.

These books will probably not be, to use a too appropriate word, acceptable to the legions of Bobby-haters, for they are not neutral. They

convey, in fact, why to so many Robert Kennedy up close was so different from Robert Kennedy the public politician. All three of these men are serious professionals, yet all three suffered the same objectivity loss that did most people who spent a great deal of time around Kennedy, including most of the press corps on the last campaign. This in itself is an important clue to the man. As Jules Witcover put it, "He was a political figure, a candidate for the Presidency, but also for many of them, particularly those in the Washington press corps, he was a contemporary coming of age in comprehension of the nation's political experiences they had shared with him." Halberstam, an honest man, is explicit about the danger of intimacy with Kennedys. The Kennedys, he writes, "inhaled people; thoughtful journalists and intellectuals who could not be bought in the real sense were taken over by the Kennedys and the glamor. They became too close, they went regularly to Hickory Hill, saw only what they wanted to see." There was a feeling among journalists that "one had to go all the way with them."

All three writers seem to reach a point every once in a while where they decide it is time to lob a criticism, and then they hurry on. Newfield goes particularly soft in his coverage of the campaign. The appeal to law and order in Indiana is glossed over, the blame laid on the staff. When Kennedy, during the "debate" with McCarthy in California, suggested his opponent wanted to "take 10,000 black people and move them into Orange County," he was conducting a philosophical discussion of the relative merits of integration versus rebuilding the ghettos. Newfield is thirty-one, a founder of the SDS, a Jewish boy from Brooklyn, a writer for the *Village Voice*. The first time he met Robert Kennedy, Kennedy was Attorney General and Newfield was picketing him. Newfield's Kennedy read Camus and the *New York Review of Books*, admired Phil Ochs, and wanted to meet Bob Dylan. That he also accumulated pop singers and athletes and dilettantes and watched television fades from the picture.

There has always been a particular tendency among writers to describe Kennedy in terms of their own relationship with him, and

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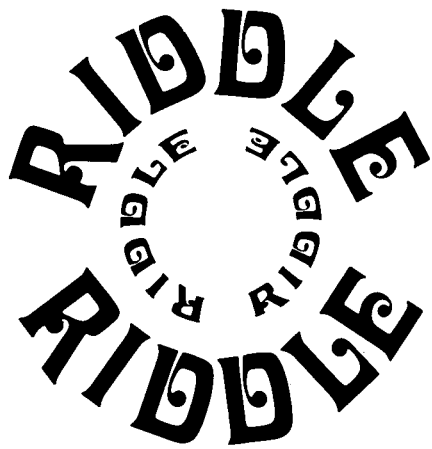
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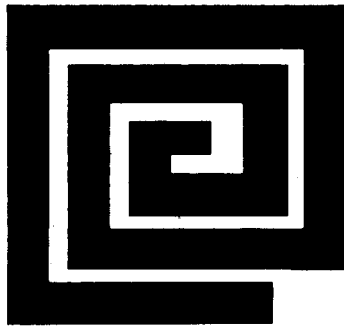
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there is in these books, with the exception of Witcover, more than many of us want to know about what the writer said to Kennedy, what the writer felt about this or that. Yet Kennedy was a peculiarly anecdotal politician, most revealing when he was most natural, and that was usually offstage. That he was one of the funniest men in politics comes through, even though his humor is not easy to describe, and could be misunderstood. He was no storyteller. Kennedy's was a humor of context, appealing particularly to the writers because he understood the absurdities of politics. There was the time in an Indiana hotel when Kennedy was called from the shower to take a telephone call. Soap in his eyes, towel around his waist, he walked through the room where some aides were working: "Make way for the future leader of the free world," he said. Or the story famous among the press corps about the line from George Bernard Shaw with which he consistently concluded his campaign speeches, the line also a signal to the press that it was time to close the notebooks and hurry. Standing in a downpour in Omaha, Kennedy raced through his speech and concluded: "As George Bernard Shaw once said—Run for the buses."

The particular value of Newfield's book is his tracing of the changes in Robert Kennedy. In perhaps the best chapter in the book, "Kennedy's Politics: Beyond Liberalism," he offers the novel thesis, which is none the less plausible because it fits Newfield's own politics, that it was *because* Kennedy began as a conservative that he could emerge as such a contemporary politician. He escaped the traps of American liberalism because he had never been a liberal. He had formed no crippling alliances with stultified unions and passé civil rights leaders; he had not committed himself to the idea that a Washington bureaucracy was the answer to all problems; he hadn't been there when Hubert Humphrey and the ADA were fighting what was then seen as the worldwide Communist threat. He was an "intuitive" politician, "existential" even, one who learned and changed from what he saw. "More than any other conventional politician—and that's all he was," Newfield writes, Robert Kennedy "was attuned to

[the] convulsive changes" in American life. "He did not approve of them all, he did not understand them all; but he knew they were happening, he was groping for their meaning, and he was open to their potential."

There are, in Newfield's book, again because of his access, a number of revealing glimpses of what Kennedy really thought. Of New York State politicians: "You know, there aren't ten politicians in the whole state I like and trust." Of liberals: "These New York liberals are sick. They're not doing any work. They spend their time worrying about not being invited to the important parties, or seeing psychiatrists, or they are bored with all their affluence." Of his famous meeting with President Johnson after Kennedy had, he thought, received one of those peculiar diplomatic phenomena of the Vietnam War, a "peace feeler": "He was very abusive. . . . He was shouting and seemed very unstable." On hearing Arthur Levitt, New York State comptroller, suggested as the Democratic candidate for governor: "He's constipated! He's an accountant! He puts me to sleep! Is that what the New Frontier means to you? Arthur Levitt?" On hearing that Eugene McCarthy might enter the 1968 presidential race: "I don't believe it. He's not that sort of fellow. And if he does run, it will only be to up his lecture fees."

All three books document the case that Kennedy had decided to enter the presidential race before the New Hampshire primary. They give us the post-California strategy and suggest that he might well have made it at Chicago (and after). Halberstam is a bit more explicit than the others about the differences over strategy within the Kennedy organization between the younger and the older advisers, the old and the new politicians. It would be good to know more about the changes in the mind of Robert Kennedy, how it happened, for this was the most interesting thing about him, but there might be no one now who could write it completely. Adam Walinsky, who, to the distress of the older associates and Joseph Alsop, may have influenced him more than anyone else in the last years, could tell us something perhaps.

Whether Kennedy might have

been, as Newfield believed at the end, the only political leader who could have pulled the country together, or, as was also possible, and minimized in these books, a highly divisive figure, we shall not know, and the historians will only be guessing. But it is well worth understanding, in terms of what is now going on in this country, what Newfield felt as he stood by Robert Kennedy's casket:

Now I realized what makes our generation unique, what defines us apart from those who came before the hopeful winter of 1961, and those who came after the murderous spring of 1968. We are the first generation that learned from experience, in our innocent twenties, that things were not really getting better, that we shall *not* overcome. We felt, by the time we reached thirty, that we had already glimpsed the most compassionate leaders our nation could produce, and they had all been assassinated. And from this time forward, things would get worse: our best political leaders were part of memory now, not hope.

ASHES TO ASHES

by David Daly

THE FOUR-GATED CITY
by Doris Lessing
Knopf, \$7.50

With her new book, Doris Lessing has completed her big novel cycle, *Children of Violence*. It is clear now that in her major fiction Mrs. Lessing has made a statement of what life has been like for thinking people in the Western world at mid-century. Further, through the central character of the series, Martha Quest, and primarily in *The Four-Gated City*, she has created an image of freedom from this life that seems truly radical. Mrs. Lessing's new book is principally about the process of developing within oneself the capacity for a new way of living, while at the same time one continues to live and work within our society. And she concludes that this process is possible, at least for some, even if, as she anticipates, our world descends into cataclysm.

Shortly before she died, Katherine Mansfield discovered an image for

her own life and the kind of life that seems to come with adulthood to nearly everyone: "a river flowing away in countless little trickles over a dark swamp." Time and time again the events of Martha Quest's life are capable of evoking this image. But this is much more true of the earlier volumes of *Children of Violence* than of the new book. Martha spends four volumes growing up in Central Africa; *The Four-Gated City* begins with her arrival in London at the age of thirty and follows her through almost twenty years to the present. Often the river still seems to be dwindling away. But more and more it also seems to *receive*: its helpless losses may well be balanced, or more than balanced, by influxes from . . . where?

If this question has an answer, it is to be found not in the novel alone but in the connections that can be made between the world the novel presents and the worlds that we, its readers, happen to inhabit. Fortunately these links are numerous; as much as anything, *The Four-Gated City* is a chronicle of the moods and the politics of the fifties and sixties. Martha herself "does" very little in the novel. Shortly after she arrives in London, she is offered a job as secretary to Mark Coldridge, a manufacturer and writer. She moves into Mark's house in Bloomsbury, and as Mark's friend, occasional mistress, and unofficial housekeeper, she is really at the center of the whole Coldridge family. Mark and his brothers, along with their mother and their wives and children, are all exposed to Martha's scrutiny. But only Mark, his periodically mad wife, Lynda, and the various children come close to Martha: they are the ones whose breakdowns and discoveries are relevant to Martha's own development. The others are simply observed in their roles in London's political and literary worlds, focused on as typical actors in the more important currents of the past twenty years.

Of course the connections we can make at this level are helpful as well as entertaining. But throughout *Children of Violence*, Mrs. Lessing has been interested in more basic (or perhaps simply more abstract) themes; responding to these themes is the necessary experience in reading *The Four-Gated City*. To begin with, there is the family—and, for the first time in the new volume, our estab-

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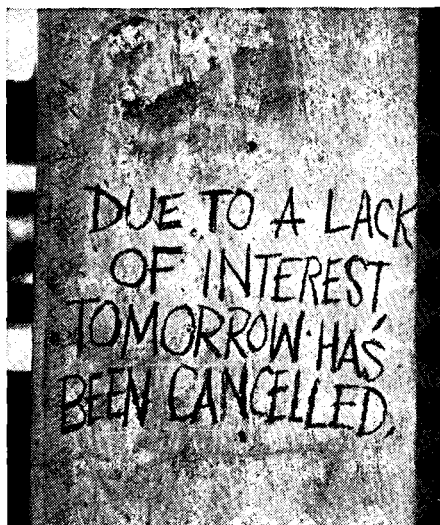
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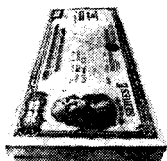
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lished antidote to the family, psychotherapy. Martha's constantly painful and endlessly protracted relations with her parents, especially her mother, are one of her steady preoccupations. We wonder, and she wonders, will she ever be able to *do* anything with relationships that seem so hopelessly stereotyped, or even "simply" escape them? Hostility, incomprehension, and anguish cycle endlessly through both the mother and daughter whenever they are in contact with each other. Martha, however, disrupts the cycle to a degree: she is finally able to *feel*, if not express, pity for her mother. And it is important that long before she admits this feeling, she has left her own small daughter with her first husband at their divorce, convinced that she is setting the child "free."

The whole dimension of family, it might be noted, is considerably underdeveloped in Mrs. Lessing's other major work, *The Golden Notebook*, for all that book's concern with memory and historical events. And yet it is in just these kinds of family events that Mrs. Lessing really begins to involve us in a consideration of history. We come to recognize that such "new" emotions and actions, however personal they may seem to be, belong to Martha mainly insofar as she is an agent at her particular moment in Western culture. She has no choice but to experience them, and she has no evident way to control or regulate their influence upon her "own" life.

More obviously, history is Martha's concern in its conventional sense. The earlier volumes of *Children of Violence* center upon Martha's movement out of childhood (a farm in the bush) into history: that is, living in Zambesia, a British colony in Africa turned into an R.A.F. training area during World War II. In this environment, history for Martha is total immersion in the colony's newly established Communist Party. As if to balance her isolation as a Zambesian, Martha's years in the Party give her one of the fundamental Western political experiences of at least the first half of this century. But it is important that, as a young Communist, Martha quite unconsciously denies the possibility of there being any other sort of history, even behind the lives of the very blacks whom she tries to convert to radicalism. Her lover of this time

—a Polish refugee and fellow Communist who exiles himself to a native village and dies there—has a slight awareness of an African history that is distinct from colonial history. However, this awareness does not come to Martha until years after she has left Africa.

In *The Four-Gated City*, history is first of all the events of the past two decades: better, those events which seem to sum up the development of Western society since 1950. Upon this presentation the novel builds its picture of the disruption of that society in the decade to come. But history in this book has a new sense as well. For the English Martha, history becomes in part memory. And memory plays a major role in the development of self-awareness.

From her early years Martha has had the ability to stand off from herself occasionally, and thereby to acquire a deep (if fleeting) sense of the way certain "personalities" that go by her name automatically enact and re-enact certain set situations. The times in which she is open to this "silent watcher" in her are her

THE WRITERS:

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Phoebe Adams contributes a monthly column to the *Atlantic*.

Peter Davison's (page 55) third book of poetry, *Pretending To Be Asleep*, will appear this fall.

L. E. Sissman (page 62) is the author of *Dying: An Introduction*.

Tyner White (page 80) is living, studying, and writing in Germany.

moments of deepest apprehending, not only of herself but also of the physical and human worlds. In youth these times are accidental, gifts. It becomes the task of adulthood to make such times the center. And so the new novel revolves about Martha's work and the forms it takes. Physical activity, emotional bonds, and the conscientious exercise of the intellect with regard to living and being are all explored as necessary parts of Martha's self-development.

But beyond these elements comes an active search for the "silent watcher" and "silent listener" in her. When Martha succeeds in this search, the fruit is the gaining of awareness and powers that are simply inaccessible in the ordinary activities of life. At the same time, the novel at least implies that this fruit is not in the way of those (at least in our society) who, in one manner or another, permanently reject the ordinary activities. This kind of self-achievement does eventually return to history, is seen in fact as the heart of our present history and the years immediately ahead. The development of self-awareness suggested, and to some extent described, in *The Four-Gated City* becomes the only agency by which anyone can be saved in the disaster to come.

The novel sequence as a whole is unclear about one of the central facts of Martha Quest's life: her decision to leave Zambesia and go "home" to England for good. The knowledge that she would do so was with her for several years before she left. Of course we have beyond anything else the fact of her leaving and her development following upon it. But must we see her ability to make the decision as another of her gifts, her luck, like her "watcher"? How then do we imagine all those who never left Zambesia—or perhaps Australia, or America, or even England itself? Are they all doomed?

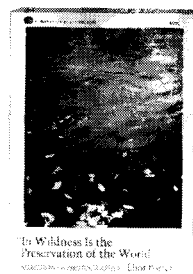
It may be useful, with regard to this problem, to think back to *The Golden Notebook*. Published in 1962, this novel concentrates on the fifties. But the roots and processes of breakdown in people very much like the characters of *The Four-Gated City* are its main concern. Breakdown and "holding operations," but also efforts toward new awareness and change, are described in the life of Anna Wulf, central character of *The Golden Notebook*. Anna's de-

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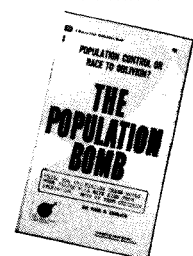


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velopment is rather less coherent and controlled than Martha Quest's; and, of course, Anna does not live through the sixties. What counts here is rather our knowledge that Anna is a person very much like Martha, that Anna in time could do what Martha does—and that Anna was born in England. In other words, Zambesia belongs to Martha. We need not all

have so literally our own Zambesia: less dramatic changes of place or outlook may approximate. What is necessary is to leave "Zambesia" firmly behind—to live as closely as possible to the center of our times, for all the difficulties involved. This is exactly what *The Four-Gated City* describes; and in doing so, it gives us a valuable new perception of that center.

economy, simply because it was physically in the way. "By 1967, Pittsburgh's economy was worse off than it had been twenty years before." Rochester, she says, specialized under the strong domination of George Eastman; and Xerox, its only signal breakaway in years, got off to such an inconspicuous start that no one bothered to squelch it.

Her chapter "Explosive City Growth" cites the fact that "one-eighth of all the new businesses started in the United States during the latter half of the 1940s were started in Los Angeles." She quotes Ralph Flanders as stating that Boston's birthrate of new enterprises was too low and shows what American Research and Development, the investment company he organized, did to capitalize on the electronic manufacturers whose invention and breakaways have aroused Greater Boston from its lethargy. Her most telling conclusion is summed up in these words: "No form of financing, however lavish, can help an economy develop if people within its own cities are not adding new kinds of work to old, and if organizations are not being created there to finance the process."

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

THE ECONOMY OF CITIES
by Jane Jacobs
Random House, \$5.95

For going on five decades I have been a commuter to New York, and with each year the disorder in Manhattan grows worse. On windless days when the smog is bad, we stack for as long as ninety minutes; there are accelerating strikes, the most unsightly that of the garbage collectors; the hotels are crowded, the service indifferent, the traffic profane; the elegance of the city is disappearing and with it, incentive and efficiency.

Jane Jacobs, the most unorthodox and outspoken of urban economists, now resides in Toronto, where her husband, a hospital architect, is at work on a large new complex. But for more than a decade while she was a staff member of the *Architectural Forum*, she lived in New York City and fought its battles. She was a leader in the struggle to preserve West Village and the semblance of Washington Square from the highway engineers, and in her first major book, *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*, the malfunctioning of New York was constantly in her thinking. She had no patience with urban "improvers"; in case after case she showed that the population of a demolished slum when moved into new apartment buildings surrounded by windswept plots became more dirty, destructive, and criminal than before. Not even Bostonians realized, until she made the point, that our crowded North End, to urban developers a slum area, had the best health record and the lowest crime rate of any section of the city. She was telling us

that the ecology of a city cannot be recklessly tampered with.

Her new book, *The Economy of Cities*, digs deeper into the reasons for the decay and deterioration of so many American cities which like New York have ceased to solve their problems. Jane Jacobs thinks that the sacrificing of everything to the automobile is one of the main contributory causes and that racism of course has speeded the decline. But, she argues, more destructive than either is the collapse of economic opportunity, opportunities for work at all levels of skill which were formerly created within the city itself.

She is so lucid and firm in her argument that one is tempted to simplify, although no simplification can do justice to the brilliance of her documentation. From time immemorial, she says, every growing city has needed expanding markets for its initial and often special exports. Through trade, invention, and through diversifying imports, its native industry has proliferated in all directions, proliferated the way the Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company has proliferated in production, and proliferated also by what Miss Jacobs calls "breakaways," in which the abler younger workers break away from the parent company to produce what is new and different. When a city begins to specialize, as Pittsburgh did in 1910, it stagnates; the breakaways cease, the versatility dries up. Her case study of Pittsburgh is startling; the chief effect, she says, of the immensely expensive urban renewal and highway program has been to root out much of the potentially valuable local

THE THREE DAUGHTERS
OF MADAME LIANG
by Pearl S. Buck
John Day, \$6.95

Pearl Buck is an old China hand who cannot accept without protest what is going on between her native land and her country of adoption. She has a singular knowledge of China, of the Empress Dowager, and Sun Yat-sen, and from this, and from her secondhand sources about the China that is, she has written a novel, *The Three Daughters of Madame Liang*, which is compassionate, elucidating, and wise.

Madame Liang is a matriarch in her mid-fifties as the story opens; slim, lovely, and discreet, she runs a gourmet's dream of a restaurant in modern Shanghai, patronized by officials and protected by one of her old suitors, Chao Chung, a minister in Peking. In pre-Communist days she had been attracted to the Americans in the concessions, particularly to the Brandons of San Francisco, to whom after Mao's ascendancy she sent her three daughters to be educated in America. In her youth

Madame Liang and her then loyal husband were fiery adherents of Sun Yat-sen; now in her privacy she repents of the ten-year chaos that followed Sun's Revolution, and has deep misgivings about the new order. "It was we who were wrong," she says, "... we destroyed the achievement of thousands of years. We thought what the West had was all good, and what we had was all useless." With dismay she watches the ruthless new order imposed by Chairman Mao. She hopes to live to see the liberation; meantime she awaits her daughters' return, and with her culinary art she bends to the wind.

Of the three girls, Grace, the oldest and a doctor, is the first to come home. Fresh from her research in South America, where she has been studying the health-giving properties of plants, she is ordered back to Peking to help prepare a synthesis of Chinese and Western medicine. Warned by her mother that she must listen and not speak out in the American way, the girl is first taken in hand by an old primitive, Dr. Tseng, who instructs her in the ancient herbal cures which she finds surprisingly relevant. In her adaptation she is rewarded with a small house of her own, and here she is politically—as he calls it "philosophically"—instructed by Dr. Liu Peng, a man of her own age whose square features, black brows, and strong hands are more exciting than his arguments.

Mercy, the second to return, is prettier and more maternal than her elder sister: she arrives on her honeymoon, determined that her children shall be born on Chinese soil, she and her husband, John Sung, a young nuclear physicist, having escaped from security relations by flying to London and then transshipping through the Chinese embassy. Their arrival coincides with the Great Leap Forward, and while John's knowledge is needed, he soon proves to be too "individualistic," and his punishment is severe.

The youngest daughter, Joy, is more painter than patriot, and she needs only the dissuasion and adoration of the famous artist in exile with whom she is studying to remain where she is in New York.

The skeins of these three love stories are wound together in Ma-



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dame Liang's heart as, isolated and in increasing danger, she observes the desolation which famine and the Red Guards have brought to the land she loves. It is she who speaks for Miss Buck. It is she who in her reverie weighs the greatness and the weakness of China, the achievements and the moderation of centuries leading in time to a complacency completely isolated from the new knowledge. It is she who, remembering China's former love for Americans, says, "There is no hate so dangerous as that which once was love." And it is Madame Liang who in her loneliness as she reviews the skill and cunning of the god-hero Mao still places her faith in the rocklike tenacity of the Chinese people, remembering the ancient saying of Lao Tzu, "Throw eggs at a rock, and though one uses all the eggs in the world, the rock remains the same."

THE BOARD ROOM
by Clay Blair, Jr.
Dutton, \$6.95

Clay Blair, Jr. is a Virginian who served in the Navy during the war and who on his graduation from Columbia in 1949 went to work for Henry Luce, first as a correspondent for *Time* and then as military and senior Washington correspondent for *Life*. He liked to crusade: the research he did on the hydrogen bomb led to a book highly critical of J. Robert Oppenheimer, and his research on the atomic submarine prompted another book in which he championed Admiral Rickover. Then in 1957 Ben Hibbs invited him to Philadelphia to look over the aging, marble-paved establishment of the *Saturday Evening Post*. There Blair got religion—the more he studied this huge combine of five magazines of which the *Post* was the keystone, the more convinced he became that the publishing program could be made more attractive to the younger generation. It did not deter him that the *Post*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the *Country Gentleman* were between them losing about ten million dollars a year.

When in 1963 Blair was made editor in chief, one of his friends in Washington said to him, "Clay, you're the only rat in history who has swum out to a sinking ship." He flung himself ardently, provocative-

ly, and confidently into the task of remaking the *Post*. He believed in a policy of "sophisticated muckraking"; he threw out Clarence Budington Kelland and some of the other old favorites and turned to the more modern writers; he took chances with articles not well documented—there were libel suits, some expensive—and when at the year's end the deficit had risen alarmingly, his reputation was at stake.

What he lived through in these months of hard drive and little sleep provoked the source material for his first novel, *The Board Room*. The central figure in the story is Lee Crawford, an aggressive editor who does achieve temporary success in his fight to revitalize a moribund weekly, but in so doing antagonizes his board of directors, the majority of whom are ready to sell off the assets and kill the magazine. The editor whips his staff to a lather to rush through special issues that will hold the advertising; everything happens faster than life, and the odds-against conspiracy gives the book a kind of breathless, gee-whiz incredulity. The characterization of the editor, who is the author's alter ego, is what carries the reader through the recurring crises.

AN UNFINISHED WOMAN
by Lillian Hellman
Little, Brown, \$7.50

Lillian Hellman by her own admission has always been a difficult woman, and part of the fun of reading her autobiography, *An Unfinished Woman*, is to pick up the clues which account for this. She was born in New Orleans, and all through her girlhood she lived six months of the year in the Deep South and the other six in New York City, her mother unaware that this shuttle would deprive Lillian of close friends and raise the devil with her education. A stranger in both places, she grew to expect loneliness and to love the privacy of a great fig tree in New Orleans in whose dense foliage she did her reading, hidden from the nagging demands of her family's boardinghouse.

Her grandmother was a tyrant given as Lillian says "to breaking the spirit of other people for the pleasure of the exercise." Her mother was a sweet eccentric; her father, from whom she inherited her high

temper and wit, was a philanderer who had lost his wife's inheritance in less than six years. As Lillian came of age, she was determined not to be shabby poor; she liked writing and was suspicious of matrimony.

The love of her life was Dashiell Hammett. They first lived together in New York after her marriage had gone on the rocks and at the time when Dashiell was writing *The Thin Man*. Their halcyon years followed, at her farm in Pleasantville, which she bought with the royalty from her plays; here she could work ten hours at a stretch while Dashiell fished or hunted, or invited his mind. Dashiell's charm comes through the text in the most unaffected way: he was generous, ironic, acute in his understanding of Lillian. And she in her self-portrait is astringently honest with herself; she does not try to hide her Jewish sensitivity—or her indignation at meanness. I like to read about people who lose their temper, and Lillian Hellman loses hers with a speed and a hit-back that are a joy to watch.

An Unfinished Woman is a book about people, rather than the business of writing plays, and with her gift for the rhythm of speech she recalls precisely what they said; this is why her portrait of Dorothy Parker is so true and hilarious. Her sketches of Horace Liveright, for whom she read manuscripts, and of Scott Fitzgerald are protective; her relationships with Ernest Hemingway and with Sam Goldwyn had the sharp edge which made them both wary. Her prose has great vitality, but it lacks continuity; it hops and skips, with vague references to much that is happening offstage.

I think it a shortcoming to say nothing of her failures in the theater; the successes we know from having seen the plays. Instead of the stage we have her travels, her grief at the losing fight in Spain, and her journals of the Soviet Union, where she visited the front and was befriended by that greatest of Russian directors, Sergei Eisenstein—these come wonderfully alive. Seeing life through her gaze, which is often indignant and rarely tender, is an uninhibited adventure. Her father once said that Lillian lived within a question mark, and she does, questioning her own motives as she questions the conflicts and the integrity of those she admires.

MUSIC

THE LUCKY ONE

by Robert Evett

Of the older generation of American composers, there are four whose names, thirty years ago, used to crop up in any serious discussion of American music. They are Aaron Copland, Roy Harris, Walter Piston, and Roger Sessions, and a more heterogeneous group would be hard to find. Harris and Sessions are poles apart, while Piston and Copland have spent most of their careers pulling in opposite directions. It would be hard to explain what alchemy has gone into making these men pre-eminent, but the fact is that everything either fresh or stagnant among succeeding generations of composers goes back to some sort of attachment to one or another of this quadrumvirate.

Of the four, Sessions has been the most fortunate. It was his extraordinary good luck to come into vogue

only after middle age. Now, at seventy-three, it is he (more than any other living American, at least) who commands the allegiance of powerful factions of younger men. He is not a popular composer yet, and very likely he never will be. However, it is only since the end of World War II that he has consistently found virtuoso performers who are at ease in his music, and audiences who like to listen to it. Under this attention he has flowered and become prolific, with eight symphonies and two operas to his credit. And he can look forward with tranquillity to knowing that what he has done well is not likely to be challenged during his lifetime.

The most compelling feature of Sessions' work is its seriousness. He is as serious as Johann Strauss the Younger was frivolous. Apparently, there is no time off for good behavior. Bach had his *Coffee Cantata*, Mozart his cassations, Brahms his *Liebeslieder*, Copland his *Appalachian Spring*. But there are no *Appalachian Springs* in the Sessions canon. The closest he comes to kicking up his heels is in the music for *The Black Maskers* (1928), which would be his Opus 1 if he had one, and it is heavy frivolity indeed.

The only thing difficult to follow in his work is the development from his beginnings to his mature style. At an early point, he shot an arrow into the air, and it fell to earth someplace left of center. But his growing years were tortuous. Between the First Piano Sonata (1930) and the Violin Concerto (1935), he found his true voice, precisely as an adolescent boy finds his. But he did not find fluidity. This came only after years of laboring with the elements of a style so personal as to make comparisons rude, even if they may be helpful.

In the mature Sessions style, the words "tonality" and "atonality," vague at best, have no relevant meaning. The most familiar elements of music—melody, harmony, counterpoint, and orchestration—are

all there. And the flow of these elements is controlled by a rhythmic regularity that many composers since Schoenberg have successfully tried to avoid. In Sessions, the drive is incessant. Furthermore, by rather simple harmonic sleight of hand, he imbues his music with an extraordinary restlessness which excites and exaggerates the forward movement. He gives the impression, an incorrect one, of turning out counterpoint of the greatest possible density. But the sound of Sessions in full cry is the sound of a lot going on.

Sessions has been accused of being meticulous to the point of being bloodless, and if it is understood that this aspect of his craft is also a side of his expressive nature, it will be a surprise that he has chosen the operatic stage, of all places, as the locus of his most intense and carefully developed musical self. He has written two operas: *The Trial of Lucullus*, based on a play by Bertolt Brecht, which was performed several years ago in California, and *Montezuma*, with a libretto by G. Antonio Borgese. *Montezuma* was done first in Berlin and in German, which must have helped a lot. Playing Russian roulette with the score, I fetched up this:

Holy is mystery,
Cihuatl or Marie,
Bloomed virginity.
Unsubstantiated airseed,
With fresh fount agreed,
Firms ripple, roots seed.

These lines could not appear in this journal without a good excuse.

The shape of the opera is something else. No Italian horse opera, not even *Aida*, could be more clangorous or physically demanding than *Montezuma*. But Sessions has written an elegant and beautifully melodious work. While the competition from the orchestra will be formidable, it is a singable opera, and interval by interval the vocal writing is transparently clear. Line by line, it is as if "Annie Laurie" had been flung into a laundry drier. The materials are no surprise, but the colors sometimes are.

As for the tunes (not to be confused here with themes), Sessions makes it clear in his introductory note that they are what count. And if this is so, he has succeeded superbly well. The American premier, set for Boston on October 18, should make Mr. Sessions a happy man.

A SESSIONS DISCOGRAPHY

Black Maskers Suite
Walter Hendl, conductor
Vienna Symphony
(Desto)

Concerto for Violin
Paul Zukofsky, soloist
Gunther Schuller, conductor
French Radio Orchestra
(CRI)

Idyll of Theocritus
Audrey Nossaman, soprano
Robert Whitney, conductor
Louisville Orchestra
(Louisville)

Quartet No. 2
New Music Quartet
(Columbia)

Sonata No. 2 for Piano
Beveridge Webster, pianist
(Dover)

Symphony No. 1
Akeo Watanabe, conductor
Japanese Philharmonic
(CRI)

MOVIES

MORE SAD YOUNG MEN

by Dan Wakefield

STOLEN KISSES

directed by François Truffaut
Lopert Pictures

Can a sensitive young man from a middle-class background find happiness in a corrupt society that is eager to sully his purity with wealth, fame, comfort, and fancy women?

This rhetorical soap-opera question (the answer is almost always a resounding NO) has served as one of the most popular themes in Western literature, from Stendhal to Salinger, from Joyce to Allen Ginsberg. It is hard to think of any modern writer who has managed to resist it.

The story is always being retold, and sometimes an especially popular version produces a whole school of imitations. The success of *The Catcher in the Rye*, for instance, gave rise to a higher-than-average production of sensitive-young-adolescent novels told in the first person; and now, the box-office triumph of *The Graduate* seems to have spawned an outpouring of new movies about sensitive young men Facing Life.

Of the batch of these post-*Graduate* movies I have seen in the past few months, by far the most pleasant, unpretentious, and entertaining is Truffaut's *Stolen Kisses*. Truffaut seems to have taken the basic *Graduate* story but set it in Paris and worked it out as it might happen in French, rather than American, society. The young hero (played with wit and understatement by Jean-Pierre Léaud, who as a boy was the star of Truffaut's *Four Hundred Blows*) has just been dismissed from the army as unsuitable material and goes off in search of his life as the film begins. He lives in a room in Paris, takes several jobs, is seduced by the middle-aged wife of the boss, and ends up going back to his young sweetheart.

Despite the similarity of these ingredients to the American *Graduate*, the French story, as rendered by Truffaut, is not nearly so hyperdramatic. Rather than going for some deep social commentary, the movie

is content to tell a touching, sometimes humorous story with grace and charm—like some of the young-love stories of Turgenev.

The pace of the production is relaxed, and what a relief that is after the increasing assault on the senses of the nerve-jangling juxtapositions, explosions of color, and sudden cuts to the next scene or symbol of the fashionable style that hyped up *The Graduate* and reached a brain-busting peak in *Petulia*. *Stolen Kisses* is one of the few non-Excedrin movies of recent months, and I, for one, am grateful for it.

Just as Truffaut refrains from shattering us visually, he also gives us a little emotional breathing space by presenting an honest, charming story that does not pretend to probe great psychological or social depths. It's as if he were saying of his subject, "Look, this is a nice young man, and he's having his problems, and let's be interested and sympathetic, but let's not treat them like Greek tragedy. There've been other young men like this. There'll be more. Let's not do them the disservice of regarding each one's growing pains as the Second Coming."

My apologies to M. Truffaut for putting words in his mouth out of my own head, but that is what came across to me through the quiet, admirably suited tone of this fine and lovely film.

GOODBYE, COLUMBUS

directed by Larry Peerce
Paramount

I was especially eager to see the movie of *Goodbye, Columbus*, since the novella by Philip Roth was the funniest and most original *Graduate*-type story of my own graduate era in the late fifties. That was the long-gone age of Eisenhower and the bad guy McCarthy, when people worried about fallout instead of dropouts, and the youth, like the Negroes, still "knew their place." To retain that setting would, of course, have made the movie a period piece,

as remote from the Now as *Gone With the Wind* or *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, but in a way I wish the producers had been brave enough to do it that way. If nothing else, it would have shown the current disaffected youth that we had our own anguish back then, too, were troubled by war and big business and phoniness, and many of us were sensitive as hell.

The people who made the movie shunned this historical approach, however, and brought the music and fashions and topical dialogue right up to date. The trickiest piece of updating had to do with the fact that the plot of the story revolved around the heroine's getting a diaphragm. You see, gang, it may be hard to believe, but way back then there *wasn't* any pill, and couples who didn't want to make babies had to rely on this sort of medieval device. (Talk about your anguish!) Well, the movie script has a whole explanatory passage about why this particular girl is allergic to the pill and had suffered bad side effects from taking it, so *that's* why the whole business about this diaphragm thing came up.

The story concerns a young Jewish guy who is out of college and the army, doesn't know what to do with his life, and is staying honest and neutral by working in a public library in Newark. He meets Brenda Patimkin, the Radcliffe daughter of an upward-mobile Jewish family, and has a summer affair that is nice and painful, and also, in the story by Roth, hilarious. What's missing in the movie is the hilarity. Richard Benjamin plays the young man like a carbon copy of Dustin Hoffman's graduate—straight-faced, cool, unemotional, deadpan. Compared with that guy, Roth's hero was a veritable Rabelais, and I kept wishing *he* would appear and give us some laughs. The only funny performance is by Michael Meyer as Brenda's jock brother, a big, gregarious, simple-minded, good-hearted lug who has exactly the right moves of the athlete—shoulder-rolling, ass-slapping, gum-chewing—all down pat.

The movie's most strained and mighty effort to catch the Rabelaisian quality of the novella is a Jewish wedding scene that will hopefully end all Jewish wedding scenes. It carries vulgarity right through the boredom barrier, and then heaps it on for another twenty minutes or so.

Real fun shots of fat ladies' breasts drooping from their dresses into the bowls of food, things like that. The style of the direction and editing, done in the flashy manner mentioned earlier, is a pretentious imitation of all that is now fashionable.

CHANGES

directed by Hall Bartlett
Cinerama

Pretentiousness is carried to new frontiers, however, by a widely hailed youth movie called *Changes*, which supposedly breaks all the rules of Hollywood and is very uncompromising. That means there isn't any plot.

The young hero (an unknown, like most of the cast, and rightly so) is blond, innocuous, handsome, lazy, self-pitying, and intellectually pretentious. His parents don't understand him. He suffers. He won't go off with his childhood sweetheart, and so she commits suicide by walking into a scenic ocean. Well, Virginia Woolf did that a long time ago, but she wrote some good books first. The young man smashes up his car, drives in a stock-car race, hitchhikes around the land. He thinks this is a great country, but it hasn't yet realized its potential. He wants to get to know the country, see its possibilities. For a while there I thought he was about to join Moral Rearmament, but just in the nick of time he shacks up with a sexy wench who works in a carnival. He leaves her, too, but sends her the complete works of Thoreau. Don't knock it—when he went into the bookstore I figured he would go for *The Prophet* or *Are You Running With Me, Jesus?* He hitches a ride with a Negro who has a nice car and turns the radio to music when there is news about a black-power rally. All men are brothers. And to all a good night. The movie finishes with the young man walking over a bridge, while the voices of Hitler, Churchill, and other World War II figures are heard. Momentous.

When I walked out into the blessed daylight after an hour and a half or so of watching the plight of that young chap, I found myself singing:

Where have you gone,
Stephen Daedalus,
Our culture turns its lonely eyes to
you . . .
Hoo hoo hoo.

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SHORT REVIEWS: BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

THE RUINED MAP by Kobo Abé. Knopf, \$5.95. Translated from the Japanese by E. Dale Saunders. All Mr. Abé's novels derive from a preoccupation with masks, disguises, and lost or uncomprehended identities, but each book explores the mysterious fragility of individual personality in a different and unexpected way. This time, Mr. Abé presents a private detective who when hired to trace a missing man gets mislaid himself. The tale is grimly ambiguous, the writing frequently amusing, the book as a whole both distinguished and pleasurable.

GREAT SPY STORIES FROM FICTION edited by Allen Dulles. Harper & Row, \$6.95. Since the interest of a spy novel hangs on the whole pattern of the action, as Mr. Dulles knows perfectly well, because he discusses the matter in his introduction, a chapter from this and that adds up to scrapbasketry.

WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING OUT by Charles Merrill Smith. Doubleday, \$4.95. Short lives of the saints, with edifying lessons drawn from the same, the whole thing so relentlessly jocose that it nauseates.

STOW WENGENROTH'S NEW ENGLAND, With Notes and Observations by David McCord. Barre, \$12.50. Mr. Wengenroth is a superb lithographer whose seemingly realistic portrayals of coast, houses, boats, and owls imply something beyond realism, or at least, unaccountable as realism. Mr. McCord's sympathetic comments range from high philosophy to lowish mischief. This is a most charming book.

TWO DREISERS by Ellen Moers. Viking, \$10.00. Not an accusation of schizophrenia, but a minute examination of Theodore Dreiser's methods of composition in *Sister Carrie* and *An American Tragedy*. Miss Moers has considered neglected sources and has traced the origin of certain of Dreiser's ideas as well as details of action and setting. What she is never able to explain is Dreiser's habit, amounting to compulsion,

of wanting to see all his materials in print before reworking them into a novel—a trick that led, in the case of *Carrie*, to accusations of plagiarism. Literary detective work can be dull, but Miss Moers makes it lively and absorbing.

COWBOYS DON'T CRY by L.J. Davis. Viking, \$5.95. Mr. Davis is clever at writing the scene in which the inept human worm gets trodden. Presumably it is the only scene he has so far learned to write, for it recurs in every chapter of this foolishly repetitious novel.

LONG DRUMS AND CANNONS by Margaret Laurence. Praeger, \$5.95. Miss Laurence's study of the work of Nigerian playwrights and novelists is very useful for any reader seriously interested in the subject, for she concentrates on the myths, ideas, and devices which these writers have retained from African tradition.

THE EMPRESS BROWN by Tom Cullen. Houghton Mifflin, \$6.95. There was much scandal mumbled about Queen Victoria and John Brown, the Scottish retainer she kept underfoot after Albert's death, all of it, according to Mr. Cullen, groundless. Admirers of Victoria will be pleased; other readers may find the book much ado about little.

THIS CHILD'S GONNA LIVE by Sarah E. Wright. Delacorte, \$5.95. The heroine of this novel is poor, ignorant, black, and desperately ambitious for a better life for her children. Because the author is honest not only about the woman's miseries but about her disorganized foolishness, the novel arouses less sympathy than the situation in fact deserves.

THE OTHER CITY by Ray Vogel. David White, \$4.95. Mr. Vogel teaches in a New York ghetto school where four unscholarly boys, turned loose with cameras, proved to be sharply observant pictorial reporters. Their pictures and short comments form a poignant, revealing description of childhood in the slums.

THE REALMS OF ARTHUR by Helen Hill Miller. Scribner's, \$8.95. Practically everything worth knowing about the results of the recent campaign of Arthur-hunting is assembled here and presented clearly,

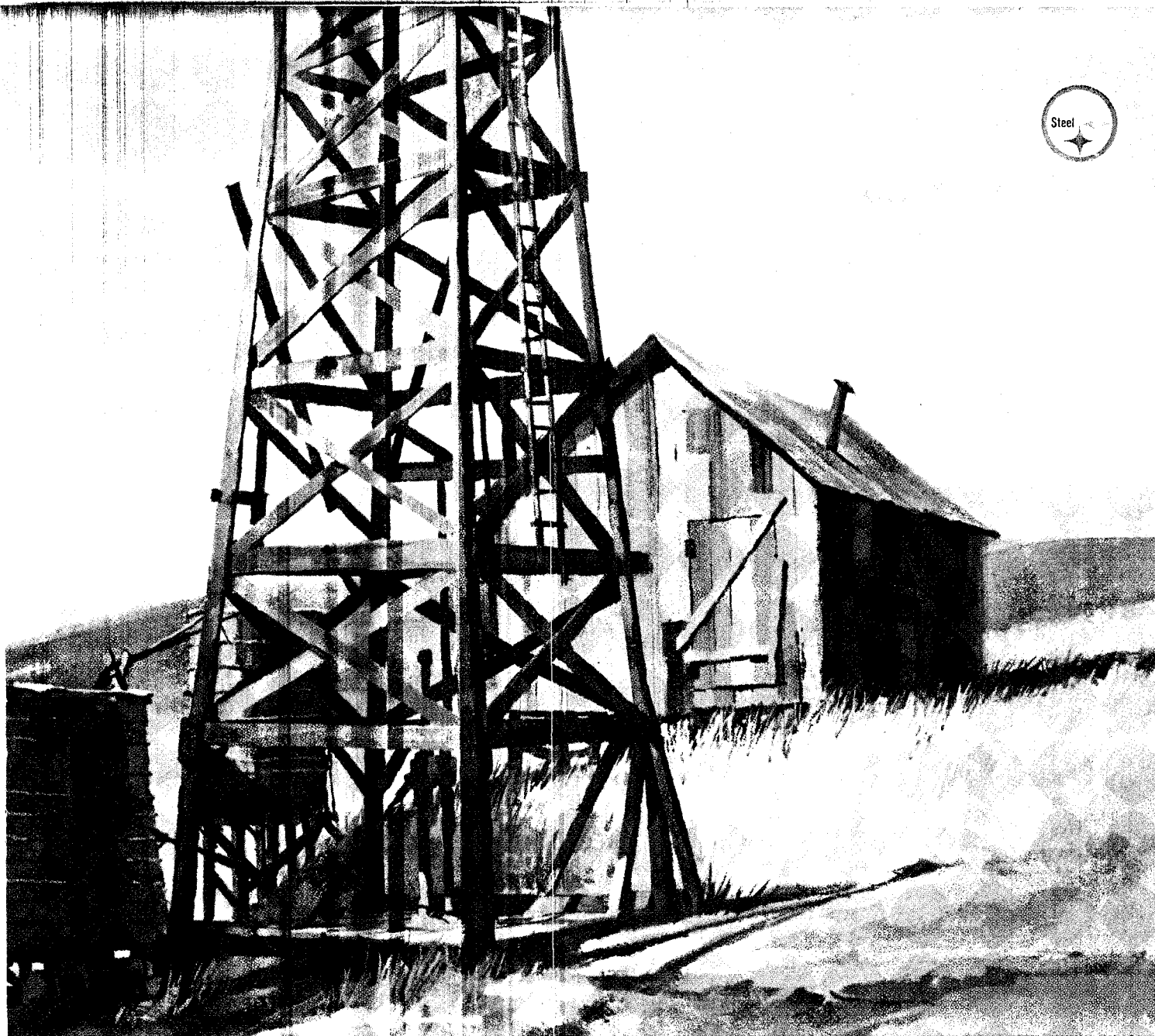
gracefully, and unpretentiously. Maps and an intriguing variety of illustrations.

THE LONG PURSUIT by Richard Hough. Harper & Row, \$5.95. As naval battles go, the destruction of the German East Asiatic squadron in 1914 was a main strength and awkwardness affair, and Mr. Hough has been unable to alter its uninspired character.

HENRY JAMES: THE TREACHEROUS YEARS by Leon Edel. Lippincott, \$8.50. With the fifth and final volume soon to come, Mr. Edel approaches the end of this monumental work with no lessening of energy or interest.

NOTES FROM THE CENTURY BEFORE by Edward Hoagland. Random House, \$6.95. Poking around British Columbia in 1966, Mr. Hoagland talked with homesteaders who still live on moose meat, men who had carried the mail by dogsled, prospectors who had joined every gold rush since the Yukon. He found these people to be a varied lot, with little in common except a taste for open space and that air of innocence (often as not deceptive) that comes from living a thousand miles clear of city smog. Patient, inquisitive, ruefully candid about his stuttering deficiencies as an interviewer, Mr. Hoagland builds up an extensive, vivid picture of place and people, and like all good travel writers, makes the reader want to start right out over his tracks.

THE VICTIMS by Bernard Lefkowitz and Kenneth G. Gross. Putnam, \$6.95. Because the murders of Janice Wylie and Emily Hoffert—what was called the career-girls murder—have never been solved with total, satisfying certainty, the history of the case carefully compiled by Mr. Gross and Mr. Lefkowitz remains inconclusive. Inconclusiveness, in fact, is the point of the book. Directing their attention to police and legal procedure, the authors unravel the alternately interlocking and conflicting elements of proper detective work, private ambition, and casual bigotry which, in the end, loused up the investigation. One cop asked, "Is anybody normal?" The reader asks, "Is justice possible?"



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